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THE GUARDIAN:

DEVOTED TO THE

SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS
OF
YOUNG MEN AND LADIES:

VOLUME II. 1851:

EDITED

BY REV. H. HARBAUGH, A. M.

LIFE—LIGHT—LOVE.

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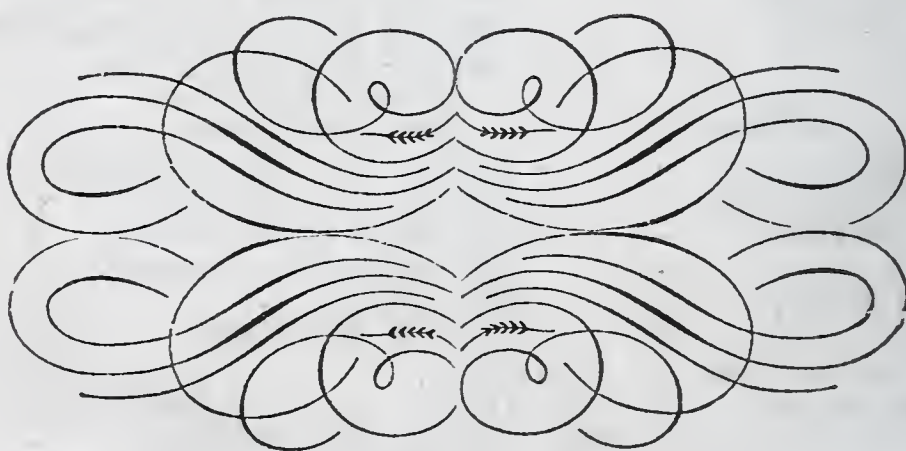
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THE GUARDIAN.

VOL. II.]

JANUARY, 1851.

[NO. 1.

THE EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION.

Another year has flown, and is numbered with those beyond the flood! How silently and solemnly our years pass away. Forward are our faces turned, and forward are we hastening. A year gone, is gone forever! Let us act well our part in the Present, and look with faith and hope into the Future; then the Past will always be to us a treasure-house of sweet and hallowed memories.

One year The Guardian has lived and wrought. It has gone forth as bread upon the waters which will be found after many days. Now again our Guardian Angel comes hovering, bearing the first No. of the Second year. While *it* greets with: "Behold, I bring you good tidings," *we* greet with: "A happy New Year." Bless Him who has spared us in life, health, and peace; and, with new dedication to the service of our God and our generation, let us cheerfully resume our duties, with as much earnestness as if we saw before us in dreadful letters: "*This year thou shalt die!*" As Editor, our prayer is, that the Spirit of purity may preside over our pages during this year, and keep us from publishing a line

"Which, dying, we could wish to blot!"

As this volume may come to some who have not seen the first, it is necessary that we should give them some idea of what we have in view in this publication, and for what purpose it has been commenced. This we can do in no way better than by repeating, in substance at least, what we have said in our Prospectus, and in our Introduction to the first volume. The Guardian is devoted to the highest social, literary, and religious interests of young Men and young Ladies, at that period of life which lies between youth and manhood. This is the most interesting and the most solemn period of human life. It is the transition period, in which the young pass from the warm bosom of the family into the more active duties and responsibilities of life. Here the road of life forks many ways, and each opens with a smile to the young traveler. Habits are now forming—character is


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shaping and maturing; and the young spirit is receiving that bias which generally determines its tendency, for time and eternity. An education is now to be received or neglected—a trade or profession is to be chosen—new relations in life are to be formed. At this time, too, religion urges its claims with peculiar earnestness, and a profession of religion is now to be made or to be set aside, perhaps, for life. Then, too, come the duties and trials of a young Christian. Such are some of life's solemnities which crowd into this *great transition period of Youth*.

There is a time when even youth becomes earnest. The young spirit, at a certain period of life, is full of ardent and mysterious longings. Its relations previous to this time have been chiefly dependent, but now it begins to feel the force of its own existence, and feels an irresistible impulse to determine its own course. It feels that life has meaning, and must therefore have direction, and find the path of its destiny. *It will—it must now break out in a channel of its own.* Oh, how solemn is this period! How important that, under the pressure of longing and want, the stream of young life should flow out in the right direction. A small influence may effect it now, but a mighty one may not hereafter. When once it has taken its course, and that a wrong one, life will be as the raging floods.

This idea may be illustrated thus: There is a place in the north part of the State of Ohio, called the *Dividing-Ridge*. The waters on the north side of it pass to the Lakes, and through the St. Lawrence to the Atlantic Ocean. The waters on the south side of it pass into the Ohio, and thence, through the Mississippi, to the Gulf of Mexico. There is a house at one place on this ridge so situated that the roof divides the waters—those falling down the north eaves passing to the Atlantic, and those falling down the south eaves, to the Gulf of Mexico. The smallest puff of wind may determine the destination of a drop when it is falling, even within a few feet of the roof! This may illustrate to us the solemnity of that period of life when the young are taking a direction for life, in the choice of a trade, profession, or, what is still more solemn, in a choice of a companion for life in holy marriage. What a small circumstance, at this period, may give birth to momentous and endless consequences!

This transition period is not, however, confined to a mere point of time, but it spreads over some years—say from 15 to 25. Within this golden period, are buried treasures of wisdom, honor, peace, and happiness, on the one hand, and folly, disgrace and misfortune on the other. Out of this soft and docile



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period, the stream of life arises. This may be illustrated by the same Dividing-Ridge referred to above. There is a stream which rises on its level top in one place, and passes on its summit westward for three miles. At any point in these three miles, it might be turned, south or north, by a little labor—at length it determines northward! These three miles, during which its course is held in suspense, may represent to us that period of life to which The Guardian is especially devoted. The young and docile mind, at this period, wanders in suspense; a little teaching may determine its direction, but if it is left to itself it will soon, right or wrong, break forth in its own channel towards its endless destiny! Is there not here room for a periodical such as it is hoped this will be?—the more so, since at this period, precisely, the young spirit is so filled with hope, animation, and youthful joy, as to be least of all in a condition to sit down and solve for itself the earnest problem of life. It has never traveled the road which now lies open before it, and yet is hasty to be out upon it. A word at this season, how good it may prove to be, if spoken by the lips of wisdom and experience!

At this period The Guardian hopes to be useful to the young. There is no periodical suited to the serious wants of the young at this age. The light reading which so easily falls into their hands, by means of many of our City publications, gives a false coloring to life, turns its earnest realities into romance, and leaves blight, morbidness, and disappointment in its fearful wake. By the aid of good writers, we will endeavor to adapt this Monthly to the highest interests of the young—making it pure, fresh, healthy and animated as the morning of life in which the young have their being. We will urge the claims of early piety, and seek to aid in making it intelligent, consistent and lovely. We will make it a prominent point to encourage Self-culture, or Self-Education among the young. We will aim at leading them to habits of reading, study, and to the useful improvement of leisure time. To this end we will give, at times, short biographies of men who became great and useful by a course of persevering Self-Education, hoping in this way to incite the young to imitate their example.

It is our design to make Self-Education, among the young, prominent. We confess that this has been with us a favorite part of the general plan. When we remember that many of the best and most eminent men, both in Church and State, have been self-educated, in part or entirely, it makes us hope that an effort to promote Self-education can not be without the best results. There is much latent talent in our country, among the

young, which needs but the proper stimulus to awaken it to a flame, and it will give light to the world. As we are creatures, to a great extent, of imitation, the best way to excite any one to a love of knowledge must be to present examples of such as have, by their own diligence, labored up the steep of science, till they at last sat down on "Fame's dread mountain" to enjoy the blissful prospect which lies around them there. Such instances are abundant, and many of a most animating character: specimens of them shall from time to time appear in these pages. We shall never cease gratefully to remember the effect which a sketch of the life of Robert Burns, the ploughboy, but afterwards the sweet poet of Scotia, had upon ourselves at sixteen. May the grass be green over his grave, and may the flowers never die upon it! Not because we pity his errors less, but because we love his thirst for knowledge more! We say to him, as Cowper did to England,

"With all thy faults, I love thee still."

Most of self-educated men of whom we read, received their first impulse in a seemingly accidental manner. Burns himself seems to have received his first stimulus from Salmon's and Guthrie's Geographical Grammars, and The Spectator. How much more have we a right to look for good fruits, when we make a direct effort to accomplish what has often been done by seeming accident!

Self-education, at present, has also many encouragements which it had not in past ages. Helps to it are more abundant, and of easier access. So that one who sets out to cultivate his mind by his own exertions, can not be said, to be chasing a phantom. To the humblest in life, the rich field of science spreads out its treasures invitingly. Those who love knowledge in this age have many helps to study, which those who lived in previous ages had not. Elementary books in all departments of science are now abundant. No one in pursuit of knowledge at this time, has half the difficulties to overcome which those had who have gone before. While helps are thus increased there are no difficulties in the student's way that have not heretofore been often and triumphantly overcome. With such encouragements to self-culture, it can certainly not be entirely in vain to urge it upon all whose life yet lies before them.

The Guardian is also devoted to the interests of early piety. It will aim at making piety intelligent, consistent and lovely. Its readers shall discover in its pages no religious peculiarities, except such as ought to characterize *all* Christians, and such as

are really common to all. As there is, in these days of religious divisions, a natural jealousy and suspicion on this subject, it is proper that we should here assure the Patrons of The Guardian, that it shall be free from religious controversy, and from all denominational and party bias. As in the natural world, all men admire *life, light, and love*, and desire to dwell in these elements; so in the moral or religious world, all love these elements, if they are pious, and desire to have their being in them. Between these there is no strife; and those who dwell in them are, in this respect, one and united. In this peaceful sphere, this Monthly shall live and move.

The encouraging success which has attended our labors during the first year, has convinced us that we were not mistaken in believing that the public would look with favor upon this enterprise. We enter with new zeal and faith upon another year; asking, as before, the countenance and co-operation, not only of Young Men and Young Ladies, but of Pastors, Parents, Guardians, and all who love to do good.

THE SAVIOR'S ADVENT.

"We have seen his Star in the East."

Dark was the dreary night of sin,
Which o'er Judæ hung;
Upon their altars pale and dim,
Their offerings lingered long;
But not a spark from heaven appeared
To light them to a flame:
Where God was once devoutly feared,
They feared him but in name.
Before their Pharisaic pride,
The flame of Israel's worship died.

The Essene, with gloomy face,
In caverns sought his God;
The Sadducee, with polished pace,
In halls of pleasure trod.
At festal boards he gladly bowed,
And sumptuous feasts he gave;
But cast a cold and cheerless cloud
O'er all beyond the grave.

Some pious Jews with faltering pace,
Still sought the Sacred Hill;
But in Judæ's holy place,
The oracle was still.
In vain they look'd with wistful eyes,
Devotion's flame grew cold;
There burn'd not there a sacrifice,
Like those which burned of old.

"What of the night?" the watchman cried
With loud and earnest voice:
"The morning comes"! a voice replied,
"Behold it, and rejoice!"
Then o'er Judea rose the light
Of Bethlehem's bright star:
Shepherds beheld it in the night,
And wise men from afar—
Behold he comes! the promis'd King.
While men rejoice, and angels sing!

H. H.

HUMILITY.

The drop that, in the evening, creeps humbly and secretly among hidden roots, and under bent grass, may, in the morning, hang in gilded glory upon the top of the highest tree.

HENRY KIRK WHITE.

BY THE EDITOR.

Unhappy WHITE! while life was in its Spring,
And thy young muse just waved her joyous wing,
The Spoiler came; and, all thy promise fair,
Has sought the grave, to sleep forever there.
Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,
When Science self destroyed her favorite son!

HENRY KIRK WHITE was a Poet. He was a young poet. He was a Christian poet. He was a self-educated poet. He struggled through difficulties, and reached the wreath of fame, just to pull it down upon his grave. He died at 21 years of age, and has won for himself a name which future generations will pronounce with reverence and affection. The great English Poet, Southey, who sympathized with him in his short but eventful history, has written a sketch of his life. From it we get the materials for this notice, which we dedicate to our young readers.

There is something, both in his life and poetry, that interests the young mind and heart. Henry is a favorite with all who study him. It is well said by Dodd: "There is a something—no matter what we call it—in the writings of youth which will ever be popular with the young." They catch the glow of his youthful ardor; they sympathize with him in his difficulties; they rejoice in his success, and mourn that he died so young, with the grief of a brother or sister.

He was born at Nottingham, England, March 21st, 1784. His father was a butcher; his mother was a respectable woman, whose maiden name was Neville. From his third to his fourth year, little Henry learned to read in the school kept by an excellent old lady, who, even at that age, discovered in his mind the gems of great promise. He was attached to her with all the simple warmth of infant feeling, and afterwards describes her and her school very touchingly in his poem on Childhood:

"Gentle of heart, yet knowing well to rule."

Like all persons who have ever become eminent, he, at an early age, manifested a great love for reading. To this strong desire he made every thing else bend. "I could fancy," says his eldest sister, "I see him in his little chair, with a large book upon his knee, and my mother calling, 'Henry, my love, come

to dinner;' which was repeated so often without being regarded, that she was obliged to change the tone of her voice to rouse him." To gain knowledge was his meat and his drink; and in this, as in spiritual things, they that hunger and thirst shall be filled.

He did not love knowledge with a selfish passion, but for its own sake; and was therefore anxious that others too should taste its sweet pleasures. Hence, it is said, that when he was but seven years old, he would creep unperceived into the kitchen to teach the servant to read and write. This he did for some time before any one was aware of the noble act. This shows that he loved knowledge for its own sake, with a pure benevolent love. He also wrote a tale of a Swiss Emigrant, which seems to have been his first composition, and gave it to this servant, being no doubt ashamed to show it to his mother. On this Dr. Southey well remarks: "The consciousness of Genius is always at first accompanied with diffidence; it is a sacred, solitary feeling. And perhaps, no forward child, however extraordinary the promise of his childhood, ever produced any thing truly great."

At the age of six years, little Henry commenced writing, arithmetic and French, at a school kept by a Minister. Here he, one day, wrote a separate composition for each boy in his class, twelve or fourteen in number. The teacher praised the compositions of the boys, and said they never had written so well before.

It was still his father's determination to bring him up to his own business. Henry, who loved books and learning, even as his life, was to be *nolens volens*—a butcher! One whole day in each week, and on all his leisure hours on the others, he was compelled to carry the butcher's basket! Other things seemed to conspire to fix his doom to the butcher's trade. The usher, who collected the tuition of the school, represented him to his mother as a stubborn boy, and declared that it was impossible to make him do any thing. His teachers complained, no doubt because they could not understand his unbound genius, that they could not make any thing of him. While they were representing him as an unpromising boy, he took revenge by writing sharp satires on them, which he showed and read to his school mates. These poems he called School-Lampoons; but he afterwards destroyed them. The confinement of the school room was frequently dull to him—he loved the "bushy brakes and glens,"—the freshness of nature in its rural freedom. One of his poems, entitled "On being confined to School one pleasant morning in Spring," writ-

ten at the age of thirteen, refers to his taste in this respect. The whole is beautiful. We can only quote a few lines. Looking out of the dull school room into the joyous spring, he exclaims:

“But for me no songster sings,
For me no joyous lark up-springs;
For I, confined in gloomy school,
Must own the pedant’s iron rule;
And, far from sylvan shades and bowers,
In durance vile must pass the hours.”

* * * * *

“Oh that I were the little wren
That shrilly chirps from yonder glen!
Oh, far away I then would rove,
To some secluded bushy grove;
There hop and sing with careless glee.

This will give the reader some idea both of his taste and poetical abilities at thirteen years of age. His beautiful poem “To an early Primrose,” was also written at this age. How melancholy the thought that soon after this, in his fourteenth year, it was determined to make him a stocking-weaver! He—this wonderful boy—who, like an eagle, had looked up and fixed his eye on the sun, was now to look down to the earth at human feet, with a view of learning the art of fitting them with socks and stockings! He hated this business. It almost drove him to despair. Poor Henry! He said he could not bear “the thought of spending seven years of his life in spinning and folding up stockings; he wanted *something* to occupy his brain!” He declared to his mother, who herself felt that his mind and taste adapted him for a better fate, he should be wretched if he was doomed to this trade, or to any thing but one of the learned professions.

He might have been happy at his loom, had he known less of the sweets of knowledge. With a mind so soaring, confined to a business so uncongenial to his taste, his misery was perfect. No wonder that he wrote those lines for which critics, who have not understood their spirit, have censured him:

Oh! Ignorance!
Thou art fall’n man’s best friend! With thee he speeds
In frigid apathy along his way,
And never does the tear of agony
Burn down his scorching cheek; or the keen steel
Of wounded feeling penetrate his breast.

At this time he wrote that long and beautiful Poem on Child-

hood. This is touchingly beautiful. Though but a fragment, it will go down to unborn generations, and be admired as long as the remembrance of childhood shall be sweet. We can quote none of it for want of space. A number of his best pieces were composed at this age; when he was just entering, as he thought, upon a seven year's apprenticeship to stocking-weaving! Wonderful progress for a genius, from the butcher's basket to the loom! But the stream of genius, like the stream of love, never did run smooth; but like a stream it always finds some way to the ocean of its desires and hopes.

Henry longed for a release from this dark captivity. He plead with his parents. As is generally the case, he carried his argument to his excellent mother, desiring to be permitted to study law. His mother sympathized with him, and was willing to do all in her power to effect his wishes. His father, however, no doubt partly on account of his inability to give his son a good education, and partly perhaps for *no good reason*, was opposed to anything of the kind. At length, however, he prevailed; and, obstacles having been surmounted, he was placed in the office of two attorneys in Nottingham. Here he was put to learning Latin. He had but little time amid the bustle and business of an office, but being exceedingly diligent, persevering, and saving of leisure moments, in ten months, he was able to read Horace with tolerable facility, and had made some progress also in Greek. "He used to exercise himself in declining the Greek nouns and conjugating verbs as he was going to and fro from the office, so valuable was time become to him. From this time he contracted a habit of employing his mind in study during his walks, which he continued to the end of his life."

So enthusiastic did he become in his studies that he became entirely estranged from his family. He had a little room, as his study, to which he had his meals taken for him; and he would make out to read even while he was eating his milk supper. His evenings were all devoted to severe and persevering study. Though his mother, who saw that he was injuring his health by it, entreated him to eat with the family, and thus give himself some time for recreation, he clung to his books with an increasing hunger.

Henry not only made rapid progress in the law, at this time, but also in Greek and Latin; and not only in these languages, but he made himself, by his own application, a tolerably good Italian scholar, and acquired some knowledge of both Spanish and Portuguese. He also acquired a respectable knowledge of Chemistry, Astronomy, and the nature of electricity; drawing

and music received some attention; and though he was passionately fond of these, he checked his taste in this direction, lest it should hinder him in more important studies.

About this time and earlier, Henry was ambitious of being admitted a member of a Literary Society then existing at Nottingham, but was objected to on account of his youth. "After repeated attempts, and repeated failures, he succeeded in his wish, through the exertions of some of his friends, and was elected. There were six Professors in this Society; and, upon the first vacancy, he was appointed to the chair of Literature. It may well appear strange that a Society, in so large a town as Nottingham, instituted for the purpose of acquiring and diffusing knowledge, and respectable enough to be provided with a good philosophical apparatus, should have chosen a boy, in the fifteenth year of his age, to deliver lectures upon general literature. The first subject upon which he held forth was Genius. Having taken a day to consider the subject, he spoke upon it extempore, and harangued for two hours and three quarters: yet, instead of being wearied, his hearers passed a unanimous resolution, "That the most sincere thanks be given to the Professor for his most instructive and entertaining lecture; at the same time assuring him that the Society never had the pleasure of hearing a better lecture delivered from that chair which he so much honored." Well done for our young hero.

At this time, a Monthly Magazine, called the Monthly Preceptor, offered prizes, for which Henry was soon a candidate. He gained a silver medal for a translation from Horace, and a pair of twelve-inch globes for a composition on another subject. He also got several books as prizes from the Magazine publishers. Many of his pieces, under strange signatures, found their way into the Monthly Magazine and Monthly Visitor. This encouraged him. "In prosaic composition," he says, "I never had one article refused: in poetic, many." The fact of some of his pieces being refused did not discourage him, or provoke him. He, like all that have real talents, was humble, and hence willing that his pieces should try their own merits before the public.

These Magazines—not as now filled with empty tales and "*lying trash*," but with solid instruction—were of real benefit to him. They afforded him opportunity to try his compositions, as well as to compare his taste with that of others, and thus to mould and correct his own. "Magazines," says Southey in his life of this young Poet, "Magazines are of great service to those who are learning to write; they are fishing-boats, which the

Bucaneers of Literature do not condescend to sink, burn, destroy: young poets may safely try their strength in them; and that they should try their strength before the public, without danger of any shame from failure, is highly desirable."

Henry, though he liked the profession towards which he was directing his studies, was not satisfied. He was casting a longing eye towards the University, though there seemed no reasonable ground to hope that he could ever enjoy the advantage of its instructions. Several things, at this time, combined in inducing him to endeavor to get to the University. One was, a natural partial deafness which would have been in his way in the practice of law. Another was, that his opinions, which at one time strongly inclined to deism and infidelity, had now taken a strong religious turn, and begot in him the desire of entering the holy office of the ministry. To this must be added the fact, that through the encouragement of some friends, there seemed to be a prospect that the way to University advantages would soon open to him. The Editors of those Magazines for which he had written, and with whom he had in this way formed an intimate acquaintance, advised him to prepare a little volume of his poems for the press. He was now only eighteen years of age. Anxious to get to College, in order to fit himself for the holy office, he yielded to their solicitations, with the hope that either the profits of the publication or the notice into which it would bring him, might open his way and enable him to attain the object he so much desired.

According to the custom of that time, our young Poet was urged to get some person of rank and station as patroness for his book. The Countess of Derby was first applied to. She returned the manuscript with a refusal; but her note was kind, and enclosed a 2£ note as her subscription to the book. He next wrote a letter intended for the Margrave of Anspach, but for some reason or other, it was never sent. Next application was made for him, by his brother, to the Duchess of Devonshire. After waiting for a long time on her answer, they began to fear for the safety of the papers, as they knew she had frequent applications of the kind, and feared that her patience might have been exhausted. His brother, Neville, called on her several times, but could get no interview. At last he determined to make a desperate effort to get to see her, and concluded in his own mind that he would not leave the house till he got the papers. After waiting several hours, in the Servant's hall, he at last got the manuscript back again, but no sight of her Grace! Spirit of the Sciences! have mercy on such patrons of weeping genius!

Discouraged, sick of "dancing attendance" upon the great, in order to get a patron for his book, he was almost ready to give it up in despair. He was, however, induced to make one more trial. A letter was directed to this same Duchess of Devonshire, when she good-naturedly gave permission to dedicate the volume to her. This was effected by Henry's brother, Neville. "Accordingly her name appeared in the title-page, and a copy was transmitted to her in due form, and in its due morocco livery,—of which no notice was ever taken! Involved, as she was, in an endless round of miserable follies, it is probable that she never opened the book!" What a comment on poor human nature, in high life. Genius pines and weeps under the very shadow of those whose smiles would be to it, what the warmth of the sun-beams, after a gentle shower, is to the drooping plant. No real prophet hath honor in his own country, nor in his own age.

"Seven Grecian cities claimed a Homer, *dead*,
In which the *living* Homer begged his bread!"

Our young Poet was now an author; but success was not yet sure. There are the Reviews!—those terrors in the high places of Science. A scowl from such faces of learned lightning is instant death to young aspirants. From the stroke of their "tender mercies" no one recovers during that generation. He had fortified his book, by some pleadings for grace, in the preface. "Perhaps it may be asked of him, what are his motives for this publication? He answers—simply these: The facilitation, through its means, of those studies which, from his earliest infancy, have been the principal objects of his ambition. The critic will doubtless find in them much to condemn; he may likewise possibly discover something to commend. Let him scan my faults with an indulgent eye, and in the work of that correction which I invite, let him remember he is holding the iron mace of criticism over the flimsy superstructure of a youth of seventeen."

Thus quailed this humble youth before the stern and merciless judgment seat of the Reviewers. All to no purpose. The Reviewer opened the book and finding in one place that *Boy* and *Sky* did not rhyme in orthodox style, he sat down and after other things concluded thus: "We cannot compliment him with having learned the difficult art of writing good poetry. Such lines as these will sufficiently prove our assertion:

Here would I run, a visionary boy,
When the hoarse thunder shook the vaulted sky,

And fancy-led, beheld the Almighty's form
Sternly careering in the eddying storm.

If Mr. White should be instructed by Alma-Mater, he will, doubtless, produce better sense and better rhymes." Yes, this is his sin that he was too poor to get a good education; but why not aid him, when he is making effort to attain to this boon. The sin of these beautiful lines is, that boy and sky is not good rhyme! They are selected from "Clifton Grove," that beautiful poem—a poem which will live when the name of the Review and the Reviewer have alike found their well-earned oblivion.

Henry was dejected. There was no hope of getting to the University from the proceeds of his poems. In this state of mind, he received a letter of encouragement from Southey, into whose hands his poems had fallen, and who discovered their real merit. "Your letter," he answered, "has revived me, and I do again venture to hope that I may still produce something which will survive me." So does genius shrink at death, and sigh to live.

Encouragement came from some quarter, and in this same letter to Southey he says: "I have hopes that I shall find means of support in the University." The reason of his hope is, that he does not desire to "enter into the University with any sinister or interested views, but with a sincere desire to perform the duties of an affectionate and vigilant pastor, and become more useful to mankind." Southey had advised him to publish another volume of his poems by subscription; but this he declined, on the manly ground that it would represent him as a beggar with hat in hand, taking subscription for his book before its merits could be known. A beggar, after all, he did not wish to be.

We have said that Henry had been a Deist, but that a change, in this respect, came over his feelings. It will be interesting to refer more particularly to this change. One of his earliest and most intimate friends, Mr. Almond, had been present at the death-bed of a christian, when he was so convinced of the power and value of religion, that he determined to commence living a pious life. To this end, he withdrew from such society the ridicule of which he feared, and especially showed a distant feeling towards Henry. This he observed, and could not bear to have such a long intimacy suddenly dropped without knowing the cause. Mr. Almond told him all;—that a change had come over his feelings, and that he was willing to defend his new opinions on the subject of religion if Henry would allow the Bible to be the word of God and the standard of appeal. This he feared

Henry would not do, since he had frequently heard him suggest "that the book of *Isaiah* was an *epic*, and that of *Job* a *dramatic*, poem." Upon this, Henry exclaimed in a tone of strong emotion:—"Good God, you surely regard me in a worse light than I deserve"! It seems that although he had acted and spoken carelessly in reference to religion, there was nevertheless an under current of better feelings in his heart; and he was alarmed at the thought that his best friend now considered him a dangerous companion.

This had a good effect upon him. He grew somewhat thoughtful. Mr. Almond put into his hand "*Scott's Force of Truth*," which was lying on the table, and requested him to read it. "He received it," says Dodd, "with cold indifference, and promised to answer it; but when he came to read it, he found that in it, which no infidel can answer; viz: the enlightened experience of a christian." When he returned the book, he frankly and feelingly confessed that it was founded on eternal truth, and that he could not answer it, and would do any thing to gain his Maker's favor.

About this time, Mr. Almond was about to enter the University of Cambridge. On the evening before his departure, Henry requested that he would accompany him to the little room which was called his study. "We had no sooner entered," says Mr. Almond, "than he burst into tears, and declared that his anguish of mind was insupportable. He entreated that I would kneel down and pray for him; and most cordially were our tears and supplications mingled at that interesting moment. When I took my leave, he exclaimed: 'What must I do?—You are the only friend to whom I can apply in this agonizing state, and you are about to leave me. My literary associates are all inclined to deism; I have no one with whom I can communicate.'"

This shows the state of his mind at the time. He began to solve the problem of his relations to God with deep earnestness. He soon found that his own morality was not a ground sufficiently deep upon which to rest. He felt that he was depraved; that his motives, intentions, emotions, and all the springs of his heart were wrong, and that he needed not only *reformation* but *renovation*! His heart was torn, melted, and reduced to chaos, under the deep anguish of his penitence; while the Spirit was hovering over it, as He once did over a chaotic world, to create it anew in beauty, peace and love. Looking around for help, he beheld at last the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world.

In that beautiful Hymn, "The Star of Bethlehem," com-

posed by him and found in many hymn books, he relates his experience. In the first two verses, he sets forth Christ as the one on whom his eye rested as the beacon in life's troubled sea—HE, amid many stars, is the brightest.

When marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! Hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Savior speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

In the next two verses, he describes the scene in his soul while he was wildered and tossed by deism, as on a stormy sea, in danger of wrecking his soul forever—especially his feelings when once he saw his hopeless condition.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,—
Death struck, I ceased the tide to stem,
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

Here he found Christ, and with him, peace to his soul, for "He is our peace." In the last two verses, he sings with joy his song of triumph, when, after a dreary voyage through unbelief, he is at last anchored in the peaceful haven to which the Star of Bethlehem guides those, tossed and weary on the seas. The Star that guided him thus far he will still follow.

It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease,
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for ever more,
The Star!—the Star of Bethlehem!

Beautiful! Happy voyager, to rest at last in such a "port of peace." No wonder that he, himself now safe in Christ, should have a strong desire to guide others in the same way to Christ, the soul's eternal rest. He determined now to quit the law and devote himself to the holy ministry. No arguments could dis-


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 suade him from it; no difficulties could intimidate or discourage him. His parents had seen him now far advanced in the law, and not being able to understand his new views as well as himself, were not at once agreed to the change he proposed in his profession. His father remonstrated. His mother wept! but his purpose was fixed—he would preach Christ whom he had found as the Star of Bethlehem, the loveliest of all the stars.

The lawyers with whom he had studied were willing, very generously, to give up his time, if he found means to go to the University. Some clergymen interested themselves in him, and plans at last seemed ripe, by which he could be supported. He obtained a month's leave of absence from his employers, that he might enjoy himself in uninterrupted study by way of preparation for entrance at the University. He retired to the village of Wilford, on the banks of the Trent, at the foot of that Clifton Woods which he has immortalized in his Poem. Now he was elate with hope of success; he saw the privileges of the University in bright prospect before him—a boon for which he had long ardently desired and hoped. But alas! for the hopes of earth! At the end of the month he received intelligence that all these plans had failed! In the simplicity of his sorrow, he flew to his mother! How natural. "All my hopes," he exclaimed, "of getting to the University are now blasted."

Did he now give up, and sit down in despair? No, "Excelsior;" higher, was his motto. "He now applied himself more severely than ever to his studies. He allowed himself no time for relaxation, little for his meals, and scarcely any for sleep. He would read till one, two, three o'clock in the morning; then throw himself on the bed, and rise again to his work at five, at the call of a *larum*, which he had fixed to a Dutch clock in his chamber." Under these habits his health gradually yielded; but not so his thirst for knowledge, and his desire to prepare himself for usefulness. At times, however, he became dejected and sad; who can wonder at it. Then he wrote—

"What is this passing scene?  
 A peevish April day!  
 A little sun—a little rain,  
 And then night sweeps along the plain,  
 And all things fade away.  
 Man (soon discussed)  
 Yields up his trust,  
 And all his hopes and fears  
 Lie with him in the dust."



Space forbids us to pursue this wonderful youth closely through all his difficulties. Briefly, we may say, that by the assistance of friends he was afterwards enabled to study for one year privately with a minister, during which time he frequently studied fourteen hours in a day. After this, his desires were fulfilled, and he got, through many difficulties, into the University. His support being weak, and one of the University scholarships becoming vacant, he was advised to become a candidate for it. Good qualifications were necessary to success, and he made a desperate effort to attain to this advantage. His health again sunk under the effort, and he was compelled to withdraw. In the mean time the general college examination came on. To meet this with honor, he once more exerted himself beyond his strength, and his disorder returned. He told his tutor, with tears in his eyes, that he could not go into the hall to be examined; but his success here was important, and he was induced, under the excitement of strong medicines, to go through a six day's examination, which he did with honor, for he was pronounced the first man of his year. Of this honor, life was the price.

When this was over, he needed tranquility and rest; but his spirit rested not. To the weariness of study was also added care and anxiety as to his expenses. His success stimulated him more and more. At this time he was offered a tempting situation as teacher, with a salary of from £400 to £600 a year; but he was bent on the ministry, and declined the offer. He would rather be poor in the path of duty, than rich out of it. During vacation, when he should have relaxed and recruited, he continued his baneful studies. At length his health was such as to force him to seek a recruit for his strength. Instead, however, of going to the peaceful and refreshing scenes of country life, he went to London. Here new objects of excitements presented themselves and he rested not. When he returned to college, he was so completely ill that no power of medicine could save him. Mind and body seemed to sink together. He still hoped, and wrote a letter to his family that he thought he was recovering; but he soon sunk so fast that the letter was not sent, but found in his pocket after his death. On Sunday, Oct. 10th, 1806, he fell asleep in Jesus, young in years, but rich in honors.

He sleeps well!

“O sir, the good die first,  
While those whose hearts are dry as summer dust,  
Burn to the socket!”



"The very circumstance of his early death," says Southey, "gives a new interest to his memory, and thereby new force to his example. Just at that age when the painter would have wished to fix his likeness, and the lover of poetry would delight to contemplate him,—in the fair morning of his virtues—the full spring blossom of his hopes,—just at that age hath death set the seal of eternity upon him, and the beautiful hath been made permanent."

In Cambridge is Henry's tomb. The laurels which he there won have fallen upon his grave. Francis Boot, Esq., of Boston, visited his tomb, and, at his own expense, erected a marble monument to his memory. His perseverance, his example, and his fame are, however, the best and the most lasting memorials of this youthful scholar and poet. In answer to his mournful question,

"Fifty years hence and who shall hear of Henry,"

we may answer—now that fifty years have almost passed since his death, future generations shall hear of him! His hymns are sung in Zion's assemblies week after week, and have become to those who are following him to glory, sweet songs in the house of their pilgrimage. Above all, his example will go down, as a stimulus to the young, in pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, to unborn generations.

Young man, yours is his legacy. His example speaks to you. In his life and struggles you have an exhibition of the difficulties which lie in the path of knowledge. In his success you have encouragement. Resolve, as he did, to cultivate your mind, to improve your talents, and to be useful to your generation. Then, though future generations may not hear of you, yet you will one day hear, when it will be your greatest joy to hear it, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

[For the Guardian.]

### THE GRAVE GIVETH REST.

(Translation of a favorite German Hymn.)

The grave giveth rest—  
There sons of affliction may borrow  
Sweet surcease from sorrow ;—  
So welcome, so blest !

There, sleeping, the heart  
By care and temptation forsaken :  
Where it shall awaken,  
All sorrows depart.

To Death's friendly shore  
They come not, life's ills, dreary number ;  
The spirit takes rest, as in slumber,  
And pain is no more !

Why weep for the blest ?  
Life's burden, I'll bear without sadness,  
And sing on with gladness—  
The grave giveth rest.



## NAMES OF OUR BLESSED REDEEMER.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear!  
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.

A collection of Names, Titles and Similies applied to our Lord Jesus Christ, translated from a German work, published upwards of three hundred years ago, alphabetically arranged, with some additions. Let any one meditate carefully on all these names, and notice the many features of doctrines which are hid under them, and it will be seen that the prophet rightly said, "His name shall be called WONDERFUL!"

- |                                         |                                         |
|-----------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------|
| Adam 1 Co. 15 45.                       | Christ Mat. 1 16.                       |
| Advocate 1 Jn. 2 1.                     | Consolation of Israel Lu. 2 25.         |
| Alpha and Omega Re. 1 8, 11.            | Corner-stone Ep. 2 20.                  |
| Altogether lovely Ca. 5 16.             | Counsellor Is. 9 6.                     |
| Amen Re. 3 14.                          | Covenant of the People Is. 42 6.        |
| Ancient of Days Da. 7 22.               | Covert from the Tempest Is. 32 2.       |
| Angel Ge. 48 16.                        | Creator of Israel Is. 43 15.            |
| Angel of God's presence Is. 63 9.       | Creditor Lu. 7 41.                      |
| Anointed Jn. 1 41.                      | David Je. 30 9.                         |
| Anointed above his Fellows Ps. 45 7.    | Days-Man Job 9 33.                      |
| Anointed of the Lord Ps. 2 2.           | Day-Spring from on high Lu. 1 78.       |
| Anointed with the Holy Ghost Ac. 10 38. | Day-Star 2 Pe. 1 19.                    |
| Apostle of our profession He. 3. 1      | Deliverer Ro. 11 26.                    |
| Apple-tree Ca. 2 3.                     | Desire of all Nations Hag. 2 7.         |
| Author and Finisher of faith He. 12 2.  | Dew Ho. 14 5.                           |
| Author of eternal Salvation He. 5 9.    | Diadem Is. 62 3.                        |
| Babe Lu. 2 12, 16.                      | Door of the Sheep Jn. 10 7, 9.          |
| Beginning and End, Re. 1 8.             | Elect Is. 42 1.                         |
| Beginning of Creation of God Re. 3 14.  | Eliakim Is. 22 20.                      |
| Begotten of the Father Jn. 1 14.        | Emmanuel Is. 7 14.                      |
| Beloved Ca. 5 16, Ep. 1 6.              | Ensign of the People Is. 11 10.         |
| Beloved of God Mat. 12 18.              | Eternal Life 1 Jn. 5 20.                |
| Beloved Son Mat. 3 17.                  | Everlasting Father Is. 9 6.             |
| Bishop of Souls 1 Pe. 2 26.             | Express Image, &c. He. 1 3.             |
| Blessed and only Potentate 1 Ti. 6 15.  | Faithful Witness Re. 1 5.               |
| Branch Zec. 3 8.                        | Father of Eternity Is. 9 6.             |
| Branch of Righteousness Je. 23 6.       | Fatted Calf Lu. 15 23.                  |
| Branch of the root of Jesse Is. 11 1.   | Finisher of Faith He. 12 2.             |
| Brazen Serpent Jn. 3 14.                | First-begotten from the dead Re. 1 5.   |
| Bread from Heaven Jn. 6 51.             | First-born among many breth'n Ro. 8 29  |
| Bread of Life Jn. 6 48.                 | First-born from the Dead Col. 1 18.     |
| Bridegroom Mat. 9 15.                   | First-born of every Creature Col. 1 15. |
| Bright and Morning Star Re. 22 16.      | First-fruits 1 Co. 15 20, 23.           |
| Brightness of Father's Glory He. 1 3.   | First and Last Re. 1 11.                |
| Brother Mat. 12 50.                     | Foundation laid in Zion Is. 28 16       |
| Builder Zec. 6 13.                      | Fountain for Sin Zec. 13 1.             |
| Bundle of Myrrh Ca. 1 13.               | Forerunner He. 6 20.                    |
| Camphire Ca. 1 14.                      | Friend Ca. 5 16.                        |
| Captain Jos. 5 14.                      | Friend of Sinners Mat. 11 19.           |
| Child Is. 9 6.                          | Gift of God Jn. 4 10.                   |
| Chosen of God Mat. 12 18.               | Glorious Lord Is. 33 21.                |



- Glory of God Is. 40 5.  
 Glory of Israel Lu. 2 32.  
 God Jn. 1 1.  
 God's unspeakable Gift 2 Cor. 9 15.  
 Golden Altar Re. 8 3.  
 Governor Mat. 2 6.  
 Gracious 1 Pe. 2 3.  
 Habitation Ps. 91 9.  
 Habitation of the Godhead 2 Cor. 5 19.  
 Head Ep. 4 15.  
 Head of all principality and power Col. 2 10.  
 Head of the Church Ep. 5 23.  
 Head of the Corner Mat. 21 42.  
 Head of every Man 1 Cor. 11 3.  
 Head over all Things Ep. 1 22.  
 Heir of all Things He. 1 2.  
 Heir of the World Ro. 4 13.  
 Heritage Is. 58 14.  
 Hiding-place from the Wind Is. 32 2.  
 High Priest He. 3 1.  
 Holy Child Ac. 4 30.  
 Holy, Harmless and undefiled He. 7 26.  
 Holy One and Just Ac. 3 14.  
 Holy One of God Mar. 1 24.  
 Holy One of Israel Is. 41 14.  
 Hope Ac. 28 20.  
 Horn of Salvation Lu. 1 69.  
 Husband Is. 54 5.  
 Husbandman Lu. 13 6, 9.  
 I Am Jn. 8 58.  
 Image of God He. 1 3.  
 Image of the Invisible God Col. 1 15.  
 Immortal 1 Ti. 1 17.  
 Invisible 1 Ti. 1 17.  
 Israel Is. 49 3.  
 Jehovah Is. 40 3.  
 Jesus Mat. 1 21.  
 Judge of Israel Mi. 5 1.  
 Judge of Quick and Dead Ac. 10 42.  
 King of Israel Jn. 1 49.  
 King of Kings Re. 17 14.  
 King of Glory Ps. 24 7.  
 King of the Jews Mat. 2 2.  
 King of Saints Re. 15 3.  
 King of Zion Zec. 9 9.  
 Ladder Ge. 28 12.  
 Lamb Re. 5 6.  
 Lamb of God Jn. 1 29, 36.  
 Leader and Commander Is. 55 4.  
 Life Jn. 14 6.  
 Light Jn. 1 9.  
 Light of the Gentiles Is. 42 6.  
 Lily of the Valleys Ca. 2 1.  
 Lion of the tribe of Judah Re. 5 5.  
 Lord Lu. 2 11.  
 Lord from Heaven 1 Cor. 15 47.  
 Lord of the Dead and Living Ro. 14 9.  
 Lord of Glory 1 Co. 2 8.  
 Lord of Hosts Is. 54 5.  
 Lord of Lords Re. 17 14.  
 Lord of the Sabbath Mar. 2 28.  
 Lord our Righteousness Je. 23 6.  
 Man Ac. 2 22.  
 Man of God's right hand Ps. 80 17.  
 Man of Sorrows Is. 53 3.  
 Master Mat. 8 19.  
 Mediator 1 Ti. 2 5.  
 Melchisedek Ge. 14 18.  
 Merchant Is. 55 1.  
 Merciful and Faithful He. 2 17.  
 Messenger of the Covenant Mal. 3 1.  
 Messiah Da. 9 25.  
 Michael Da. 12 1.  
 Mighty God Is. 9 6.  
 Minister of the Circumcision Ro. 15 8.  
 Minister of the Sanctuary He. 8 2.  
 Minister of the Tabernacle He. 8 2.  
 Morning-star Re. 22 16.  
 Most Holy Da. 9 24.  
 Nazarene Mat. 2 23.  
 Offspring of David Re. 22 16.  
 Ointment Ca. 1 3.  
 Only Begotten Jn. 1 14.  
 Our peace Ep. 2 14.  
 Passover of the Saints 1 Cor. 5 7.  
 Pearl of Great Price Mat. 13 46.  
 Physician Mat. 9 12.  
 Plant of Renown Eze. 34 29.  
 Polished Shaft Is. 49 2.  
 Potentate 1 Ti. 6 15.  
 Precious Corner Stone Is. 28 16.  
 Priest for Ever Heb. 5 6.  
 Prince and Savior Ac. 5 31.  
 Prince of Life Ac. 3 15.  
 Prince of Peace Is. 9 6.  
 Prince of the Kings of the Earth Re. 1 5.  
 Prophet Lu. 24 19.  
 Propitiation 1 Jn. 2 2.  
 Power of God 1 Cor. 1 24.  
 Purifier and Refiner Mal. 3 3.  
 Quickening Spirit 1 Co. 15 45.  
 Rabbi John 3 2.  
 Rain and Showers Ps. 72 6.  
 Ransom for All 1 Ti. 2 6.  
 Redeemer Job 19 25.  
 Resurrection and the Life Jn. 11 25.  
 Righteous Servant Is. 53 11.  
 Righteousness Je. 23 6.  
 Rock 1 Cor. 10 4.  
 Rock of Offence Is. 8 14.  
 Rod and Branch Is. 11 1.  
 Roe and Hart Ca. 2 9.  
 Root of David Re. 5 5.  
 Root out of dry ground Is. 53 2.  
 Rose of Sharon Ca. 2 1.  
 Sacrifice and Offering Ep. 5 2.  
 Salvation Lu. 2 30.  
 Samaritan Lu. 10 33.  
 Sanctification 1 Cor. 1 30.  
 Sanctuary Is. 8 14.  
 Savior Tit. 2 13.



Sceptre out of Israel Nu. 24 17.  
 Second Man 1 Cor. 15 47.  
 Seed of the Woman Ge. 3 15.  
 Servant Is. 42 1, 19.  
 Sharp Sword Is. 49 2.  
 Shepherd Jn. 10 11.  
 Shepherd of Souls 1 Pe. 2 25.  
 Shiloh Ge. 49 10.  
 Solomon Ca. 3 7.  
 Son of the Blessed Mar. 14 61.  
 Son of God Mat. 4 3.  
 Son of Man Mat. 8 20.  
 Sower Mat. 13 3.  
 Spiritual Drink 1 Co. 10 4.  
 Spiritual Meat 1 Co. 10 3.  
 Spiritual Rock 1 Co. 10 4.  
 Staff or Supporter Ca. 8 5.  
 Star out of Israel Nu. 24 17.  
 Stone Rejected Mat. 21 42.  
 Stone of Stumbling Is. 8 14.  
 Sun of Righteousness Mal. 4 2.  
 Surety He. 7 22.

Teacher come from God Jn. 3 2.  
 Temple John 2 19.  
 Testator He. 9 16, 17.  
 Treasure hid in a Field Mat. 13 44.  
 Treasury or Storehouse Col. 1 19.  
 Tree of Life Re. 2 7.  
 Tried Stone Is. 28 16.  
 True God 1 Jn. 5 20.  
 Truth Jn. 14 6.  
 Vine Jn. 15 1.  
 Wall of Fire Zec. 2 5.  
 Way Is. 35 8.  
 Wedding Garment Mat. 22 12.  
 Well-beloved Ca. 1 13.  
 Well of Living Water Ca. 4 15.  
 Wisdom Pr. 8 22, 36.  
 Wisdom of God Lu. 11 49.  
 Witness Re. 1 5.  
 Wonderful Is. 9 6.  
 Word of God Rev. 19 13.  
 Word of Life 1 John 1 1.  
 Worthy to receive power, &c. Re. 5 12.

[For the Guardian.]

## HOW TO RISE IN THE WORLD.

BY REV. J. F. MESICK.

Most young persons setting out in life, indulge sanguine hopes of great prosperity and happiness as a feature of their earthly lot. The skies, which bound the horizon of their future prospects, are painted without a cloud. Their home is depicted as the abode of perfect repose, free from every care. Under the direction of their keen sighted vision, every scheme is successful; and under the magic of their touch, every object turns to gold. They think of life as one long series of triumph, believing themselves too wise to repeat the mistakes of their parents, or too clever to go on plodding through a dull and monotonous existence.

But, in the experience of the great majority of mankind, how gloomy and successless is the common-place reality which follows this bright and glowing picture! What multitudes of gay and high minded youth—who have been in the habit of enjoying pleasure, without any exertion of their own, through the labors of others, by the law of inevitable necessity, resulting from their want of self-discipline, and training for severe exertion—pass under a cloud, struggle all their days for a mere subsistence, or grapple with the grim monster despair; whilst others of more



hardy growth and resolute spirit, bear away the palm, rejoice in the possession of the golden prize, or wear the insignia of worldly honor.

These wide differences in destiny prompt the inquiry: whence arise these opposite results? Some, we know, ascribe the brilliant career of the wealthy, the learned, the great, the good, and the honorable, to the accidental advantages of birth or education, to the superiority of natural talent or genius, or to fortune who was represented, by the ancients, as a blind Goddess. This theory meets with great favor among the drones of society, who find in it some little consolation, under the depressing and humiliating effects of their own indolence.

Need we say, to every generous youth, emulous to excel, beware of this fatal delusion. These circumstances constitute but a small part of that element of success which has borne on to fortune, or to fame, those individuals who have risen by slow and sure degrees, from poverty and ignorance, to the first stations in society. William Wirt, an eminent example of the truth which he inculcates, remarks, with characteristic elegance and force, "Wishing and sighing, or imagining, or dreaming of greatness, will never make you great. If you would get to the mountain top, it will not do to stand still, looking and admiring and wishing you were there. You must gird up your loins, and GO TO WORK, with all the indomitable energy of Hannibal scaling the Alps."

Such is the testimony of enlightened and successful experience, so full of truth and wisdom, that it deserves to be recorded in letters of gold. Every advantage of books, and teachers, and business may be given to any youth, and yet—without a disposition to profit by them, without decision of character, and without a willingness to labor—they will be of no avail.

These principles are applicable to the *acquisition* of *wealth*, which too many mistake for the chief good. Because a man is born poor, is no valid reason that he should stay so. A respectable competency, not to say opulence, is within his reach, if he will patiently apply the prudential maxims that have led others to the same goal; unless Divine Providence should interpose by sickness, or conflagration, or accident, an event from which he may learn that it is not the Will of God that he should make this attainment. Economy, industry, perseverance and honesty, will raise him above the reach of want, and place at his command the means of comfort and pleasure. Let him not be disheartened at unavoidable difficulties and hard work; let him not become impatient under long delay, or dissatisfied with slow



gains; let him hold on his way amid all obstacles, and he will steadily and safely rise to a position which he once thought far beyond his reach.

But let him not mistake penuriousness for thrift. The meanness and covetousness of the miser, are abhorrent to God and man, who holds on to his money with an iron grasp, turning a deaf ear to every call addressed to his pity or benevolence, that he may swell the amount of his yearly profits.

The pursuit of wealth for its own sake, is beneath the dignity of a man. Its worth is to be estimated by its capability to provide the means for our own elevation, or that of others. Money, under the control of a christian, is a talent that may effect great good. But in the hands of an ignorant, conceited, and proud man, to borrow a comparison from another subject, it is "like a jewel in a swine's snout."

These principles, are especially applicable, to *the attainment of knowledge*. There is no inclined plane up the hill of science, with its stationary engine to draw up the indolent scholar, reposing in apathy and inaction, to its summit; but every aspirant after human learning, must climb the steep ascent, step by step. We have only to peruse the biographies of the most eminent poets, orators, authors, philosophers and divines, to discover the toilsome and pains-taking process, through which they reared those intellectual monuments, that have given their names to posterity. It is said of Gray, who has penned some of the sweetest lines of poetry in the English language, that he elaborated only two or three verses in a week. The diligence of Demosthenes is as widely known as his fame. Franklin laid the foundation of his greatness, in the wise improvement of his leisure time, when he was a printer's boy.—Newton disclaims any advantage on the grounds of genius, and ascribes his wonderful astronomical discoveries, to patient study and investigation. And a more laborious student than Chalmers was, this age has not produced.

If these men, and a multitude more, equally well known, as the brightest of mankind, had waited for the inspiration of genius, before they commenced the cultivation of their minds, the world would never have enjoyed the benefit of their example and labors. They won their way to distinction, as each individual now must do, by cultivating habits of close observation; by reading and studying with system and industry, and by meeting difficulties with a determination to overcome them, that nothing could shake.

The general truth, to be deduced from these facts is, that a



moderate share of talent, such as each man of a sound mind possesses,—well directed and sedulously cultivated, will insure respectability in the literary world, and will fill a large space of usefulness in the community. This conclusion ought to awaken the desire, and fix the purpose in the mind of every young person, to improve his mental faculties, by the unceasing exploration of the fields of science, literature and arts, until the whole domain of knowledge lies at his feet.

Every objection, to the possibility of self-improvement, even under the greatest early disadvantages,—an obstacle, which unfortunately too often has closed the path seemingly, to the advancement of many a longing soul,—is set aside by the well known career of such men as William Cobbet, who commenced life as a common soldier in the British army, on the miserable pittance of six-pence a day wages, with which beggarly sum he was obliged to support himself, whilst purchasing the books with which to carry forward his education. His seat was the edge of his bed; his table a board laid on his knees, and his light during the evening the camp-fire of his mess-mates. And amid the rude noise of half a score of drinking, laughing, swearing comrades, he had to read and write. Yet he became a pungent political writer, a popular speaker, and a prominent leader of the radical party in England, swaying by the power of his intellect, to some extent, the course of public opinion in the most enlightened land of this most enlightened age.

Every young person ought to have a clear view of the value of an education, not forgetting good moral principles, as the best capital with which to commence life, as securing to him an introduction into respectable society everywhere, and as furnishing him the most effective means, with which to help himself and others, in whatever business or situation he may be placed. The perception of this fact will beget a love of learning—a thirst for knowledge that will bear the soul onward with intense ardor and perseverance, until all hindrances are overcome, which may arise from humble parentage, slender means, or the difficulty of procuring books.

Much depends on the manner in which every young person spends his evenings, as to the development of his mental powers. The day must be given to active business; the evening may be devoted to intellectual occupations. To pass the hours of evening in the bar-room, is worse than to throw them away. To give them wholly to social visiting, is to employ them to little profit. But to suffer no evening to glide by without taking a useful book in hand, without adding one important fact to



the general stock of knowledge, or without penning one profitable thought on paper, will infallibly insure that progress in all the branches of human learning, which constitute the true scholar.


But there are *certain conditions*, under which only, success is desirable. One of these is, when an individual's rise in the world is *subservient to his happiness*. Fortune, knowledge and fame are thrown away on that man, who is not made the more contented and happy, by their possession. These splendid gifts ought to be found uniformly in company with a cultivated heart, which has been trained to love every object and work which falls within the sacred circle of duty, and which has been taught to bestow the wealth of its affections only on things which are pure and just and good. Those young persons who have enjoyed the advantages of a good education, ought above all others, to be patterns of respect and obedience to their parents, and of benevolence and usefulness to their fellow men. Life with all its grand interests is but a blank to that man who has no sympathy with his kind, no pity for their sorrows, no delight in their joys; and who wraps himself up, with all his store of blessing, in cold and selfish schemes. The pleasures of existence are multiplied to each individual in the exact ratio in which those objects increase, which he loves, and which love him.

Again, success in the attainment of earthly good, to be regarded as a theme of self-gratulation, *must be subsidiary to the salvation of the soul*. No man can forget that for all his actions here below, he must give account to God. The engrossing pursuits and pleasures of time, cannot forever banish the consideration of the question, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul; or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

The love of the world, is the besetting sin of youth; and it presents itself under such a bewitching garb, that often they are undone, before they are aware of their peril. Too often the bower of roses seeming, conducting to a flower gemmed path, is the opening gate of death. The gay illusions of sense, and the fascinating arts of the tempter, are all employed to deck the threshold of perdition, with the brilliant hues of the gate of Paradise. And oh! what multitudes of noble youth, allured by the song of the syren of earthly pleasure, have been beguiled into the enchanting vale of carnal delight, until the night of the second death, the blackness of darkness has closed over them forever. What thoughtless crowds! have ventured with their



tiny bark on the ocean of life, because it wore the smooth and glassy surface of a summer's sea, in quest of the tempting treasures of this world, without Jesus at the helm,—whose skies have suddenly been overspread with the gloomy clouds of the tempest, accompanied with the lightning's flash, the thunder's roar, and the tornado lifting the wave's mountain high,—who have been wrecked on the rocks of sin and unbelief, or swallowed up in the vortex of worldly dissipation, and whose last cry, as they sunk beneath the billows of eternal despair, has been: All is lost! All is lost!!

 We earnestly commend this, and the several articles which shall follow, to the study of our young readers. If it would serve no other purpose, it is valuable as showing the great usefulness of this and kindred departments of study. It will, however, serve a greater end in the case of all who will think. These articles are prepared expressly for the *Guardian*, by a Layman, and are well adapted, both in order and style, for popular use. They are entirely free from all denominational bias, and will commend themselves to all who earnestly desire to get sense *out* of the scriptures instead of putting sense *into* them. The reading will not be found quite as easy as a Tale, but it will yield more in the end. All nuts that have a good kernel, are hard to crack; but repeated strokes will break them, and then the kernel is ours. [ED.]

[For the Guardian.]

### HERMENEUTICS AND EXEGESIS.—NO. 1.\*

The art of finding the meaning of an author's words, phrases or written language, and explaining it to others, is called Hermeneutics, or the theory and science of Interpretation. The practical illustration and application of hermeneutic rules, is called *Exegesis*.

The principles of interpretation are the following:

1. Every word must have some meaning. Words are the representatives of ideas; otherwise words would be altogether useless. They are the signs or vehicles by which men commu-

\* Nearly a quarter of a century since, the writer compiled, from both manuscript and published systems of Hermeneutics, a series of hermeneutical and exegetical articles, and now contributes them for publication. Authorities are not cited. A LAYMAN.



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nicate their thoughts to each other. The meaning of a word is the idea or notion attached to it. The sense of words is the idea, or notions which are conveyed by several connected words. To understand an author, writer or speaker, is to affix the same ideas to his words which he has affixed to them himself.

2. The meaning of words is conventional. It is established by usage or custom. There is a kind of natural agreement or compact by those who use a language, by which they are bound to use words in a certain sense. This usage is termed *usus loquendi*.

Here it may be properly observed, that in applying the principles of Hermeneutics in reading the Bible, the sense of the scriptures is that connection of ideas which the sacred writers had in their own minds when they wrote and which they intended to express. Writers, in their Exegesis, direct the reader's attention to various senses of scripture passages; namely, to the literal sense, the grammatical, the historical, the tropical, the mystical, &c.

The literal sense is that which the words convey in their natural order and proper acceptation. The grammatical sense is the primary or proper sense—the same as the literal. The historical sense is the literal sense, which words have at any given period of time; and, which may be different, in different ages.

The tropical sense is that, in which words are turned from their natural meaning to another analogous or related meaning. The scriptures abound with tropes. A striking example is recorded by Luke 13:22. Go ye, says Christ, tell that Fox—meaning Herod. The mystical sense is a hidden meaning of words, besides their natural, obvious meaning. Properly speaking, the mystical sense is not a meaning of words but of things. The offering up of Isaac, Gen. 22. The history of Melchisedeck, Gen. 14. The mystical sense may be divided into the allegorical, typical and parabolical.

3. The connection between words and ideas is now become necessary by custom, and no change can be made in it, as long as the custom of using the words in a certain sense remains unchanged.

4. Some words may have several significations, which are equally established by usage or custom; and this has taken place to avoid the too great multiplication of words.

5. The same words can have but one signification, in one place, at the same time; for if it could have more than one, it would be impossible to ascertain what it is, all language would be uncertain and useless.

6. To ascertain then the true meaning of a word, the following should be closely attended to, especially in studying the Bible.

a—By paying strict attention to common usage, or *usus loquendi*.

b—By the context; by that which precedes and follows.

c—By the subject matter.

d—By the scope of the author.

e—By history.

f—By antiquities.

7. The *usus loquendi*, or common usage of a word, is learned by the aid of good dictionaries, lexicons, and concordances; from the manner in which the same words are used, in the same construction, by the same author, and other cotemporary authors writing on the same subject.

8. The *usus loquendi* is different, in different kinds of composition, as in poetry or in prose, in orations or logical, didactic treatises. It differs also in treating of different subjects, as religion, philosophy, science, arts—all these having each its peculiar terms. Different nations, and even portions of the same nation, attach different meanings to words. National and provincial idioms abound with the same nation. The *usus loquendi* also differs in different and distant times, by the gradual changes which time produces in the signification of words. It differs, moreover, among different authors of the same nation and time; most of whom have some peculiarities in the use of certain words and phrases; and the form of their sentences.

9. In ascertaining the *usus loquendi*, attention must be paid to the *kind* of composition; the *nature* of the subject; the *character* of the people; the *time* of the writer; and the *genius* and *circumstances* of the author.

10. The scriptures must be interpreted in the same way as other books, whether we consider God as speaking in them, or the sacred writers speaking in his name; for we must admit that, so far as they are intended to instruct, the writers meant to make themselves understood. There was a necessity of using the words in the language in which they spoke or wrote, in the same sense in which they were used and understood by the people whose language it was; otherwise, all their instructions would have been mere enigmas, and totally useless. Consequently, the same principles and rules of interpretation, which are applicable to all other writings, must be also applied to the scriptures.

11. If the reading of the text be genuine, the most obvious sense is always the true sense, except in prophecies which are

designedly veiled in obscurity, until their completion develops their meaning; for as these scriptures were designed for the instruction of all classes, they were necessarily adapted to the capacities of all, and the meaning of the spirit was made as plain as the nature of the subject would permit. By the most obvious sense is meant, that sense which was most obvious to the people for whose use, and in whose language the books were originally written; and, not that which is most obvious to *illiterate* readers at the present day; for what was very plain, or obvious to a Jew three hundred years ago, or to a Greek and Jew eighteen hundred years ago, may not be very obvious; nay it may be dark now. The most obvious sense of the scriptures can, therefore, in many instances, be discovered only by the learned, faithful, persevering and prayerful investigation.

12. The most obvious sense may be either the literal or tropical sense of the words: for example; a stony ground; a stony heart; a blind eye; a blind understanding, are in the one instance literal, in the other tropical. As remarked above: the literal sense which is also called the grammatical, the proper, and the primary sense, is ordinarily the true sense. The tropical sense, also termed the figurative and secondary sense, is the true sense, whenever the nature of the subject, the context, and the scope of the author require that the words be understood tropically; as, Judah is a lion's whelp: Ye are the salt of the earth.

13. The sense of words, properly considered, is not allegorical. Allegory, or figurative discourse, is rather an accommodation of things to the illustration of moral or spiritual subjects, judiciously used, as in an accommodation of the miracles of Jesus to spiritual subjects, it is profitable; but in the hands of ignorant, or fanatical interpreters, it becomes ridiculous, trifling, and would, if admitted, make the scriptures say anything or nothing, as it suited the interpreter's fancy. Properly speaking, as stated before, there is no typical sense of words. Types are not words, but things which God has designed as signs of future events. Should it be asked: how far the Old Testament is to be considered as typical. The reply is, *just* so far as the authors of the New Testament affirm it to be so, and no farther. The fact, that any thing under the Old Testament was designed to prefigure something under the New, can be proved only by revelation: and, of course, all that is not designated by Divine authority as typical, can never be made so by any human authority.

14. The term grammatical sense, is also used to designate

what has been called the obvious sense. It means that sense of words, which the principles and rules of grammar, modified by the subject matter, the context, the scope, or their circumstances, require; and, it may be either literal or tropical. This sense is also termed grammatico-historical; because both the principles and rules of grammar, and historical circumstances, are concerned, and have been consulted in establishing it. The grammatico-historical sense being that which was obvious to the people in whose language and for whose use the sacred books were originally written, is the only true sense of the words of these books. Though many things contained in them have a mystical or spiritual meaning, as before observed; it is not the meaning of the words, but the things signified, by the words. Before one can know what these things mean, he must know what they are, by a grammatico-historical interpretation of the words.

15. The scriptures can, therefore, be interpreted only in a philological way. We must first ascertain, by the *usus loquendi* the literal, proper, primary sense of the words, and then observe how this sense is modified by the subject matter, the context, the scope and historical circumstances: such namely, as the political or civil history, religion, philosophy, customs, manners, &c., of the times. Consequently, an interpreter who makes his philosophical speculation, or his religious or political opinions, or the sentiments and manners of his own time, a rule of interpretation; and by virtue of such rule, sets aside the obvious grammatical sense of the words, abuses the text: instead of bringing out, or extracting its meaning, forces his own meaning upon it: and, instead of the testimony of God, gives his hearers, or readers, his own opinions and conceits.

16. The sense of the scriptures is not arbitrary; but is as much regulated by laws deduced from the nature and use of language, as the sense of any human composition. We must not hastily conclude, that any sentiment contained in the scriptures is unreasonable. When a certain meaning is assigned to the words, by the principles and rules of grammatical or philological interpretation, it must not be rejected, because it contradicts received opinions; for in this way interpretation would be rendered quite uncertain. We must rather seek for conciliation, and sooner distrust our previous opinions, and our capacity of understanding the nature of things, than the testimony of inspired men.

17. Real contradictions *do not* exist in the scriptures; for God cannot contradict himself. There may be seemingly ap-

parent contradictions; and when these occur to our first view, we ought to enquire:

a—Whether we have the genuine reading of the text:

b—Whether the true meaning has been extracted:

c—Whether we cannot find some solution that will harmonize the conflicting passages. Apparent contradictions often arise from the peculiarities of the oriental languages which express things in strong, bold figures; which the oriental well understood; but are not used in the same sense in modern languages. It is necessary here to ascertain the *usus loquendi* in the scriptures, what the figures mean. What appears a contradictory text is only another text that modifies the sense of a former, and shows the limit of its meaning. Compare Luke 14: 15 with Ephes. 6: 1—3. Apparent contradictions arise from the brevity which the sacred writers studied in all their compositions, especially in their narratives; of which the four gospels, particularly the narratives of Christ's resurrection, furnish striking examples. Apparent contradictions arise from false readings, or a misunderstanding of the original text, especially in the Old Testament. In the sequel some examples will be given.

18. No interpretation can be true, that does not harmonize with the design of the writer, the context, the nature of the subject; for it cannot be admitted that an inspired writer would say something which disagrees with his design, or with the context of his narrative or argument, or would be unsuitable to his subject.

19. In the mystical interpretation of things, one must keep close to the warrant which the sacred writers have given in the scriptures. Sacraments have a spiritual meaning. See Rom. 6:3—11. Col. 2:12. 1 Cor. 6:11, 11:23—27. Eph. 5:26. Titus 3:5.

20. Persons and things in the old Testament; namely Melchisedeck, Isaac and Ishmael, the Brazen serpent, the Manna, the Promised Land, the Holy City, and generally the dealings of God with his chosen people and the ceremonies of their worship, were types of other things under the new dispensation.

The miracles of Christ had a spiritual meaning: so Jesus explains the healing of the blind man. Johh 9: 39. But the mystical interpretation of things can serve only to illustrate doctrines and precepts; but cannot constitute a ground for the support of doctrines that are no where else plainly delivered; and great caution must be used to not carry this interpretation farther than the plainly taught doctrines of the Bible extend.

LANCASTER, Pa.

GOOD MANNERS.

Pay strictest attention, kind friend, to my song,
 The sentiments of it to manners belong.
 Letters and words are here turned into rhyme,
 When you shall have sung them according to time;
 You then will confess that no one ever could
 Write for you a song where the sense is so good.
 On the tune, you shall sing to it, surely depends
 Your constant respect in the eyes of your friends.
 Own it as truth, that in manners corrected,
 Business and friendship alike are perfected.
 Our song is instructive—We fear you will frown—
 Good fortune! yet read them—the first words clear down!
 Friends! think of this song, both in country and town.

BOOK TABLE.

LIFE OF JEHUDI ASHMUN, COLONIAL AGENT IN LIBERIA—*With an appendix, containing extracts from his journal and other writings—With a brief sketch of the life of the Rev. Lott Cary, by Ralph Randolph Gurley, Second Edition, pp. 596.*

This book was handed to us by the politeness of "Judd & Murray." How much more interesting and instructive are such Memoirs, than the thousand and one empty Tales, which are much more read. One sentence explains the reason of his success. "The childhood of young Ashmun was distinguished by intense application to books. Every leisure hour was improved." This is the road to literary greatness. The book also furnishes an extensive account of the early operations of African colonization, of which Ashmun was a pioneer.

For sale at their Book Store in Lancaster City.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF STEPHEN W. TAYLOR, A. M., *Prof. of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, in the University at Lewisburg, Pa., delivered Aug. 28, 1850.*

This address gave us a very pleasant hour. Its subject is Mathematical Studies: Their nature—their effects upon the different faculties of the mind, and their reflex influence on physical health and moral character. The Professor is evidently in love with his subject, and the address is adapted to awaken in the reader a feeling of sympathy with his partiality. He shows admirably that these studies, usually pronounced dry, have life, soul and tenderness. We are especially pleased with the vein of pious thought which runs through the whole discussion. The reader feels the truth of what a great man has said: Philosophy, if shallow, leads away from God; but if deep, it leads to Him. The style is precise, plain, chaste, forcible, and in places very beautiful.

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[NO. 2.]

THE FENDER.

How many circles it hath graced
Hath fortune caused to stray ;
How many feet, once round it placed,
Have wandered far away ;—
Have wandered far away from us
To other, foreign climes,
And left us to regret their loss
In social winter times !

Its former joys come fleeting by,
While thus I sit alone,
With my folded arms and my musing eye
And my feet upon it thrown ;—
With my feet upon it thrown, to think
Of the smiling forms I knew,
Which, still as the clock would to midnight
clink,
The closer round it drew.

The merry songs, the social chat
And the serious talk at last,
Of the young and gay, that round it sat,
With them away have passed ;—
With them away have passed, but still
With us the hopes remain [will
That some of them from their wanderings
Return to us again.

With heads all gray they will sit and tell
Of the hardships they have tried.
And draw us round like a fairy spell,
Again to the fender's side ;
Again to the fender's side, but yet,
Should others never come,
We will pray with them again to meet
Above in a lasting home.
MERCERSBURG, PA. W. M. N.

THE POOR DRUNKARD—SAVE HIM !

Oh ! give him not the bowl !
That cruel drink of death :
Think of his deathless soul—
Hear what Jehovah saith,
“ No drunkard shall my kingdom see
Or with the Saints in glory be !

Oh ! give him not that drink,
Which helps his soul to die !
But save him on the brink,
And win him for the sky,
Or will you give him still the bowl,
That wrecks his body, damns his soul !

Oh ! give him not that cup,
He is thy fellow man :
Then rather bear him up,
And save him if you can.
He craves—he raves—he begs—but why
Will you *assist* his soul to die.

Then give him not the bowl :
Or will you give it still ?
Then on your guilty soul,
Shall burning woes distil !
Look at your skirts !—look every where—
The blood !—*the blood of souls is there !*

OH, VALUE THE HOUR AS IT HASTETH.

Oh, value the hour as it hasteth
Like a post on its way ;
It only is yours while it wasteth,
Not yours when 'tis wasted away.

The moment that's Past—is past ever,
The Future will come—perhaps never,
The Present is yours—not forever,
But just while it hasteth away.

The days of our youth and our childhood,
Have been !—are no more !
Like gay singing birds of the wildwood,
When summer is o'er.

So short a life—dost thou abuse it ?
The hast'ning hour—Oh, dost thou use it ?
Remember ere long—thou wilt lose it—
For see ! how it hasteth away !

UNDERSTANDEST THOU WHAT THOU READEST?

Acts VIII: 30.

BY REV. J. F. MESICK.

The influence of liberty, and the dissemination of intelligence, have made a vast proportion of the population of the United States *a reading people*.

To meet this great and growing demand for *books*, authors of every name and grade are multiplying, extensive publishing houses are springing up, and the press is teeming with its issues, from a folio down to a penny tract, from the Bible to the text book of infidelity and atheism. This multiplication of works, ancient and modern, standard and ephemeral, moral and immoral, constitutes such a flood of literary productions, that it is out of the power of any one man to read them all.

Under these circumstances, for any individual to undertake to read *any* thing and *every* thing that is thrown in his way, is, in many instances, to waste time and intellect, and to expose himself to moral contagion. Books express the *feelings, sentiments, and characters* of their authors; and, like our associates, leave an impression on the mind, which long survives the hour of contact, and often becomes permanently incorporated with our being.

The reading of the American people constitutes a most important part of our present means of popular education, and is doing much, in connexion with the newspaper press, to direct public opinion, to form national character, and to mould the minds of individuals. This great number of works, their motley variety, and the danger of being swept away with the unthinking crowd to ruin, demand, from every man of sense and virtue, *a selection* of books which are unobjectionable and useful; for who, that values his own peace, happiness and salvation, would wish to peruse writings that always require him to be on his guard, lest he embrace error, lest his moral feelings be perverted, or he be led into mistakes of conduct and practice? To make an intelligent and judicious selection of authors, great care and serious reflection are needed, and on the part of the young and inexperienced the advice and assistance of pious and competent friends, that among this crowd of professed guides in the paths of knowledge, we may choose those only who are safe and trust-worthy, who will invigorate the mind, and mend the heart.

I. We ask the question therefore, do you understand *the sentiments* of the books which you read?

Many persons do not. They are ignorant of the bearing and tendency of principles expressed on the page which meets their eyes. They are lost in the fogs of a speculative philosophy, which enwrap the subject, and cannot determine its relations or connections with other things. Or, they are pleased with the high wrought fictions of a romantic tale, crammed full of insidious misrepresentations and poisonous falsehoods; for example, that happiness is to be found in the unrestricted indulgence of the sensual appetites of a sinful nature, in the love of the world and worldly things, and in a life devoid of religion and the fear of God, without prayer, without spiritual worship, without efforts to do good, or to save lost souls.

A work, which does not take open ground against vital godliness, may be, and often is, so written as to withstand it, in the drift and tenor of its thoughts, arousing the slumbering prejudices and furtive objections of the carnal heart, against that strict and holy way, which the Word of God describes as alone conducting to Heaven, until the natural man is found arrayed in hostility against the requirements of the gospel. It may surcharge the heart with folly, filling it with light and frivolous thoughts, that banish all soberness of mind, so necessary to a right discharge of religious duties, and to that earnestness and sincerity, in the use of the means of grace, which alone can command the Divine blessing.

This may be the spirit of a work, and it may even pass undetected by the great majority of adult readers, because they are blinded by sin, to a perception of its blemishes and defects.

It is not strange, therefore, that immense mischief is done often, in the *minds of young persons*, without the least consciousness, on their part, of the fatal injury which they have received. They read a book, and nine times out of ten, it is a NOVEL. They are delighted with its inflated and ornamental style; they are pleased with its succession of splendid scenes; and they are excited by the evolution of startling events, and of occurrences of thrilling interest. Sound judgment is dethroned. A false principle of morals is dropped from the lips of the hero or heroine, under trying circumstances, in plausible and deceptive terms. Let us suppose that it is,—that love is an irresistible passion spurning the dictates of prudence, and that the father who attempts to cross it is a tyrant, whom to thwart by a run-away match is a meritorious act;—it strikes

their minds as correct, they *adopt* it, and are prepared to act on it, in after life, if ever there be occasion.

There may be a thousand instances in which they imbibe maxims equally erroneous and pernicious, not in the form always of well defined and clearly apprehended rules of conduct, but often in the shape of vague suggestions of scarcely recognized or admitted principles of action.

Their *parents* know nothing of this. They have not even a suspicion of what is transpiring in the minds of their children. They know that they have taken great pains to imbue their understandings with a correct system of morals. But they see their offspring departing from the dutiful course which they have marked out for them, forgetting their obligations, and obstinately rejecting the reasonable restraints of parental authority,—and they wonder where they could get such notions! Yes, parents, here is a moral instructor who has come by stealth to your fire side,—into the hallowed enclosure of home,—who, at a stroke, has undermined the happiness of your domestic circle.

Beware, then, of bad books! The false principles which they contain may be easily detected by your stronger intellect. But they are stated in specious language; they are clothed in a captivating dress; and they are the seeds of irreligion, immorality, and crime.

Young persons cannot discriminate; they are self-confident and easily imposed upon. They are not capable of independent thought, because they have not completed their education; their mental powers have not been inured to the toil of severe and continuous reflection; they have not been trained to detect the sophism concealed under unsound logic; and they are easily bewildered, when conducted into those labyrinths of thought existing beyond the limited range of their studies, in the boundless field of human knowledge. That kind of mental labor, which is necessary to unravel the mazes of a false system of morals, is as much beyond their mental strength, as the task of man is beyond the physical power of a half grown boy.

Yet young persons *will* adopt those maxims, which they meet with in the course of their reading, and which carry with them the air of wisdom or correctness. Every man, indeed, acts on principles which he has picked up, here and there, in his progress through life; he can hardly tell, when or how, in respect to some of them. It is all important that every such governing idea should be sound—should be in harmony with the christian religion and the word of God. One bad rule of action may pervert or ruin a religious education, may spoil a man's charac-

ter, and destroy his usefulness and happiness for life. It may be an error hard to reach, expose or eradicate, because man is depraved; he loves darkness rather than light, falsehood rather than truth, because God's truth condemns and reproves the sins of which he is guilty. Yet, when fully developed, it will bring forth its bitter fruits of death. There is then great reason why we should press home the question, "Understandest thou what thou readest?"

1. *The grand fault of the greater portion of our Secular Literature is, that it is divorced from God and religion.*

Man can never go out of the relations which he sustains to his Maker;—and to assume a position as an author, which does not tally with this all controlling fact, is to infect the very core of his production with enormous falsehood—a defect which will destroy all pleasure in his work, with every pure and rightly disposed mind. Every such work, unless this error in its standpoint is perceived and felt by the reader, will baffle his preparation for eternity, by giving him distorted views of those things of which it may treat, as to the light in which they are to be viewed in connection with God.

This makes it apparent, that every line ought to be penned with the consciousness of the writer's and reader's accountability at the judgment seat, for the part which each has taken with reference to every publication,—for it is true, that the composition and perusal of every book, whether it be written for instruction or amusement, will form an item of their account in the last day. Our literature, therefore, to be what it ought to be, must be pervaded with a spirit of earnest and intelligent piety;—with just representations of the nature, attributes and moral government of God, and of the duties of man, as a dying sinful creature, who must be redeemed and sanctified, to be made meet for Heaven; and with motives and exhortations for submission to the entire code of Divine law. ●

Now, every man who is really engaged in working out his own salvation with fear and trembling, will give his preference to that class of literary productions, that come up most nearly to this standard. Nor will this expurgation of our literature detract from its beauty or merit. Is not God the author of all excellency? Is not the universe in every part better, as He made it, than it can become under any change from the hand of man? Why then should it not be depicted as it is? Why should it be shorn of the unequalled and inimitable glory of the presence of the all pervading Deity? And why should God be

expelled from the literary world, any more than from the natural, as though He were the enemy of rational enjoyment, sublimity, beauty, or truth? No! dear reader, this practical atheism must be laid aside, or God will curse our men of unsanctified genius, as he has often done, and their equally guilty worshippers, who idolize those talents which are perverted to the service of Satan.

2. *Another defect* of the great bulk of the issues of the press is, that they are *Imaginative in their composition*.

The reader who pores over a volume of this kind, is lost in a dream, where, without any exertion of his own, he is introduced, as it were, into the seventh heaven;—he is associated with characters of superhuman worth—he moves through scenes of unearthly enjoyment, and gathers the fruits of exalted virtue—he dwells amid creations of surpassing splendor, until he becomes so identified with this new ideal world, as to lose the consciousness of his own existence or personality.

And oh! what a fall is there, when he is let down to the cold and dull realities of ordinary life, where everything good and great can be purchased only at the expense of toil, where virtue is tested by crosses, trials and afflictions, and where the end of existence is not amusement or pleasure, but the performance of duty, plain, simple, every-day duty. Such a sudden transition of the feelings, from one extreme to another, is as prejudicial to the mental and moral health of the soul, as it would be to the health of the body for a man to be taken from a warm bath and plunged into a bed of snow.

But, say the advocates of fiction, did not our Savior teach by parable, and is it not a fitting vehicle for the communication and illustration of truth,—for when did Satan, who quoted scripture to Christ, lack an argument for the worst cause? To the attempt to allegorize, no objection can be offered when imitators keep close to this Divine model, in the sober character of their narrative, in the simplicity and clearness of their style, in the momentous importance of their subjects, and in the skill of their moral application. The friends of religion, in that event, so far from uttering complaints, will render thanks to them, for their valuable and acceptable services to the cause of righteousness and truth.

3. *Another class* of literary productions is *positively demoralizing*.

Men have taken advantage of the indolence of the bulk of mankind, who are too much disinclined to study or to read solid

works, to investigate subjects demanding close application; and have written works of fiction, to inculcate a set of political, moral or religious principles. Novels have been put forth to defend Romanism, to convert to Protestantism, and to teach Socialism. Others again make skeptical suggestions, that require a large amount of learning, familiarity with the scriptures, and a good share of grace, to answer, that they may not stick in the soul, like poisoned arrows in a festering wound.

Others, still, are the productions of men of dissolute habits, who carry the reader through all the polluted scenes with which they have become familiar in their midnight revels and haunts, and breathe from the depths of vice and debauchery, into *his heart*, the impure conceptions of their debased souls, to undermine his character, and plunge him into the same awful abyss with themselves.

These works are thrown into the market, like any article of merchandise, and the bookseller, in too many instances, does not trouble himself about their contents, provided they will sell; and that *the vilest* of them *will do*, because there is a prurient curiosity, in the depraved mind, to penetrate into all the mysteries of wickedness. They go out; and because they are the last issues of the press and fashionable, they are bought by many innocent people, who know nothing of their authors or their designs, and who are inoculated with their moral poison as surely as though they should admit their vile authors to their confidence or intimacy, or to the bosom of their families.

In the midst of these temptations and dangers, surely the question ought to go round, "Understandest thou what thou readest?"

II. *Do you understand the effect of such works on the Intellectual and Moral faculties?*

1. They do harm to the *Mental powers*.

Education alone, is not a blessing. The utility of every advance in knowledge depends on *what* is learned. An acquaintance with infidel philosophy, however thorough or profound, may fall like a blight on the soul, robbing it of all the consolations of religion, and making it a prey to the worst thoughts against its kind and against God. Every accession to the stock of information ought to invigorate the mind, ought to be practical and valuable, changing men from sinners to saints, furnishing the means to add to the present comfort of mankind, and promoting the temporal and eternal happiness of our race.

Again, the usefulness of knowledge depends on *the manner*

in which it is received. Light is pleasant to the eye, and the grand medium of perception as to the external world; yet if it be obtained only in a poisoned atmosphere, and we seek it, we must die. What avails a perfect mastery of Geology, History, Physiology, or Mental Philosophy, if it be acquired from works contaminated with atheism or skepticism, undoing forever the immortal mind, while professing to exalt it? There is much fictitious learning that passes undetected in the world. Virulent falsehoods are often fastened to mighty truths. Bad men of talent often chain the angel, truth, to the chariot wheels of pernicious error, to grace the triumph of a plausible and destructive system of thinking.

The greatest efforts are needed sometimes to separate truth from error. We are compelled to think for ourselves, if we would not be led astray. We cannot always have a mentor at our elbow, to expose the fallacy of every wrong idea thrown into circulation by the perpetual movements of the press.

In every form of thought, the most sacred institutions are assailed; we must be armed against these assaults. Principles lead to practice; no error, therefore, can be innocently held. One unsound maxim may found a system of atheistical philosophy, a heretical school of theology, or a false standard of morals. We shall do well, therefore, to keep close to the Bible, the only infallible guide, "a light that shineth in a dark place."

The excitement produced by fictitious writings impairs mental vigor. They stimulate the imagination to excess, creating a state of intellectual disease. One evidence, of a morbid and unhealthy action of the mind, is the fact that novel readers turn away with disgust from solid works. And why do they dislike these? Because they have been borne along, as by magic, through scenes of enjoyment, without the cost of exertion. Their reading has not trained them to think. They have been like a farmer—if such an anomaly could occur—who has reaped golden harvests from his fields, while reposing on a bed of down; and who, when summoned to ordinary and necessary labor, feels an unconquerable repugnance to his task, and complains of it as an intolerable hardship. So these persons have been nursed in mental imbecility, by devouring whole volumes, that required no effort to understand them, or follow their train of remark. And until their mental powers have been exercised with manly vigor, on subjects requiring reflection and study, they will remain in a state not many degrees above that of drivelling idiocy.

Another evidence of the mischief wrought by the exciting romance is, the reluctance with which the novel reader returns

to ordinary duties and to the business of life. He hates the calls to exertion, becomes impatient under labor and restraint, and longs to be left undisturbed in a land of dreams. He is totally unfitted, until animated by another spirit, for the formation of habits of industry, frugality and prudence. He is inclined to be effeminate, extravagant, and unscrupulous in resorting to every expedient to gain sudden wealth. In fine, he thinks himself too great a gentleman, like the heroes he has read about, to drudge and toil through existence amid the common place affairs of every day life. Usefulness, the happiness of his friends, the claims of an honorable calling, and religion, are all forgotten, if they are to be advanced at the sacrifice of his personal ease, by crossing his inclination, or by continuous and persevering toil.

2. These works inflict the greatest injury on the *Moral powers*.

Familiarity with vice and crime, by exhibitions of their moral deformity, will not fortify the soul against their approach, but rather harden the heart, and blind the conscience, to a perception of their horrid nature. All experience proves the truth of the poet's words:

“Vice is a monster of such frightful mien,
That, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft—familiar with her face—
First we endure, then pity, then embrace.”

Those works, therefore, which unfold the plots of intrigue and wickedness, which depict, in vivid colors, scenes of successful villainy, and which expose the secret enormities of sensuality and impurity, are suggestive of evil, and only evil, to the uninitiated, and full of deadly poison to the innocent.

Nay, the *very best* of this Christless literature is opposed to the plain and fundamental teachings of the Bible. It does not represent *mankind* as *depraved*. The light which it throws on its pictures is too strong, and the shading too deep. Its heroes are too brave, generous, or beautiful. Its standard of morality and religion is too low. It fritters away the distinction between right and wrong, becoming often the apologist for wickedness, and the eulogist of reckless daring, romantic love, and inconsiderate folly.

It does not set forth the *necessity of vital godliness*. The models whom it commends are not penitent, believing, consistent, devoted christians, but mere moralists—men of the world, who regard pleasure, not usefulness, as the most desirable good. It is least of all fitted to conduct men to the Savior. On the

contrary, by magnifying the joys of this world, it leads them away from the fountains of heavenly consolation, to the broken cisterns of earthly comfort, and teaches them to undervalue and despise the blessedness of the righteous.

Were it made to abound with these momentous truths, it would soon be branded, by the fashionable world, as characterized by a sermon style, and be left unpurchased on the bookseller's shelves. Even now and then, when an author has ventured to pin a few moral reflections to a high wrought picture, the novel reader brushes by it impatiently, and hastens to take up the thread of the story. He will tell you, in an angry tone, that he wants no moral lectures; in other words, that duty to God and man has nothing to do with the pursuit of pleasure, a maxim derived from novels, not the Bible;—the fearful fallacy of which will be exposed in the judgment day, to the utter confusion of its teachers and their pupils.

These remarks render it obvious that our *Solid Literature* is *too much neglected*. We have attractive biographies of good and great men, where we may learn from actual life how to rise, how to be useful, how to be happy, and how to die. We have books of travels, that give a minute account of the state of society, and of the natural wonders of almost every country on the face of the globe. We have histories of every land and age, which cause the events and illustrious personages of the past to move, as in a panorama, before the eye. We have works on the natural sciences, which spread before the mind, with great simplicity and clearness, every department of the world of matter, in its minuteness and variety. We have treatises on Psychology, which tell of the progress that man has made, with the rise and fall of rival systems of philosophy during past centuries, and, at the present time, in the discovery of the laws of his mental constitution. And we have literary classics, in prose and poetry, the products of men of genius, that breathe, with a healthy tone of moral feeling, sufficient to occupy the leisure time of all professed scholars. This fact leaves, without excuse, those persons who substitute the light, unprofitable and pernicious novel, for the noble, instructive and immortal writings of those renowned authors, who have shed a halo of glory around the land of their birth, and who have given, by the power of their minds, expansion to thought, an impetus to learning, refinement to language, and momentum to the march of modern improvement.

Our Religious Literature is too much neglected. The English language, including translations and original works, perhaps

surpasses all others, in these sacred treasures. They are the productions of giant minds—of such men as Calvin, Howe, Owen, Baxter, Flavel, Mather and Edwards, who have exhibited piety and talent equally rare. Their nervous, manly, vigorous style, will serve to correct the corrupt and effeminate taste of the age. In learning, they are not exceeded; for they have explored the foundations of Christianity, and set forth its doctrines and duties with copiousness of argument and illustration. Their variety of subjects covers every important field of religious knowledge, leaving nothing but the gleanings of the vintage to them that come after them. Their evangelical character eminently adapts them for usefulness, fitting them to enlighten the understanding, to purify the heart, and control the conscience and life. These works, therefore, ought to be found in every household, and in every library; and they ought to be universally and carefully read, as best fitted to rectify the ultra tendencies of this age, and to give a right direction to the passions and active forces of human nature.

The Bible, I would add, is too much neglected. By many—we say it to their shame—it is not read at all. By others, it is read reluctantly, only from a sense of duty, and not from any relish for its contents. And some think, when they have read a religious work, or rather some book which alludes in the most distant terms to morality or religion, that it is just the same as though they had searched the Scriptures.

This is a great and growing evil, resulting from that want of mental discipline which novel reading engenders, depriving those who are guilty of this omission of all the benefits to be derived from communion with the sacred page.

The Bible gives a new impulse to the mind brought under its influence. It leads the soul, which it awakens to a sense of the importance of religion, and to a deep solicitude for its own salvation, to earnest reflection on all the ways and works of God, and to a critical survey of man's state and condition, as to the extent of his ruin and the means of his recovery. The humble, believing christian obtains, in this way, an amount of self-knowledge, and a command of his mental faculties, which often strike the unconverted with surprise. This thought is exemplified by his gift in prayer, his exposition of scripture, his power in conversation, or his ability in exhortation. There are many instances, indeed, in which the soul, under the quickening energy of Divine grace, seems to have undergone a sudden development, and to have reached a vigorous maturity.

But this expansion of intellect is not limited to religious

knowledge; it extends to all subjects. The christian is taught, in the school of Christ, self-control, which arms the will with resolution to battle, not only with sin, but with difficulties of every kind, teaching him to struggle for the victory, and giving him a just confidence in his powers for the attainment of those things which are pure, and good, and true. The inward conflicts through which he is led, in time of conversion, create decision of character, and willingness to labor, two most important traits of mind for successful progress in every branch of human knowledge.

It may be regarded almost as a truism, that *the Bible exerts the most salutary influence* on the *Moral powers*, as this is the great end for which it has been given. Yet the restless, impatient and skeptical element of our age, has boldly called this truth in question, and proposed the maxims of modern infidel philosophy as a substitute, averring that it is better suited to the progress of society, and more potent to uproot vice and immorality.

In reply we quote the following language: "That the truths of the Bible have the power of awakening an intense moral feeling in man, under every variety of character, learned or ignorant, civilized or savage; that they make bad men good, and send a pulse of healthful feeling through all the domestic, civil and social relations; that they teach men to love right, to hate wrong, and to seek each other's welfare, as the children of one common parent; that they control the baleful passions of the human heart, and thus make men proficient in the science of self-government; and finally, that they teach him to aspire after a conformity to a Being of infinite holiness, and fill him with hopes infinitely more purifying, more exalted, more suited to his nature, than any other which this world has ever known, are facts incontrovertible as the laws of philosophy, or the demonstrations of mathematics."

Rival systems of philosophy and morals have ruled the world and become obsolete; but the Bible, the Bible, like the sun, has never changed, and still shines from its celestial height, as the source and centre of all intellectual and moral light. We would add, that all human productions are worthy of consideration only, like inferior orbs, as they reflect and increase the rays of that heavenly luminary.

"Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom, and with all thy getting, get understanding. Exalt her and she shall promote thee; she shall bring thee to honor, when thou dost embrace her. She shall give to thine head an ornament of grace; a crown of glory shall she deliver to thee."

HARRISBURG, Pa., Dec., 1850.

“HEAVEN THE CHRISTIAN’S FINAL HOME.”

Thou far off land, eye hath not seen, nor ear
Of mortal heard, nor heart conceived the joy,
The fadeless bliss, the living light that reigns
Eternally, amid thy shining courts.

Our loftiest thoughts, our holiest, deepest joys
But faintly do foreshadow those to come,
Are but the dim light of the early dawn,
To the full radiance of meridian day.

And thou, Oh! ‘land of pure delight,’ thou art
“The christian’s final home.” the happy place
In which his ransomed spirit shall repose,
When the sad warfare of this life is o’er.

To us, in this probationary state,
May not be known, all, that shall constitute
Our happiness in Heaven, but doubtless this
The chief shall be, we’ll love as we are loved,
And know as we are known.

We shall have joy
In the sublime and clear conceptions we
Will have of Deity, when we behold
His face without this dimming veil of flesh
Between.

There too, (the wise conjecture) we
Shall walk the flowery fields of science, and
There forever bathe us in the fount of
Intellectual happiness—shall make
Discoveries vast, and look into the great
Creator’s works with comprehensive view;
Survey th’ unnumbered worlds, that fill the
tracts

Of space, and for our ministers of bliss
Shall have the beauty and magnificence
Those myriad worlds afford. Will sing to
harps.

Tuned to the harmony of heaven, in strains
Of poesy sublime, the matchless praise
Of our divine Redeemer and our God.
But why conjecture what our joy shall be?
When this is known, “enough for man to
know.”

That there is perfectness of joy, and there
“Pleasures abide forever more.” No care,
No weariness of earth, no lingerings of
Unsatisfied desire, no longing for
A better state shall there afflict the soul,
But in that clime congenial, we shall grow
To all eternity, more like our great
Original.

Oh! joyful destiny!
Oh! glorious heritage of God’s elect!
How can it be, that wonderers here should e’er
Forget this heavenly home, contently feed
On earth’s vile husks, her air puffed vanities.
And Esau-like their birth-right disavow—
Live beggars for the world’s cold charities,
Who might be princes in the court of heaven,
When death, the liberator, once dissolves
Their house of clay.

HUGHESVILLE, PA.

S. A. H.

A GOOD NAME.

What is it then that causes some persons to tower so high above their neighbors in the esteem and confidence of the community,—that makes them centres of attraction around which old and young delight to gather,—that causes their lives, their views, and opinions to exert such a commanding influence while they live, and their names, when they are dead, to be remembered, when others sink into forgetfulness? To questions like these the answer is at hand. Character alone has given them such prominence. The qualities of their minds and hearts differ as much from those of others as their standing among their fellow-men. The one is indeed the parent of the other. A person may be popular, when he is in fact a bad man. By fawning, flattering and caressing the multitude, he may induce them to carry him on their shoulders. But popularity is something very different from a good name in the true sense of the term. It is a mere fitful breeze,—a light that flickers for a while and then goes out; whilst a truly good name, like the stars in the heaven above us, continues to shine with a bright and even light.

The qualities that go to form a good name, and constitute a good character, have reference to the *mind* and the *heart*.

It is evident that something more than certain moral qualities is necessary to the formation of character. An individual may be good-natured, he may be well disposed in all respects, yet if he is not accustomed to reflect, to exercise his thoughts; if he is the slave of narrow prejudices: if, for instance, he adheres to what is old, merely because it is old, or, to what is new, because it is new and fashionable, and shows that he is incapable of drawing his own conclusions, he is not likely to enjoy much respect, or possess much weight in the community. The world desires that men should exercise their understandings,—that they should take nothing for granted, except that which comes to them on good authority, which may be the word of God, the authority of men competent to judge in the case, or the force of reason itself. It is farther required, that when truth is presented to the mind, whether it is pleasing to us or not, whether it comes from an opponent or friend, whether its immediate influence be such as we desire or not, that we should embrace it. If an individual is ever open to conviction, if he is ever ready to be corrected, he shows to the world that he is mentally honest, and men cannot help but respect such a person, let the badge of his party be what it may. When Luther was told to renounce his doctrines, or perish, he frankly told his enemies, that if they could convince him he was wrong, he would do so; but that until they could do this, he could believe nothing else. Hence it was that there was not a name in Christendom that the Pope feared more, and hence the veneration in which his character has been held ever since, as one that was determined to cling to the truth. So, in our day, an individual's character becomes strong in proportion as he opens his mind to the truth he hears, and weak in the same degree as he turns from it. In fact nothing so soils a name, otherwise good and respectable, as a disposition to forestall conviction, to parry it off, or stubbornly to fight against it.

But whilst it is necessary that the intellect should be active and wakeful, if we would secure to ourselves a good name, it is still more so, that we should possess healthful moral qualities. The former is indeed subservient to the growth and expansion of the latter, without which intellectual activity would be of little account, if not positively injurious.

There are three things which go to constitute true morality: piety to God, including our duties to our Creator; justice to our fellow-men, including our duties to others; and holiness of heart,

including our duties to ourselves. Where these exist, the individual will be found in the faithful discharge of all his duties; his character will be beyond reproach, and he be sure to enjoy a good name, and loving favor among others. This view of morality may be more extensive than some are disposed to take of the subject. It is common to restrict it pretty much to men's intercourse with one another, and accordingly if a person is always careful to treat his neighbor justly and honestly, he is considered a moral man. But, profane swearing and sabbath-breaking are sins against our Maker, and these are as immoral as stealing or slander; intemperance is mainly a sin against our own persons, and is equally as immoral as murder, to which it is closely allied. All our duties are closely related, and spring from the same origin in the soul: hence to separate them would be to do violence to the vigorous shoots of one parent root.

1. To be genuine, morality, as the foundation of character, must spring from *principle*. The best of actions, the kindest offices to the poor or distressed, lose all their fragrance, when it is once discovered that they are performed from a selfish motive. The will, in most cases, is of more account than the act. We turn with disgust from him, who would be a philanthropist, when we learn that he has schemes of self-aggrandizement in view, as the end of all his actions. In inspiration we are taught that the only motive of moral action, that is acceptable to God, is love, mingled with filial fear. Whatever does not proceed from such a motive is regarded as a transgression; it is either selfish in its origin, as we often see persons act an apparently noble part, when after all

'Tis self the wav'ring balance shakes;

or, it is purely instinctive, as when grossly immoral persons are touched with compassion for those in distress, which does not surpass in value the tenderness which many animals manifest for their offspring. It is religion alone, that is the principle of true morality, and consequently of all character; and it is the true foundation upon which a fair name, or fame, must be built. Without this animating principle, what appears to the world magnanimous conduct, is a specious counterfeit destined soon to lose its brightest colors and fade. It is remarkable how soon earthly glory passes away. With reference to the heroes of profane history, how true it is, "that the gold is become dim, and the most fine gold changed." The chaplet and laurel wreaths that once adorned their brows, soon withered, and thus became fit emblems of the glory, which they fondly hoped would be eternal. The hosannas of the multitudes, with which they

were once greeted on the streets of their capitals, have long died away, and given place to other shouts equally as hollow and short lived. But the public opinion of the world is, as yet, but partially developed. The time will arrive when the judgment of men will coincide with the judgment of the King of Kings, and then every ray of human grandeur will have faded. Such as have been considered great, honorable, or occupy that position now, will appear in the light of moral monsters, distinguished from others only by the magnitude of their ruins. Will, however, the lapse of ages—the “tooth of time”—ever corrode the glory that encircles the names of the early Christians, and of the modern Reformers? “Their leaf shall not wither.” As they live, so their actions live, and each succeeding age will be better able to appreciate their worth and admire their greatness.

2. Morality, to serve as the basis of character, must become *habitual*. It must assume an outward form, known and read of all men. An infant has no character, because it has not yet acquired any fixed habits. It has been well remarked that character is a “bundle of habits.” It is the tendency of indwelling principles to externalize themselves in outward forms of action, or modes of thought,—to work out for themselves channels through the province of the individual’s life, to cheer and refresh it. Order here, as elsewhere, is Heaven’s first law, and consequently an indication of strength. The individual borders on idiocy, who forms no fixed habits of conduct, to which it is a pleasure and a relief for him to adhere. He is still in the chaotic condition of childhood, and there is no settled opinion around him as to his moral state, either good or bad. None lean upon him for support, and nobody knows where to place him in the structure of society. Whether he is to subserve the office of a peg, a screw, or a nail in the building, the future must determine. Quite differently is the case with your men of inborn energy. Habits form, like the lines of thought on their countenances, from which they cannot deviate without violence to their inward nature. They are known of all, and society is ready to put them in the station for which they are best calculated. Is moral energy the impulse of their lives?—as well might you attempt to put out the light of the stars, as to keep them from the knowledge of the world. A city set on a hill cannot be hid. These are the men who are the props of the community, and their names emit a fragrance around the humblest cottage, like “odors from Araby the Bless’d,” whilst their memories hallow the spot where their mortal remains repose.

MARYLAND.

T. A.

THE FEMALE VOTARY OF PLEASURE.

BY THE EDITOR.

We blame men who live merely for riches; we blame those who make fame the chief object of their lives; but we are generally more tolerant of those who live in pleasure. Though we look upon it as a sin, yet we are apt to consider it a more respectable sin, and withal more innocent. Why is this so? Is not mere earthly pleasure equally empty, equally beneath the dignity of an immortal spirit, and equally far removed from the high and holy object of life. Wealth being dust may endure long as dust endures; fame being the voice of the multitude—the cry of a generation—may last till the voice of that generation is hushed in death; but pleasure has the flower for its symbol, which lasts but a short summer season, and often,

If one sharp blast sweeps over the field,
It withers in an hour.

“She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth.” The sin of living merely for pleasure is not confined to the one sex, for there are many men whose life is idle as the wind, and leaves as little trace behind; but the allusion is here to females. To them, therefore, we desire to direct our remarks in this article.

It is not the design of God that we should not enjoy some pleasure in life. The heavens which he has spread so gloriously over us, and the green fragrant earth which lies around us, were created to please the eye, and refresh all our senses. The loves and friendships which meet us in the intercourse of social life are designed to cheer and delight us. As stars amid the darkness, as flowers amid thorns, and as sunshine through clouds, so amid life's woes and tears, God graciously mingles the light and smiles of innocent joy. While, however, pleasure is thus mercifully allowed to be a joyful attendant of life, it must not be made its object. While it smiles cheerfully in upon us by the side of our path, we must not forget to pass on, by devoting ourselves to its worship.

We are to live, as Christ lived, with a great end in view; and nothing must be suffered to divert us from the earnest pursuit of that end. With our eye earnestly fixed upon the business of life, we must count all things but loss, that we may do our master's business. None are so obscure that they have not a mission to fulfill; and none have a mission so unimportant that it may be neglected. Those that have one talent equally with

those that have five, are to occupy till he comes to reckon with them. They that bury their talent, that they may follow their own pleasure, will be judged as "wicked and unprofitable servants," and dismissed into "*outer darkness*."

Yet, alas! are there not many whose life is without object? Who look upon life as a summer day for pleasant pastimes. Perhaps they are the daughters of the rich, who are in what the world calls "easy circumstances," and whose study it is to render life an easy flow of pleasure. The early morn, so well suited to study and mental improvement, is spent in sleep; they

Lie in dead oblivion, loosing half
The fleeting moments of too short a life!
Or else to feverish vanity alive,
Wildered and tossing through distempered dreams.

Rising late, the rest of the forenoon is spent in dress and fashion. Then comes a luxurious meal at noon, followed by dullness and slumber. Then the penning of a note, the giving and receiving of a few formal calls, together with the evening party, ends the day; and this, with some few unimportant variations, is to be repeated day after day. Thus life glides away; and what is done in the great business of life for which God has made us "but a little lower than the angels!"

How many are there whose thoughts are employed in nothing else but the planning out of new vanities. Be not offended, we speak truth. Their thoughts are now meditating some new mode of dress, now some new mode of killing time, and getting rid of heavy and tormenting thoughts. At one time their hearts are feeding upon fevered recollections of the past; and at another time their imaginations are whirling in the giddy dance. Now their own beauty, and now their own importance, is the subject of their thoughts. Now some imagined injury engages their feelings; now some imagined slight fills them with distress; and now the mind is seriously engaged in weighing the full import of some passing and hypocritical compliment. Now they wonder whether their importance, as it appears in their own eyes, is fully appreciated by others; and jealousy and fears, lest the admiration of others should be mis-applied, fills their breasts. Thus vanities after vanities are chased in quick succession over their vain and idle hearts, with which they hold a dreamy communion as they pass. This is a brief but true history of the hearts of those who are lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God.

So much of a business has the pursuit of pleasure become, and so many are its votaries, that to minister to their wants has

become great and profitable business. Look at the thousands on thousands that are weekly flowing into the coffers of those establishments in our large cities, which are intended to gratify the public taste for popular diversions. New entertainments are annually devised, and yet it is never enough. The multitude cries like those in the wilderness, "Our soul loatheth this light bread," give us flesh or we die! After these things do multitudes follow, and in them do they live, and move, and have their being. Thither the crowds move, light as air. The gates of Zion mourn. The solemnities of the sanctuary become tame and tasteless to those whose only desire is to be pleased. Zion's solemn sounds are dull to ears that drink the flesh-tickling sentimentalism of the opera. The word of God is insipid to those whose feelings have been death-ridden under the thrilling and sense-exciting tragedy. In short, all the quiet walks of duty and social delight have become too tame and tasteless to this pleasure-loving age. Every day life, and every day duties, with all their sober but substantial bliss, are abandoned, for the ever varying rounds of extraordinary, but transitory enjoyments.

The pursuit of pleasure in this way is a two-fold evil, and entails upon its votary double sin. Not only does it squander the precious time, talents and means of the person who pursues it, but it perverts these means of doing good to others, and turns them out of their proper channel. The time wasted in pleasure is not only lost to the person who wastes it, but the good it might have done is lost to those who might have been blest by it. So the money devoted to vanity is not only out of the purse of its possessor, but it has not blest the poor, nor has it found its way into the treasury of the Lord! Oh, ye that squander on vanities the money that should have bought a loaf for the poor, or have sent a bible to the pagan that sits in darkness and gloom, God will reckon with you "in that day!"

"She that liveth in pleasure": Oh, do not envy, but pity her. David was once envious at the foolish, when he saw their apparent peace and prosperity. "Until I went into the Sanctuary of God, then understood I *their end*. Surely thou didst set them in slippery places."

On what a slippery steep
The thoughtless wretches go!
And O, that dreadful deep,
That waits their fall below!

While they play along, time passes, life wastes to its finish, and the great work is not even commenced. Those very pleasures which once promised so much, and to whose service life has

been devoted, fall back as the realities of death draw near. Looking back after them, their votary sees nothing but a life squandered in senselessness and in sin, the remembrance of which now stares her like gloomy spectres in the face. Alas! pleasure was her God, and how he forsakes her in the hour of trial.

“Is dead while she liveth.” Dead in the most fearful sense of that word—dead in tresspasses and in sins. If she were alive in Christ these vanities would not please her; her love of them is the proof of her spiritual death. Dead under the law, dead to duty, dead to all the high and lasting joys of faith, hope, and love.

How different is such a life from that of the excellent female worthies of which record is made in the Sacred Scriptures. How different from her who of her poverty casts a mite into the treasury to bless some one poorer still. How different from the “many women which followed Jesus from Gallilee, ministering unto him.” How different from “Mary Magdalene and the other Mary,” who came very early, while it was yet dark, with sweet spices to the sepulchre, to embalm the Savior’s body. How entirely like the one who on Herod’s birth-day “danced before them, and pleased Herod,” and won, to her eternal shame, the beheading of John the Baptist!

Measured by the false standard of passing praise such may stand out prominently, and may be much flattered by this world’s empty tongue, but in the light of eternity, and in the estimation of good men, angels and God, “they are altogether lighter than vanity.” How much more estimable is the humble but pious Sabbath-school teacher. How much more worthy, in the sight of God and man, is she who fills, with devout faithfulness, the humblest and most obscure station of usefulness. When those who live in pleasure shall have been stripped of their outward tinsel by Him who searches the heart, those who have been faithful in the humblest walks of life “shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars for ever and ever.”

HUMILITY.

Flowers that bloom loveliest are not found on high hills, but in the lowest meadows.

Those walk safest whose eyes are bent down towards their feet.

TIME IS PRECIOUS.

"Give me," said Alleine, "a christian that counts his time more precious than gold." A good remark; for is not time more valuable than gold. Gold is the stuff coin is made of, but "time is the stuff life is made of." It is said of Mr. Cotton that, after the departure of a visitor, he said: "I had rather have given this man a handful of money, than to have been kept thus long out of my study." Hear it ye intruders, who know not how to use your own time, except to kill the time of others. Time may be nothing to you, but it is precious to them. Rob me of my money, but rob me not of a piece of my short life. "Melanthon, when he had an appointment, expected not only the hour, but the minute to be fixed, that time might not run out in the idleness of suspense." How many precious moments are lost for want of punctuality on the part of some when appointments are made! Let this be noted for correction by all who are guilty of it.

Seneca said long ago, "time is the only thing of which it is a virtue to be covetous." If time seemed so valuable to a heathen, what should it be to a Christian? "It is well to have a book for every spare hour, to improve what Boyle calls the parenthesis or interludes of time: which, coming between more important engagements, are wont to be lost by most men for want of a value of them: and ever by good men, for want of skill to preserve them. And since goldsmiths and refiners are wont all the year long to save the very sweepings of their shops, because they may contain in them some filings of dust of those richer metals, gold and silver; I see not, why a Christian may not be as careful, not to loose the fragments and lesser intervals of a thing incomparably more precious than any metal—time."

Alas! if the good man lived now he could see many who do not only waste the fragments of time, but who cast it away in wholesale style: not by minutes, but by hours, days, weeks, months, and even years! Thus life passes. Thus death comes; and our final account!

Oh time, how few thy value weigh,
How few can estimate a day!
While death stands watching at our side,
Eager to stop the living tide!

The Books in a house are very often to be taken as the *prophets* of its future history.—*From a private letter.*

WHO IS THAT YOUNG MAN?

OR, A SCENE IN REAL LIFE.

BY REV. S. H. REID.

Not many months ago, I was visiting some friends residing in one of the flourishing towns of the Keystone State. Having a curiosity to "see the place," and inspect the improvements which had been going on for some time past, a tour of observation was proposed and we quickly commenced its execution.

After traversing some two or three prominent streets, and viewing some recently erected and beautiful buildings, and having asked and answered some dozen of old fashioned and Pennsylvania questions, as to who were the proprietors of these noble structures and what were their probable cost, we suddenly drew up in front of the then chief attraction of the town—the *Telegraph Office*.

Never having enjoyed an opportunity of examining the practical workings of this "eighth wonder of the world," of course I felt quite a readiness to do so; and accordingly we were soon leaning upon the counter and gazing, with astonishment, at the apparently simple and yet mysterious operations of that wonderful and useful invention.

We were not long in this attitude, until my attention was arrested by the approach of a young man, apparently five and twenty, half drunk and half sober, with a bloated face and bleared eyes, and who, by his straight-forward and bold step, seemed to say—"Don't be alarmed, gentlemen, I have been here before to-day!"

The strangeness of our faces, and perhaps our *black coats*, seemed at first to disconcert him, until finally he recognized one of my companions, who was a business man in the place, and with whom, of course, he would be more or less acquainted. This instantly reassured him; and quickly approaching and tapping our friend upon the shoulder, he, in an ironical way, exclaimed, "How do you do, Mr. Collomer?"—"How are times down street?"—"I have just been reading one of James' novels."—"What makes you look so grave."—"Where will you die when you go to!"—and a number of such meaningless and incoherent expressions, leading the reflecting stranger to feel that the demon had already partially, at least, done his work, and the mind of this unfortunate youth was fast yielding to the destructive power of alcohol.

A few moments having elapsed, he turned his face towards the door, and fixing his swollen and watery eyes upon a certain establishment, with which he seemed to be well acquainted, he, half in earnest and half in jest, inquired—"Gentlemen, will any of you have a drink? I am dry, and must have a drink"; and shrugging his shoulders, away he went to the bar of his landlord to repeat, perhaps for the fourth or fifth time on that day, the dose which had already inflamed his emaciated throat.

The "Telegraph" being fully inspected, and our curiosity considerably satisfied, we turned our steps towards the home of my friend. Many other objects of interest arrested my attention as we retraced our steps; such as the new Rail Road, Water Station, Warehouse, &c. But my mind was too deeply impressed with a recollection of the unfortunate inebriate already referred to, to permit me to have my usual interest in these things.

The main object with me now was to ascertain, if possible, who this unfortunate youth was—where was his home—his parents—and what was their general character.

Accordingly, as soon as an opportunity offered itself, I hastened to satisfy my mind in this respect.

Who is that young man? said I to my friend, with an earnest and emphatic tone.

"That young man!" said he. "Why, don't you know him? That is young G.; he is about half drunk."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed I; "a son of old Dr. —?"

"Even so," was the melancholy response of my companion.

I recollected having heard of this youth's disposition to take an occasional spree, but my mind was unprepared to see him so completely given over to the intoxicating cup; and you may feel certain, my youthful reader, that when I called to mind his bloated face, his half bewildered stare, and his incoherent and senseless remarks, and then recollected his origin—his early advantages and prospects—my heart was pained. I felt sick and sad, and could have dropt a tear over his early fall.

"Has he a Profession?" was my next inquiry.

"Yes; he is a —"

"Does he get any thing to do?"

"No! He is always drunk, and nobody will entrust him with a case."

Thus ended my inquiries in regard to this pitiable case. I have not learned that any change for the better has taken place. The probability is, that time only increases the disease. He, no doubt, is still to be seen making his daily rounds to his re-

spective resorts, and still taking his daily portions of the deadly cup. His mind, no doubt, is becoming more and more imbecile—his eye more and more distorted—and his strength is gradually yielding to the inroads of the destroyer. By and by we shall hear of a change. But, alas! what a change. The body will give up. The abused soul will take its flight. The grave will open its gaping jaws; and—"then cometh the end"—all that will be said, will be—"young G. is dead!"

I cannot close this brief sketch without presenting to the minds of my youthful readers some important lessons which it is calculated to teach.

1. How lamentably has this young man thwarted the wishes and intentions of his parents and friends. He has been provided with a liberal education. No means have been spared for this purpose; because the means were at hand. No doubt parental anxiety was strong, and hopes were high—but, alas! how illy requited. By the gratification of an obstinate and ungoverned passion for drink, thousands of dollars have been thrown away, friendly anxiety has been disappointed, and parental solicitude forever blasted. Ah! who can tell what pains, and sorrows, and tears, an ungrateful and treacherous son can pour into the experience of an anxious and affectionate parent!

2. How illy is this young man using *his time and his talents*. These are trusts. But they were not given to be squandered at will, in daily drunkenness and nightly carousals. Their legitimate object is to bring honor and respect to the possessor, and usefulness to those around him; and thus so employed that the Great Giver of all good gifts may be glorified.

3. This young man is a standing and moving exhortation to youth "to flee youthful lusts, and to live soberly and godly in this present evil world." "Wine is a worker—strong drink is raging—and whosoever is deceived thereby, is not wise."

Enter not into *the path of the wicked*, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it—pass not by it—turn from it—and pass away. For they sleep not, except they have done mischief: and their sleep is taken away, unless they cause some to fall."

"The dead

Are in their house; their guests in depths of hell;
They weave the winding-sheet of souls, and lay
Them in the urn of everlasting death."

How wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan? Jer. 12. 5.

MAKING A WILL.

What a solemn, what an interesting sight, is an aged pious father, on his death-bed, turning round once more and for the last time toward the earth to make his will! We mean not merely, as is often done, coldly assigning to each of his children "the portion of goods which falleth to them," as a herdsman casts ears to his swine; but we mean when, as a pious father ought to do, he gives his earthly goods to them, and, at the same time, gives them to God, to whom both belong. See, he instructs them once more! See, he exhorts! See, he blesses them! See, he gives them to God in a parting prayer! This we mean is an interesting sight.

Such a sight we are permitted to contemplate, in the case of a pious father, the closing part of whose will we are permitted to publish. The Rev. friend who furnished us with it has our hearty thanks. Many of our readers will read it with tears! Our correspondent introduces it with a brief history of the now sainted author and his family.

ED. GUARDIAN.

Mr. Jonas Kern was born in Eastern Pennsylvania. He was the father of eight children, all living at the time of his death. The oldest was only fourteen years, and the youngest only one year of age when he died. He was a man of some property, and of considerable christian attainments. His illness was sudden, having been taken with a form of *Typhoid* fever, which ended his course in about two weeks. During this sickness the substance of the following, which closes his will, was dictated by him, and penned, it is supposed, by Mr. Beidelman, in the presence of the Rev. Mr. Waltz, Pastor of the Lutheran Church, Hamburg, Berks county, Pa. His wife, Mary, died about three months after him. The families of the Kerns are many and numerous, and as far as I know them, they are very consistent and devoted members of the church;—there are, no doubt, exceptions. Should this meet the eye of any relatives who are not christians, we hope the strong desire here expressed for their salvation, by one now in Heaven, may not be without effect upon their hearts. Oh, what a legacy! More valuable than thousands, is the faith and prayers left us by our kindred who have gone before us. But to the will. After disposing of his worldly estate, the good man closes with these

LAST WORDS OF A DYING FATHER TO HIS BELOVED CHILDREN.

The above Testament contains my will, providing for the disposal of that property, which a kind Providence was pleased to bestow upon me, during my pilgrimage in this world. It was a

free and undeserved gift. With a feeling and thankful heart, I leave it now to your mother and yourselves. It will suffice to complete your education and to lay a good foundation for your temporal welfare. But alas! it is only earthly—it is transitory and liable to change. To-day we possess, to-morrow we loose it. Our true and lasting treasure is the Eternal and Invisible only. All the riches of the world cannot impart to the heart continual peace, and to the soul a joyful hope in death. The all-loving and compassionate God is alone able to impart this through the gospel of Jesus, by which he gives to those, who fly to him, abide with him, believe in him and keep his commands, forgiveness of sin—power to cleanse and sanctify the heart—perseverance to conquer sin—consolation and resignation in suffering—victory in death and in the realms of light, pure, perfect and eternal bliss. *Jesus*, my beloved children, the only begotten Son of God, in whom the fullness of the Father dwelleth; *Jesus*, the hope of the world and the Lord of heaven; *Jesus*, the Crucified, who has risen from the dead, is the ever open and living fountain, from which you must draw and drink, if you as peaceful, suffering mortals, wish to find grace, consolation and hope before God.

Scorn not this admonition of your dying father. Receive it with meekness, for it may secure the happiness of your souls. Soon, perhaps in a moment, I shall have to leave you and appear before my Judge. If any thing can strengthen and uphold me in this awful and decisive hour, it is faith in *Jesus*, who bore my sins, and through his death on the cross has given to me a righteousness, which is availing in the sight of God. In him and through him, I seek peace and Salvation. He is the true and mighty Friend, who, in this solemn hour of death, replenishes me with all that is necessary to fill my anxious and fainting heart with joy and hope for Eternity. Guided by my Redeemer, the author and giver of life eternal, I go with confidence through this dark vale, for I, believing in him, do know, that however imperfect and frail I am, he will lead me to that heavenly and eternal joy, which the Father has granted to his followers. On the brink of death, fully impressed with a lively hope, I take leave of you and dying beg of you, to honor the ashes of your father by the fear of God and faith in *Jesus*. Seek in him that righteousness which gives peace with God. Seek in him the power which secures the crown of life everlasting. Live and act as good and thankful children of your reconciled Father in heaven. Remain faithful in whatever may be committed to your charge. Love one another. Reward

your faithful mother, whom God has spared to you, with obedience and confidence. May honesty and industry attend you to your grave. Sacred and enduring be the *last* words of your dying father. Adieu! That our meeting may be joyous in that better home, in the congregation of the Lord, which has its seat in Heaven, is now my last prayer to God; the last wish, with which I close my life. In the hands of the Father I commend my and your spirits! Amen!

July 21, 1829.

JONAS KERN.

A PROFESSION OF RELIGION.

WAITING ON A FRIEND.

That it is the duty of every one to make a regular public profession of faith in Christ, by forming an orderly connection with some branch of the Christian Church, no one who attentively reads the scriptures will deny. That this is duty Christ declares, when he says that only those who confess him before men, will he confess before his Father and the angels. The early followers of Christ, all attached themselves to Him, and to the church which he came to establish, of which he is the head, and his people the members. Without this there could be no order, and indeed no church.

From this duty, however, many excuse themselves; some on one ground and some on another. All these excuses are of course vain, and cannot put aside the duty. It is our object, at this time, to notice only one of these excuses.

There are some who profess to feel the weight of this duty, but defer it on the plea that they are waiting on some friend, who they expect to join with them in making a profession. This plea looks, at first sight, plausible; for, the person upon whom they are waiting, may be a husband, a wife, a sister, a brother, a parent, or some intimate friend; and it is natural that such persons should desire to be joined, in such a solemn and important matter, by those who are dear to them. Still this is not a sufficient reason for deferring a duty of such great importance. To such as hesitate, on this ground, we desire to offer a few considerations.

1. You ought to move in this matter while God, by his good spirit, is moving you. You feel it now to be your duty, but that feeling may pass away. It is the Spirit that works this willingness in you; it is He that so solemnly reminds you of

your duty, and urges upon you to comply with it; but that Spirit will not always strive. And when He withdraws his influences, you may be given over to hardness of heart, and never make a profession.

2. If you can delay the performance of this duty from year to year, you do not give the friend whom you expect to win to a profession, full proof of your own sincerity and earnestness. Your delay encourages your friend in his. The likelihood is, the longer you delay, the longer he will.

3. It is not likely that your delay will win your friend. As it is easier to draw persons from good to evil, than from evil to good, it is more likely that he will influence you to entire neglect, than that you will influence him to duty. Especially, is it not likely, that you will press his duty upon him by deferring your own.

4. You sin by halting when you are convinced of your duty. You cannot expect that you will bring good to your friend by continuing to do evil.

5. When you are yourself in covenant with God, you may expect that your efforts and prayers will be more prevailing with God, in his behalf.

6. You may die soon. Life is uncertain. Delays are dangerous. Will God justify you, if you die out of the covenant, on the ground that you waited on a friend?

7. Religion is to you a personal interest. You must act for yourself. Your friend cannot die for you; he cannot appear before God for you. This you must do for yourself. Then why delay? Let your resolution be, Let others do what they will, I will serve the Lord.

If you are one of those whose case is here referred to, let me ask of you an earnest and prayerful consideration of these hints. They may aid you in coming to a decision on the long-delayed duty of making a profession of religion. It is a decision upon which momentous and eternal interests depend. See that you make it right—and make it in time.

DEATH IN A BALL ROOM.

Addison Gilmore, President of the Western Railroad, fell dead in a ball-room at Watertown, at 11 o'clock, Jan. 10. He had been dancing but a few minutes before his death. Aged fifty years! Old enough to think of better things. Who would die in a ball-room? Now dancing, and now—before the Judge!

A HOME IN THE SKIES.

PRACTICAL THOUGHTS FOR THE YOUNG.

"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God." Far beyond the shores of mortality, and the reach of human eye, somewhere in the immensity of God's creation,

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign.

It is a place prepared by our Lord for the weary pilgrim, in which he may be at rest when his journey is ended. But the rest is only for those who have labored, and desire rest. Those who idle away their time in this world feel no want of rest, nor could they enjoy it if they did attain to it.

If my young readers, like many who have gone before them are anxious to know where this rest lies, they must for the present content themselves with the answer of our Lord to the man who wished to know, whether there were but few who would be saved. "Strive to enter in at the straight gate." Thousands have speculated here in finding the locality, and in measuring the length and breadth the height and depth of this heavenly Canaan, until the last sand of life was run without leaving them any time to secure an entrance that they might see whether their measurement was correct. Let the fact be sufficient that our Lord has prepared it expressly for us, and be assured that it is at the right place, and sufficiently spacious to supply our eternal wants. Though we are not able to give you the exact place nor the true dimensions of this land of future rest, we can give what is worth more to you, namely the assurance that such a rest exists, and that there is a way of access to it.

You recollect when the old patriarch Jacob was traveling in the wilderness in search of a place where he could rest beyond the reach of his brother, he lay down to spend the night, as he supposed alone; though in the wilderness and away from all human society he was not entirely alone, those heavenly guardians which are ever ready to minister to the wants of God's people, came to watch over him during the night, and brought him sweet foretaste of that rest, even in his dreams.

John the divine, when he was on the isle of Patmos tells us that he was in the Spirit on the Lord's day and a voice told him to come and see what should be hereafter, and being borne away from the earth he was permitted to see the glory of those who are at rest. He "saw heaven opened."

Paul tells us, that there remaineth a rest to the people of God. And his great desire was to be absent from the flesh that he might be at rest. His whole life was swallowed up in this rest. So great was his desire to be there, that when feasting his soul with those delightful meditations, he was suddenly caught up into the third heaven, the place where the Lord more fully reveals his glory. He had a full view of this rest, whether he saw it with mortal or with spiritual eyes he did not know, for he could not tell whether he was in the body or out of the body. Our Lord tells us that in his father's house are many mansions, and that he would go to prepare a place for us. This rest then is prepared expressly for us. It is a place not made with hand eternal in the heavens; where God the Father displays his peculiar presence and glory, where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary pilgrims are for ever at rest. Here in one harmonious concert, those who came up out of great tribulation, unite with the heavenly host in singing the songs of redeeming love.

The ardent desires, the heavenly aspirations, and that continual looking forward to a better home, which ever rise in the bosom of the christian are good evidence to him that there is a rest. Go ask the aged pilgrim who has traveled upwards of four score years, whether he has not some bright evidence of a better home. There on the banks of Jordan stands one whose hoary head indicates that he has traveled long, and is now anxiously looking across the deep waters that separate between him and this rest. Ask him, he will gladly tell you of the peaceful hours he has spent in anticipations of that rest. Yet a few more days and his journey is ended, his wearied limbs will stand on the peaceful shores of the better land; even now his heart rejoices that he shall soon rest from his toils. Speak to him, and he will tell thee how the beginnings of eternal peace reach over even into these troubled scenes of time. Come then while yet young; be encouraged to press forward to this rest; get the out of Egypt, go with us and we will tell you by the way of the land of promise, the peaceful shores, the heavenly blessings, and the rest which remaineth to the people of God. Listen not to those alluring voices that call on you to tarry by the way. Go not with sinners, "their way is dark and leads to hell." Tell them you know of a better life, the home of God your Father, and Christ your oldest brother—a place where sin, sorrow, pain and death are never known. Tell them you, hear the "Spirit and the Bride say, come."

D. L.

DANVILLE N. Y.

THE LORD'S PORTION.

A pool that has no outlet becomes putrid and stagnant. So it is with a heart that is not kept open by a regular flow of liberality and benevolence. As a miserly spirit, once imbibed, is hard to get clear of, it is highly important that a spirit of liberty be early cultivated. What an unlovely creature is a close-fisted miser—and he is just as unhappy as he is unamiable. It is moreover, our duty to honor God and bless our fellows by a benevolent spirit. We are responsible for our talents, and should cultivate them; but we are just as much under obligation to God and man for the right use of our property. We commend, to our young christian friends, the following examples with the hope that some may be induced to go and do likewise.

“In reading the biography of the most eminently pious and useful in different ages, we have often been struck with the fact, that almost all of them devoted a regular portion of their income to pious and charitable uses.—We will mention a few whose names are familiar, whose writings are venerated, and whose memory is precious. Among those who made a *tenth* the fixed proportion of their alms-giving, was Lord Chief Justice Hale, the Rev. Dr. Hammond, and the Rev. Dr. Annesley. Baxter informs us, that he long adhered to this, until, for himself, he found it too little, and observes, “I think, however, that it is as likely a proportion as can be prescribed; and that devoting a *tenth* part ordinarily to God is a matter that we have more than *human* direction for.” Doddridge was another instance of the kind. “I make a solemn dedication of *one-tenth* of my estate, salary and income, to charitable uses; and I also devote to such uses an *eighth* of every thing I receive by way of gift or present. A *fifth* part was the fixed proportion of Archbishop Tillotson and Dr. Watts. A *fourth* part was the proportion constantly given by Mrs. Bury, the wife of the eminently pious and useful Rev. Mr. Bury.—Her husband, in his account of her life, says: “She thought it was reasonable that such as had no children should appropriate a *fourth part* of their net profits to charitable purposes.” Miss Elizabeth Rowe gave even more than this. “I consecrate,” says that excellent female, “*half* of my yearly income to charitable uses; yea, all that I have beyond the bare conveniences and necessities of life shall surely be the Lord’s.” Such, too, was the constant practice of the Hon. Robert Boyle, of the Rev. Mr. Brand, and of

the Rev. Thomas Gouge.—Of the latter Arch-bishop Tillotson says, in his funeral sermon. “All things considered, there have not been, since the primitive times of christianity, many among the sons of men, to whom that glorious character of the son of God might be better applied, that “*he went about doing good!*”

LINES WRITTEN ON CHRISTMAS EVE, 1850.

DARKLY o'er Judea's plains,
“Midnight's sable shadows roll”—
Sorrow's gloom more darkly reigns
In desponding Israel's soul.
Heaven's blue canopy above,
Bright with many a starry gem,
Sheds no shining ray of love
On enslaved Jerusalem.

Vainly they've expected long,
Riddance from the Roman yoke;
Hushed in death the Prophet's song,
Perished too the words they spoke?
Are the promises forgot?
Sung the enraptured seers in vain?
Blazed the altar-pile for naught?
Vainly was the Victim slain?

Shall the types and shadows prove
Restless sleep's delusive dream?
Reeking lamb, and dripping dove,
Sprinkling priest and purple stream?
Shall sad Zion not arise,
Tune her sorrowing harp and sing,
Loud rejoicing with the skies,
In hosannas to her King?

Yes! e'en now the Day-spring breaks,
Shining hosts illumine the sky;
Bethlehem's heart to gladness wakes;
“Glory be to God most high”!
Vigil shepherds on the plain
Hear with joy the angelic lays;
Israel is redeemed again,
Christ the Lord is born to-day!
J. H. A. B.

BOOK TABLE.

CENTENARY SERMON, *delivered in the Second Street Church, Baltimore, Dec. 8, 1850, by Rev. Elias Heiner, A. M., Pastor.—Second Edition, pp. 52.—With a portrait of the Pastor.*

It is a good idea for old churches to celebrate, with suitable solemnities, the hundredth year of their existence. It begets a deeper religious home-consciousness, and attaches the members to the faith of their fathers. This discourse is done up, not as a pamphlet, but as a neat book. It is a most superb specimen of gilt cloth binding—a most suitable covering for this finished discourse. It is for the most part historical, but not dry; you feel all along a deep practical warmth. The style is smooth and impressive; and the thread of the history lies most clearly before you in living reproduction. It must have been a feast to those whose associations are with the past history of this church. A friend at my side says the portrait of the author is excellent.

“DER AMERIKANISCHE BAUER.”—

This is a neat German Magazine of 32 pages, devoted to farming interests. All farmers who read German should subscribe for it. It is gotten up in excellent style, and embellished with a number of cuts. Published, monthly, by J. M. Beck, Harrisburg, Pa., at 1\$ per annum.

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[NO. 3.]

SORCERY, WITCHES AND WIZZARDS.

A CHAPTER ON THE BLACK ARTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live.—Ex. 22, 18.

Neither seek after wizzards, to be defiled by them.—Lev. 19, 31.

“The city of Philadelphia is completely bewitched.” So said a friend the other day. Whether the city is bewitched, we do not undertake to say, but one thing is certain, it is full of pretended Witches and Wizzards! He that doubts this, need only look into some of the city papers, where he will find their bloated and blasphemous *advertisements*, paraded with due flourish, in the light of day. It is really ridiculous to see what these children of the Devil profess to do; it is humiliating that the public sentiment of such a city can endure it, and the publication of their unblushing advertisements by city editors deserves to be reprov- ed as superlatively insolent and wicked.

Just listen to what one of these imps says, in an advertisement, in a paper that has a circulation of 43,000 copies daily!

“In addition to his power to foresee future events, he has the power to give such information as will effectually redeem such as are given to the too free use of the bottle. He is also capable of curing diseases heretofore considered incurable in this country by the ordinary medicines, and wishes all to give him a call who have been given up by their physicians and wish to be cured. He will warrant a cure in all cases, and will make no charge, except for the conjurations he shall use in his office. He is ready to use his influence to foretell the results of law-suits, and all undertakings in which there is a risk involved; he also makes use of his power for the restoration of stolen or lost property, which he has used for the advantage of thousands in this city and elsewhere. Who can doubt a gentleman’s abilities, who has had the honor to be called on and consulted with by all the crowned heads of Europe, and enjoys a higher reputation as an Astrologer than any one living?

He can be consulted with at his Office, or by letter pre-paid, and he is prepared to make use of his power on any of the following topics:

Business of all descriptions, traveling by land or sea, courtships, advice given for their successful accomplishment, speculating in stocks, merchandise or real estate, the recovering of legacies in dispute, the purchasing of tickets, and the safety of ships at sea. He also offers his services respecting health, wealth, and marriage; love affairs, journeys, lawsuits, difficulty in business, fraud, sickness and death, past, present and future events, and in all the concerns of life, and invites all to call who are afflicted, corporally or mentally."

All this is done by "conjurations," which, being interpreted according to Webster, means: "The act of using certain words or ceremonies to obtain the aid of a superior being; the act of summoning in a sacred name; the practice of arts to expel evil spirits, &c." The superior being whose aid is sought cannot be a good one, for good beings have never been found engaged in *gambling*. One feat in which this Conjuror proposes to serve the public, is in pointing out lottery tickets that will draw large prizes. This is, according to the laws of our State, to say nothing of moral laws, downright gambling. It must therefore be the Devil which answers to these conjurations. But a friend at our elbow asks, why this conjurer does not himself buy these lucky tickets. It certainly shows great benevolence thus to throw a large prize into the hands of another, when we might ourselves draw it!—The same spirit of disinterested benevolence is here manifested as that in the garden of Eden when the master of conjurors gave the fruit to another which he might have eaten himself! Hear it ye poor, for a few dollars *in advance*, you can get this *hocus pocus* man to point you to a ticket which will draw perhaps \$20,000! True, as the few dollars are to be paid in advance, they would be gone in case the witching should fail, but of this there is no danger, for "he has been consulted by many in regard to lottery tickets, and he appeals to all such to say whether his advice has been of the *right sort or not*." No doubt he has been often consulted, for the world is full of dough-heads, and no doubt these could tell whether his advice was right *or not*!

If any of our readers wish to enter into any wizzard speculation let him be sure to send to Philadelphia, for there the matter is done up scientifically; for there is one in that city "who came to this country with the view of endowing an Astrological College, and bequeathing to it his extensive library, embracing over 7,000 volumes"! Hide your diminished heads, ye antiquated feminine twelve and a half cent card shufflers! Your reign is over in the light of modern wizzard science! At any rate, it is by these that this wonderful science "has been

brought into contempt in later times." True, O venerable wizzard! For we all know that of late these old women in the country villages and small cities, have been almost entirely forsaken, while in Philadelphia, where science is more advanced, your "efforts for the benefit of the great public have met with most astonishing success."

The fees in ordinary cases are from 50 cents to \$5! Letters from a distance must contain the *fee* before they receive attention. This is easy to understand,—for if it was delayed till after the conjuration, they might be able to tell whether it was *effectual* "or not." The writer knows of a person far gone in consumption, who wrote to one of these wizzards. He received answer that the charge would be \$40 for his cure *in advance*. When the invalid declined that sum, the wizzard wrote back that if he sent \$5 in advance, he would accept the rest as the cure advanced! The \$5 were sent. A short time afterwards the consumptive was in his grave!—he was cured "or not!" The same wizzard published that he had effected a wonderful cure for "an old and highly respectable citizen of Lancaster city."—Search was made 40 years back, and no such man ever resided in this city! But enough. The pretensions are too ridiculous and wicked to need refutation. As most men like to live, as afflicted persons are anxious to be cured, and as there is, in many ignorant persons, an idle and wicked curiosity to look into their future fortunes, it is not strange that these wizzards and witches should be patronized—and any thing and every thing for money!

Few persons have an idea of the extent to which these things are resorted to by ignorant and credulous persons. It is generally done secretly for fear of shame from the failure; and when they find themselves hoaxed they will rather keep it to themselves than tell it only to be laughed at by the community. Is it a wonder that the matter, wicked and absurd as it is, should enlist afflicted or curious persons to make the experiment, when public papers, otherwise respectable, lend their influence to it by way of publishing their insolent advertisements. But who, that is glad when he looks into the face of another to see that he too is a man, to say nothing of the higher motives of christian morality, can thus lend his influence in inducing poor afflicted persons to send their hard earnings to a Philadelphia conjurer!

Such wicked impositions deserve to be exposed and checked. Especially ought the young to be warned against these coadjutors of Satan; for if they have any power it must be from him. It is not only in Philadelphia that they are found, but there is

scarcely a neighborhood or village where some old woman-fortune-teller does not shuffle her cards, and dispense her mysterious wisdom at a shilling a piece! These things are generally smiled at, and regarded as innocent jokes, cheap enough at the trifle they cost. A christian, however, cannot so regard them. We hope the *sinfulness* of the matter will become evident to all who will seriously follow us, while we endeavor to take a view of these Arts in the light of the Scripture.

Sorcery and soothsaying are two general terms, embracing all the subordinate phases and features of what is commonly called the Black Arts. Sorcerers are such as resort to *evil spirits*, as being possessed of knowledge and power superior to man, which evil spirits they engage to assist them, by entering into compact or league with them. Soothsayers are such as seek communion with the mysterious *powers of nature*, and thus by the aid of hidden laws, profess to foretell future events.—These two general arts branch out into a vast number of details, or departments, including Magic, Enchantments, Charms, Wizzards, Witches, Necromancers, Exorcists, Augurers, Astrol-ogers, Soothsayers, or Fortune-tellers, Interpreters of Dreams, Casters of Nativities, &c., &c. We shall see that all these are an abomination to God, are forbidden in Scripture, and entail sin on any one who has any thing to do with them.

SORCERY. This, as we have seen, is an Art by which communication is held with evil spirits.

There is no doubt that many who professed to be in communion with evil spirits were imposters. By the aid of superior wisdom, in an age of general ignorance and credulity, they could easily impose on others; and, for their own interests, did so in many instances. There is, however, no doubt that some men have been in actual league with Satan. We are sure, from what is related in the New Testament of persons who were possessed of Devils, that mysterious union with them is possible. In Acts 16, we have an account of “a certain damsel possessed with a spirit of divination,” who came in contact with Paul and his comrades. It is so mentioned as to convey the idea, that she did not merely *pretend* to this power, but that she really had an evil spirit, by which she was capable of acts above the reach of man. “Paul being grieved, turned and said to the spirit, I command thee in the name of Jesus Christ to come out of her. And he came out the same hour.” Here, evidently, it is taught, that this spirit possessed her, and that it was by the exercise of this spirit that she “brought her master much gain by soothsaying.”

We do not know how much power Satan possesses, but sufficient is revealed to show that he is capable of exceeding nature and all the natural powers of man. He did *wonders* during the temptations of Christ. He is called "the God of this world"—"the prince of the power of the air," and he is distinctly said to be "the spirit that now *worketh* in the children of disobedience." Eph. 2, 2. The "mystery of iniquity," whatever that is, is said to be "after the working of Satan, *with all power*, and signs, and lying *wonders*!" 2 Thes. 2, 9. It is neither unreasonable nor unscriptural that Satan should be able to impart to human spirits part of this power. He who filled the heart of Ananias and Saphira to lie against the Holy Ghost—he who can touch and incite the hidden springs of lust and passion, so as to urge men on to sin, may also have such access to human spirits as to impart to them a power by which they may exceed their natural powers. Nothing more than this is needed to make a Sorcerer.

We have said that Sorcery took various shapes and was employed in various things. Hence it took various names.

1. *Magic*. Magicians seem to have had their origin in Egypt. They were considered wise men; and it seems that at first, and in a certain way, they were men who sought after wisdom. The wisdom of Egypt seems at first to have been of a useful kind, for it is said to the praise of Moses, that he "was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians." Acts 7, 22. So also of Solomon, I Kings, 4, 30. It seems, however, that in time it degenerated among the selfish and mercenary into the practice of Black Arts. Hence, as early as Gen. 41, 8, they are spoken of as a class distinct from the wise men, and called in to interpret dreams. A little later, Ex. 7, 11, they are already called sorcerers, and are engaged in a kind of jugglery, which, from its wonderful effects, was evidently performed by the aid of Satanic power. Whether, in thus imitating the miracles of Moses, they did it by mere slight of hand, (which seems impossible), or in whatever way it was done, they were evidently engaged *against God* and his people, and consequently wrought in Satan's service.

Magicians, in later ages, used all kinds of charms and enchantments. They burnt drugs and herbs, the smoke and perfume of which were said to influence these spirits to come to their aid. Mysterious words, motions, and sounds were employed for the same purpose. By the power they thus professed to acquire, they professed to influence the fortunes of others—to reveal secrets, to discover hidden treasures, to make thieves re-

turn stolen goods, to interpret dreams, and even to cast out evil spirits from persons, and drive out ghosts from haunted houses. In all these things, they made themselves to some extent Gods, to draw men after them into the worst of all idolatry. It is easy to see that Satan must have had a hand in this. All these things these Philadelphia wizzards profess to do by "conjurations in their offices." Witch and wizzard "offices"!!

2. *Witches and Wizzards.* These two words designate the same thing; only the first is applied to a *woman*, and the second to a *man*—both kind hold forth in Philadelphia! These persons also had to do anciently with evil spirits. That such persons existed of old, no one who believes the scriptures can deny. Ex. 22, 18. Lev. 19, 31: 20, 6. Deut. 18, 10. Gal. 5, 20. That witches were in league with Satan, is evident from the account given of the woman of Endor who had a "familiar spirit." I Sam. 28, 7. God hated these persons. They were condemned to death under the Jewish law; and God declared that he would set his face against *such as went after them*, and cut them off from among his people. See the passages referred to above. Witchcraft is said to be the same as rebellion against God. I Sam. 15, 23. He calls them "abominations." Deut. 18, 12. Going after them is called spiritual defilement and spiritual adultery. Lev. 20, 6: 19, 31.

The very same things which these wizzards and witches did, or professed to do, are *now* professed by these imps referred to, whose advertisements appear with unblushing effrontery in our city papers! And this in the nineteenth century, and in a christian land! These are now patronized! Oh, tell it not to the Turks! publish it not in the dens of the Hottentot!—lest those poor pagans might blush that they are men! In the name of all that is holy and decent, we call upon the press and the pulpit, in Philadelphia and out of it, to lift the veil from these half-hidden devils, that all may see their cloven feet.

We do not wish to dictate, but may we not respectfully suggest that Pastors and religious papers are not sufficiently awake on the subject of this and such-like popular impositions. What execution a judicious sermon might do in setting right the popular feeling in a neighborhood, and in fortifying them against these imposters. Was it not the Apostles that of old destroyed the "hope of their gains," in the case of those who took the people's money for the soothsayings of that "certain damsel?" The exhibition of scriptural truth, on this point, would have the same effect now. We remember from our boyhood the effect a sermon of the kind had upon a neighborhood, in which

one of these country fortune-telling witches was dealing out the mysteries of the future to the young people, at twelve and a half cents a piece. "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live!" They will not long live in the light of the truth. Let people be exhorted to "resist the devil" and he will soon flee from the land, finding no more encouragement. With the hope of their gains, they would themselves depart.

Our readers shall hear still more hereafter on Wizzards, imposters and quacks. Our Magazine has no public taste to pamper—no sickly tales to tell from the land of dreams—and has therefore time and space to use in snubbing all schemes to entrap the inexperienced. This is its mission.

CALVARY OR GOLGOTHA.

This title is used to designate the place of our Redeemer's Crucifixion. Why the place is so called, it is not easy to say. Some derive the name from a supposed resemblance which they imagine the place bears to a human skull. This opinion seems to have given currency to the popular expression so frequently used in prayer and other religious exercises: "Calvary's rugged brow",—where the resemblance is evidently assumed as existing, in the use of the word "brow." If this assumption were correct, it would seem to furnish a reason for the use of this term in designating the place where our Redeemer shed his precious blood for the purchase of our souls. But this opinion is rejected as having no foundation, by one who has personally visited the place, and consequently has had every opportunity of ascertaining the fact.

But why is this term applied to the place, by all the Evangelists, if there is no ground for its use as pointing to such a resemblance? Or can some other and better reason be assigned for calling the place of our Redeemer's sufferings, "Golgotha, *that is, the place of a skull,*" or skulls? The brother already referred to, gives it as his opinion, that it was the ordinary place for the execution of criminals, and refers for evidence to the crucifixion of the two thieves in connection with Christ. This is also the opinion of Henry, as given in his Commentary. This view receives additional support from the fact that Christ is expressly said to have been "numbered with the transgressors," for the confirmation and illustration of which prophecy, the

Evangelists seem to have been so careful in designating the place as the Charnel-house of criminals publicly executed.

The moral or religious associations which cluster around the name Golgotha or Calvary are of the most stupendous and affecting character. The Son of the ever-living God is led forth as a Lamb to the slaughter; and in order that the important ends contemplated in his cruel death might be realized, he must go forth as a criminal, with criminals, to be executed in the place where the severity of the law has claimed victim after victim,—a place made terrific by the presence of the lifeless remains of the numerous trophies of sin—a place which suggests at once the misery to which our race had been reduced by sin and the pressing need of divine assistance, or deliverance rather. And how humiliating to think that even the stirring scenes which witnessed the death of God's son are often insufficient to move our hearts and call forth our affections! How deceitful above all things *must* be our hearts, and how desperately wicked! Every thing that can affect and move, would seem to be associated with the scene of Calvary; and yet we know from personal experience that in order to be duly impressed and savingly affected, we need to contemplate long and seriously the dying, bleeding Lamb of God. We have need to contemplate "Golgotha"—the place of the Saviour's sufferings and death as a fit emblem of our fallen race—a spiritual desolation—a house of moral death, where the spiritually lifeless remains of our sin-cursed world are scattered in rich profusion.

And shall it be, my reader, that you and I will pass by this sacredly awful place without being affected? Shall we be among those who care for none of these things? Or possibly among those who wag their heads in base derision as they pass by where the son of God's love is bleeding, suffering, dying? O, it cannot be, if we have the least remains of a generous nature left us! It cannot be, if we are at all susceptible of serious impressions! Let us therefore frequently travel in imagination to the place where the Savior of Sinners died for our redemption from sin, and our restoration to the favor of God and the enjoyment of eternal life! Let us go to the place consecrated by a Savior's blood, and there let us seek the forgiveness of sin, which is promised to all who sincerely confess the same.

Are you prepared to go with me to this sacred, soul-stirring spot? Will you contemplate with me the innocent, meek and suffering Lamb of God, and with me bow in profound reverence before Him who loved us and gave himself for us?

LEWISBURG, PA.

X. Y. Z.

TRUE END OF LIFE.

OUR CALLING.

In our former article we tried to show that the great business of life was to glorify God. Yet, all are not bound to glorify God in the same way precisely. Indeed, this is impossible, and if it were possible, it would be undesirable. Life is split up into various departments, each of which requires peculiar talent and capacities. The idea of a world such as ours, even under the most normal form, requires distinctions and differences: and that would be a poor conception of a world which would do away with all distinction, and require that all men should be completely alike, physically, mentally and morally. No two men can, without injustice, be required to serve God in precisely the same way. Every man, to serve God, must do so in some particular calling—and this calling must be divinely appointed: it must be the will of God that he should occupy that sphere and no other. Not simply ministers must have a call from God, but merchants, mechanics, farmers and business men of every sort. It is plain enough that if our whole life is to be swallowed up in God, if the very hairs of our head are all numbered, no one has a right to engage in any business without a divine call. And indeed, we may say that unless a man occupy the post for which God has designed him, it is impossible for him to glorify God in the proper sense. It is unfortunate that any one should be out of his place. Yet, if we take a view of the world, must we not come to the conclusion that a vast number are not in the place for which God has designed them. How few take the proper pains to settle this important question; rather, how few think of it at all with any degree of seriousness. The only thing that comes into the question of settling in business, is interest. Will such a business prove profitable—can I make money by it—can I amass a fortune? Now this may be one element in settling this question, but surely it is the least important. There are higher considerations which should first demand our attention. It is too much the case that persons regard their lives as their own; they fancy that they are their own masters; that they can employ their time, talents, wealth, influence, &c., as they please, provided only they have some indistinct notion of somehow glorifying God. But then the glory of God is not a mere fancy, an abstraction—it is a reality which must enter into our whole existence. It is not something to be gazed at in the way

of outward reference and then laid aside again; but something which is in the most vital manner to penetrate our every thought, word and action. Such persons feel it their duty to be sure to worship God at stated seasons, on the Sabbath for instance; but then there is a large portion of their existence which they regard as placed entirely at their disposal. In short, they draw a too marked line between things sacred and things secular.— But such a view it is easy to see is wrong. How can we make the glory of God the end of our life, if we do not feel bound to bring every part of it under the influence of religion? “Whether therefore, ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.” I Cor. 10, 31. Christianity, like leaven, is to transfuse humanity as a whole; all arts, sciences, social regulations, together with all the powers and faculties of the individual are to be consecrated to God. It is to work both extensively and intensively. The time will come when the State will serve God just as really in its own sphere as the Church in her sphere. “It is a fatal error to make our religion a distinct solitary affair; and the world in which we live another and separate affair. Our religion must be our all-engrossing affair, to be carried with us every where, to control, inspire and sanctify. If we separate the two, how little of our time will be given to God! And that little will be so filled with the world that it will become only a hollow formalism. If we unite the two, by making it Christ to live, then shall we grow stronger and stronger, and let men every where see our good works, so that they will be constrained to glorify our Father in Heaven, by giving their testimony to the worth and sincerity of a christian profession.”

We are not to expect, however, that a man will be called to some particular vocation in a miraculous manner—by a voice from Heaven, or in some other extraordinary way. This is not the case even in the sacred calling of the ministry. The call of each individual is to be made out by attending to the leadings of Providence; his own particular talent, internal spirit and constitution, as well as external circumstances, are to be taken into account. Every one should ask solemnly, seriously, earnestly, prayerfully, and with an honest desire to know the truth in the matter: “For what station in life has God designed me? what particular sphere is it his will that I should occupy?” This is a duty which, especially the young, should by no means neglect. A mistake at the outset may be fatal for life. Perhaps God has designed that some of you should become the ministers of his Word. Ponder well before you make choice of

a different profession! The harvest truly is great, but the laborers are few.

But the question comes back again: How shall I choose that place for which God has designed me? Well, the first thing that you have to do, is to renounce all such occupations as interfere in any way with the glory of God, and the best interests of our race. "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as unto the Lord and not unto men."—(Col. 3: 23.) Tried by this standard, how many employments now deemed honorable by the world, and even engaged in by some who are members of the church—would be proscribed? There is, for instance, the liquor business, in all its ramifications of distilling, wholesaling and retailing. Now can any one for a moment suppose that it will stand the test of the principle, to do all to the glory of God—a principle, certainly of universal application, admitting of not a solitary exception. (Will any one imagine that a man has a divine right to make a living off the *life-blood* and *soul-blood*, as it were, of his fellow men?) Do you suppose that the distiller or trafficker in ardent spirits would long continue in his business, if he were to ask himself the following or similar questions: Can I carry on this distillery to the glory of God? Am I doing this with a view to advance the cause of Christ and the best interests of mankind? Have I reason to believe that I am fulfilling my mission in the world, that I am answering the design of my creation in manufacturing ardent spirits; and that although I perish from the earth my work in which I am now engaged shall not be destroyed but receive a glorious reward in the great day of accounts? Can I keep this tavern for the glory of God? Can I be engaged in the traffic of that which robs men of their reason and their souls, and yet be doing it all to the glory of God? A traffic which fills our almshouses and our jails with more inmates than all crimes beside. Think you that if such questions were asked, the smoke of a single distillery would be seen curling in the air, or that its noisome stench would for a single day continue to offend our nostrils? Think you that if such questions were asked there would be a single liquor selling tavern in the land? Is it likely that the distiller or dramseller ever stops to put such questions to himself? Do they not seem like solemn mockery? It is more likely that if such questions ever find their way through the *felt* moral darkness that envelops his mind, he instantly banishes them as unwelcome disturbers of his peace.

Who would imagine for a moment that he had a divine call to *sell* liquor, or to keep a billiard room, or a nine-pin alley;—

that God has authorized him to make a living off the *life-blood* and *soul-blood* as it were, of his fellow man. And yet—heaven save the mark!—such establishments are licensed by our State! O tempora! O mores! How stultified have the legislators of our once proud State become! She might learn a lesson from Heathen Plato.

Again. It may be the duty of a man to avoid certain employments, on account of the temptations to which he would be exposed, in view of a particular weakness, inherent in his constitution. All men are not alike fortified against temptation. One man may be exposed on one side, another on another side. This should be taken into consideration in settling in life. We should not heedlessly and unadvisedly rush into danger.

To know that you are occupying the sphere for which God has designed you, will give you courage and animation to do with your might whatever your hands find to do. It will also console you, and enable you to bear up under difficulties and trials. Indeed, no consideration is so important, whether in prosperity or adversity, as a persuasion that we are laboring for God, and not for ourselves. The reflection that we are engaged in the work of the Lord, will serve to beget in us a spirit of patience and contentment. So long as we prosecute our labors, simply for ourselves, we cannot but be impatient and discontented, especially should we not succeed. The reason why there is so much discontent and dissatisfaction in the world is, because men for the most part do not feel that they are laboring for Christ and His Church. Were men to feel that they are laboring in the cause of Christ, they would be resigned under all circumstances. Much depends on the spirit with which we occupy any particular post. No human theatre is broad enough for him who occupies it only for himself; and none is so narrow, if God has placed him there, but a man may find ample room for the exercise of all his powers, provided only he be animated with the proper spirit. Any occupation, however high, will appear mean and contracted, if occupied by a selfish spirit—and any occupation, however low, will appear important if only it is filled with a spirit that refers all to Christ, in the feeling that it is comprehended in the general plan of the world and the Church. S.

PRIDE.—To be proud at heart, is human,—to be proud in company, is foppish,—to be proud at church, is devilish,—to be proud of clothes, is silly,—to be proud of our piety, is to be proud of something which we possess not.

THE WAY TO TRUTH.—AN ALLEGORY.

[Translated from the German by Rev. Herman Rust]

A pious Turk, by the name of Mirza, lived in his lonely hut in a happy spot of Arabia. His soul was greatly troubled with various doubts, which he was unable to solve. In the Koran he found many things which he could not consider Divine oracles, and some parts seemed so dark to him, that he regarded them as mysteries, rather than Divine Revelations. Many traits in the life and character of the Great Prophet himself, the author of the Koran, appeared very mysterious to him, and he frequently thought to himself: Had I acted like he, the Koran itself would condemn me. Troubled with these and similar thoughts, he deserted his lonely hut, and traveled into the interior of the country, where he at length reached a rocky mountain, on whose summit Truth, according to ancient tradition, had once possessed a Temple, some ruins of which he conceived still to discover. On either side of this venerable mount stood forth a high cliff, from whose bosom rushed out a muddy spring. The one flowing eastward was surrounded by a host of Idols and ancient books, forming a perfect wall around its bed. The other roared in meandrous windings through shattered tablets of Laws, and downcast Altars, at whose fragments its waters appeared to gnaw uninterruptedly. Mirza gazed for some time with astonishment at these two contrary phenomena. What a contrast! said he to himself; who can explain these mystical figures to me? Meanwhile a venerable old man stepped up to him; full of friendship and earnestness; a violet blue garment, fastened with a shining girdle, covered his hip; his hair was white as the blossoms of an apple tree, and his beard as new spun silk. "I greet thee, my dear Mirza," said he to him, "I perceive thy astonishment at what thou seest here, and am come to impart instruction to thy understanding." Mirza bowed himself to the earth, answering: "Hail thee, venerable Father, I am glad that thou wilt be my instructor! Tell me, what shall I think of these two fountains, gushing forth from the base of this mountain?" "When the fountain of Truth, whose Priest I was, became closed, these two springs broke out from its depth. The one toward the East is called the spring of superstition, and that toward the West the spring of unbelief. He that drinks from the former, considers false things true, and he that drinks from the latter, considers true things false. Many there are who fill their vessels with a mixture of both, and con-

sequently they are driven about by endless doubts." "Ah! dear sir," interrupted Mirza, "that is my disease; where shall I find a cure for it?" "The province of Truth," continued the old man, "lies between those two cliffs. It is true, her temple has been demolished, but her eternal Altar remains unmolested. Her fountain has indeed been closed, but it can never become drained." Whilst saying this, the old man pointed his finger toward the mountain's summit. Mirza quickly fixed his eye upon the sacred spot; but when he turned his face again to make further inquiries, the old man had vanished.—Mirza sighed deeply; the pinnacle appeared inaccessible to him, and yet he could no longer feel satisfied in the deep valley below. After a few moments consideration, he suddenly took courage, and commenced to climb, with slow but sure steps, up the rugged rocks. The higher he advanced, the easier the task appeared to him, until he finally stepped with holy awe upon the moss-grown ruins, where he discovered a feeble light glimmering in one corner of the mysterious back ground. Heaps of rubbish and wild-grown hedges obstructed the entrance; but he was not to be discouraged by any obstacle whatever. A mysterious power strengthened him to encounter every difficulty boldly. Finally he forced himself in, and found an ancient Altar, on which the eternal lamp of Truth was burning, and by its light he discovered at the foot of the Altar, the remains of the fountain of Truth, rippling in thin threads out from between the volcanic stones.

Mirza was ready to fill his vessel, when suddenly he heard the voice of the old man calling to him. "Be satisfied with a few drops; more a mortal cannot bear." With trembling joy, Mirza dipped his fingers in the crystal liquid, and scarcely had he touched his tongue therewith, when it appeared to him as if a veil had fallen from his eyes. The dark, mysterious background now appeared like a stately Dome, illuminated by an invisible sun, and on the front side of the Altar he read in flaming letters, these words: "*And this is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent!*"

Mirza fell on his face; his senses were lost in a sweet swoon, and when he opened his eyes again, he found himself in the inspiring element of the golden beams of the morning sun; and as his body, so also his soul, was thoroughly warmed. "God,—Father,—Jesus Christ,—Eternal Life!" he cried, whilst spreading his hands towards heaven, "These holy words shall henceforth be my Koran. Whoever preaches these truths is a

Prophet indeed. Every book containing these truths, contains Divine Revelations; because no son of earth could boast of having discovered them." Now Mirza was no longer harrassed with doubts, and his latter days were the brightest of his whole life. He did not read many books, but he lived and exercised himself in obedience towards Him, whose knowledge he had found to be eternal life, and this he manifested more and more by every progress he made.

But one day he was suddenly surprised at his old friend, Selman, who came to him with a roll of parchment in his hand, which he professed to have purchased from a foreign Pilgrim. Mirza's eyes overflowed with tears, and his countenance brightened with joy as he unrolled it. "I conjure you," said the enraptured Mirza, extending his hand to him, "has not this book fallen from heaven? Never shall it depart out of my hands; with deep reverence I shall always draw near it, as if I were about to drink from the holy fount of Eternal Truth itself." Selman instructed him still further in the great value of the book, and Mirza considered himself unspeakably happy in its possession. It was the Gospel of John.

GREATNESS OF MIND.

BY REV. I. J. GRAEFF.

Man is distinguished from the brute by his mental and moral faculties. If it were not for his reason, for the rational soul that is united to his body in such a manner, as to be, not only the instinct, but its very law, he would then naturally spend his time merely in the gratification of his senses. But he is made for far nobler ends. He is by nature a being capable of mental enjoyments; for revelation teaches, that God created him after his own image, which is also proved by nature itself. It is true, the Bible also tells us, that man is fallen from his original purity of heart, and wisdom of understanding, and that he is now prone to all evil, and averse to that which is good. Experience proves this but too true; yet this is, by no means, man's natural condition. The fall did not radically change, but merely pervert his nature. His understanding has not been taken from him, but it has been blinded by the influence of sin. Where is the man that does not desire to be esteemed by others?

Where is he that does not desire to rise in the estimation of others by performing great and noble acts? Surely he who desires not to do good, to perform acts worthy of esteem, has fallen far below the dignity of man. But he, on the other hand, who aspires after greatness merely from selfish motives, makes the noblest gift of God the instrument of the Devil.—All abuse is sin against nature and nature's God. Men commit sin, not because they wilfully and deliberately aim at the destruction of their own happiness, but because they ignorantly hope to promote their own good by doing wrong. This, then, clearly shows, that man is made to act, and to act nobly; but acts meanly and erroneously, because his understanding is blinded by his fallen and depraved nature. He needs instruction to make him again a happy being. Such instruction may be received both from the study of nature and of the word of God. We will endeavor to cast some light upon the subject as we proceed.

A man that attempts great and difficult things, that encounters dangers with resolution, that struggles against difficulties with fortitude, aspires after great professions, and bears sufferings with patience, is generally considered a man of great mind. These faculties, however, exercised independently of moral principles, make the noblest mind on earth a mere votary of sense and sin. They debase rather than ennoble and dignify the mind.

In order to be truly great, the objects of our desires must be just and good as well as great. Some of the noblest faculties of the human mind have been exerted in invading the rights, instead of promoting the interests, of mankind. The history of the world is the history of human guilt. Some of the most illustrious names, transmitted down to us, have been those of the most active and successful destroyers of their fellow-men. Alexander, the great Macedonian conqueror, is generally considered one of the greatest men that ever lived, for which reason he is honored with the title, The Great. Now we do not mean to say that he was not a great man, and that his exploits are not worthy the attention of all; but what would you say of a man that would use all the powers of his mind in carrying on a war against the nations, for the sole purpose of bringing them under the iron rod of his power, and who, when he had thus accomplished his object, would sit down and weep, because there were no more nations to conquer? Such a man was Alexander the Great. Julius Ceasar is another personage, who has been playing a conspicuous part in the world's

history. He was a gallant general, and a great conqueror. But he fought not for the people, but for himself. His aim was the highest political authority of his country. Thus he did injustice to himself and the interests of his fellow-citizens. He exercised authority merely for the gratification of his ambition; but vain is all human power that is not exercised for the general good. Julius Ceasar was assassinated by those whom he considered his best friends. Alas! so ends the career of the wicked.

Another very important characteristic of real greatness, is wisdom and prudence. It is an easy matter to form great projects, or, as the saying is, to build castles in the air; but to carry out such projects in the most suitable and appropriate manner, is a task which is, by no means, so easy. Not all that is called courage, fortitude, or patience, is an indication of a great mind; otherwise a rope-dancer might be a hero, or a man that spends all the days of his life, in the most unwearied application to the single purpose of accumulating wealth, a man of great understanding. But wisdom and prudence are the noblest gifts of God to man. As a demonstration of the fact, we can present no better example than that of the Father of our country. George Washington achieved our American freedom, not by the power of his forces, but by his wisdom. He was a true philanthropist. His constant aim was, not to destroy, but to save life. Whenever he apprehended danger, he rather retreated than wantonly jeopardized the lives of his gallant countrymen. Thus he stands infinitely above Napoleon Bonaparte, who, without regard for the lives and sufferings of his army, sought for victory! In spite of all his courage and gallantry, Napoleon, for want of wisdom and prudence, died the victim of his enemies, on the Isle of St. Helena. Thus ended the career of him who did great deeds, but exercised not wisdom and prudence.

Further, *our actions must be honorable as well as our achievements great.* If a person does things ever so extraordinary in their nature, overcomes the greatest difficulties, or braves the most formidable dangers, merely to make his name famous, we must at once perceive how much it detracts even from his name itself. Show me the man that has an extremely good opinion of himself and of all he does, and who consequently desires to be praised by every one, and I will show you a man that is despised, nay, perhaps the laughing stock of all. It lies in the very nature of man to despise such a disposition or character. No one desires always to be praised; for we all commit errors and make mistakes, and therefore our actions must praise them-

selves before they deserve to be praised by others. Hence we find that truly great minds are generally very indifferent as to the applause of the world. They strive for knowledge and influence, not merely to be honored, but to be useful. A man that carries out such principles, is worthy our utmost attention and respect. His life and character present a moral lesson, that may very properly and profitably be imitated by us.

Thus, then, we have noticed a few of the ingredients of a magnanimous character, which go to show, that man is naturally capable of great things; but, because his nature is fallen, he is inclined to abuse these noble faculties of the mind. Since, however, greatness of mind often appears entirely of worldly cast, the boldest pretensions are often made to it, by those who treat religion with neglect, and religious persons with disdain. Such persons are very apt to think, that a great mind could not stoop so low as to be directed by the simple and plain injunctions of the Gospel. We would however, respectfully remind such of their error. The greatest minds that England ever gave birth to, were the earnest patrons and humble defenders of the faith. Boyle, Locke, Sir Isaac Newton, and Addison, who are acknowledged as men of sound judgment and profound reasoning, spoke and wrote in favor of religion; nay, they were pious themselves. If then these men, who are far superior to Hume, Bolingbroke, Gibbon and others, in sound judgment, bow to the authority of Christ, why should not this then be an evidence, that religion may be combined with true greatness.

Religion is the very soul or life-giving power of all real greatness of mind. Nothing purifies our hearts and enlightens our minds more than a direct intercourse or communion with the Holy One. Natural greatness, however, is of a very dazzling appearance, ready to captivate the mind, and to make deep impressions especially upon the young. It will then be necessary to show that religion or piety gives a grandeur to the mind which nothing within the reach of human power can supply.—This may be denied by some, but it admits of demonstration. It is true, it may appear as if the requirements of the religion of Christ stood in direct opposition to the natural capacities of our minds. It requires the abasement and contrition of the sinner, the dependence and self-denial of the believer, and above all, the shame and reproach of the Cross. But, we humbly ask, can a man be truly great, as long as he is a vagabond or culprit,—or as long as he glories in doing wrong? And is it not necessary to be humble in order to be great? Since natural greatness is one of the noblest ornaments of our nature, we

affirm that it becomes complete only in religion. Every appearance of the one without the other, is not only defective, but false. This will become clear, if we briefly recapitulate and apply to religion the above mentioned ingredients of magnanimity, or greatness of mind.

Religion calls us to attempt the greatest and most noble acts, whether in a private or public point of view. We are called upon to resist and subdue every corrupt desire of the heart, however strong the indulgence is solicited by the tempting object, or recommended by the awful seducer. The importance and difficulty of this struggle appears, not only from the Holy scriptures, but from the experience and testimony of mankind in all ages. Surely, Solomon, in his Proverbs, said not without good reason, "He that is slow to anger, is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city." But why should we enlarge on this part of the subject? Every one has in his own heart, a witness that bears testimony to the fact. Few are successful in subduing their passions, which alone is a sufficient evidence of its greatness and difficulty. To know, to subdue, and to rule ourselves, is one of the most difficult lessons philosophy has ever attempted to teach, and this is one of the first principles or injunctions of religion. So far as the public influence of religion is concerned, every professor is called to live and act for the glory of God and the good of others. This is what religion asks at the hands of every Christian. Here he has as extensive a field of activity as he can possibly desire. He is indeed not permitted to build an altar to his own vanity; but to exert his talents, improve his time, and employ his substance for the general good, is not only his privilege, but his duty. All this he may do in the service of his Creator, even to the hazard of his life. All this, it is true, may appear of little consequence in the eyes of worldly minded men; but surely the man that is thus exercised, is possessed of a moral power, that may put the world to shame, with all its pretended greatness. To love, to bless, and to pray, are the forces which will even subdue the powers of hell.

Again, true goodness encounters dangers with resolution.—Had the world ever been able to present a more effectual means to deliver us from the fear of man than the fear of God? Experience has been abundantly shown that the servants of Christ have adhered to his cause, and made profession of his name, in opposition to all the terrors which infernal policy could present to them, and all the sufferings with which the most savage inhumanity could afflict them. And is there not frequent

opportunity, for christians, to encounter the reproach and derision of worldly minded men? If we come to consider how hard it is to bear the reproach and scorn, called in scripture, "The thirst of cruel mockings," Heb. 11, 36, there will appear to be no small measure of courage and heroism in him, who can calmly submit to it, rather than depart from his sacred duty. *This trial of the Christian may be continued through the whole period of his earthly career;* but his perseverance runs parallel to his continued trial. And this is what raises the struggle of piety above all other earthly struggles. In all worldly conflicts, the issue may be speedily expected, and the reward immediately bestowed; but in religion it is only, "he who shall endure to the end that shall be saved." And through all this continued trial of the Christian, he aspires after the greatest and most valuable possessions. He despises, indeed, the uncertain and unsatisfying enjoyments of time. He seeks not the enjoyments of sense, but of the soul. He, as a matter of course, enjoys the things of this world, as far as they are necessary for the preservation of his life, and the promotion of his happiness; but since his spirit, and not his body, is the ruling power with him, he turns to things from above and not to things from below, as his soul's desire. It is true, the means of this transitory world may often fail to satisfy Christians, for here he has no abiding city. He seeketh that which is to come. If this world fails him, he looks forward with the eye of faith, trusting in God. And who could bear sufferings and reproach with more patience and humble submission than such a man?

In fact, the greatness, resolution, courage and patience of the children of the living God, have always been puzzling to the wicked. That Christians sometimes went too far, both in doctrine and practice, will not be denied by any candid believer; but this proves nothing more, than that Christianity, as well as greatness of mind, and all other things that are good, may be abused. And let the disciples of Christ be ever so fanatical and superstitious, as long as they advocate gospel principles, they are useful citizens and members of society, calculated to promote the principles of honesty and patriotism. Christianity is not responsible for the figments of a delirious brain. It comes to us in the character of an established fact, that admits of any kind of investigation. Hence such persons as are too sensual to see its spiritual worth and dignity, are not to be taken as its true representatives.

Crystals sparkle more than ore, but are not worth so much.

'A DEPARTED SISTER.

BY MATTHIAS SHEELEIGH.

My heart be still,
Nor murmur at the ways of God;
With patience bear th' afflicting rod,
And bear his will.

'Twas meet, indeed,
That one by long affliction tried,
As gold by fire is purified,
Should now be freed.

My soul, know thou,
Thy Father kind in Heav'n above
Knows what is best, and rules in love:
Then humbly bow.

Sister, farewell:
Thou hast been taken from our sight,
With spirits in the world of light
And bliss to dwell.

No more thy eyes
Shall ours within our dwelling greet;
Thy smile we ne'er again shall meet
Below the skies.

We cherish yet
The words thy parting lisps bore:
"I go to live for evermore!"
We'll ne'er forget.

But hast thou left
Our stricken hearts alone to mourn?
Ah, no!—may not the blest return
To those bereft?

My Sister, dear,
The while I o'er my studies bend,
Dost thou not to my room descend,
My heart to cheer?

Yes, here thou art:
A holy influence I feel
Like spirit-breathings o'er me steal,
To calm my heart.

While sitting here
In loveliness, and grief, and tears,
Thy whispers seem to reach my ears,
My Sister dear.

From early youth,
Dear Sister, 'twas thy earnest pray'r
That God thy brother's life might spare,
To speak his truth.

Now that thou'rt gone
To mingle with the ever-blest,
Couldst thou thy brother leave to breast
The world alone?

Nay, Sister mine;
Thou oft my lovely side wilt seek,
And in thy sainted language speak
Of things divine.

Sister, where'er
Wisdom divine, in after life,
May lead me in this world of strife,
Thou wilt be near.

Thou oft wilt come
To soothe our Mother's heart of grief—
To bring our sisters sweet relief—
To point us home.

Each weeping friend,
And all who here enjoyed thy smile;
Thy presence still shall own, the while
They Heav'nward tend.

We'll not complain :
Thinking of thee, our every heart
Will seek the place where those who part
May meet again.

Sister above,
Thy Savior shall our Savior be,
And ours the hope that dwelt in thee,
Thy love our love.

As thou by faith
Didst bear the cross thy journey through,
So would we follow Jesus too,
Humbly, till death.

Thy grace be giv'n,
O Savior! that when here below
Our course shall end, we all may go
To dwell in Heav'n!

Theological Seminary, Gettysburg, Pa.

All is not over with earth's broken tie—
Where, where should sisters love, if not on high?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS FOR EARLY LIFE.

BY REV. S. H. REID.

The following suggestions were embodied in an address, delivered by the writer when a student, to his young Brethren and companions in study, connected with a Literary Society at one of our Colleges, at the close of one of its sessions. Thinking that they may be interesting and perhaps useful to the young readers of the Guardian, they are now presented accordingly:

MY YOUNG BRETHREN:—The occasion which brings us together, this evening, is one of deep interest and importance.—Not indeed, in view of anything of a *literary* character, which you may expect to hear, nor indeed from any thing of that kind, which your speaker is able or prepared to give. The intent of this occasion bases itself on a far firmer and graver ground, than that of simply endeavoring to gratify the mind with the presentation of a few well rounded periods—or the fanciful entertainment of the imagination, even were the subject of your choice capable of producing the necessary materials for such an entertainment.

We meet to-night on the broad ground of *friendship* and *familiarity*. We are well acquainted with each other's views on all interesting and important topics—perfectly familiar with each other's prospects—interested in each other's welfare, and ready to sympathise in each other's reverses and disappointments. It is but right and proper, therefore, that all our views on an occasion like this should have a practical tendency entirely—that whatever be said, should but arise out of the experience of one who differs from his audience only in this, that he is a *little older* in the same services of study and improvement in which they are now actively engaged.

This is a period, my friends, of *separation*. Our successive and laborious exercises in the capacity of students is about to close. Our respected Teachers and presiding officers will soon ratify our expected release. Soon will you be called upon to hang up for a while the weapons of debate and study generally, and yourselves be permitted to *retire* from the battle-field and renew your strength for another and laborious contest.

No time, therefore, is more appropriate for the indulgence of self-complacency or self-reproach than the present. No opportunity better fitted to draw a lesson from the past, than that which your present meeting affords. Here *diligence* may pride

herself in the well earned position and acquirements which her increasing energies have secured. Those who have been faithful and prompt in the discharge of their respective duties, can now contemplate the scenes of their recent labors, with a pleasure better felt than described. They can live over again in mind, the past and its pursuits, with this exception, however, that the *drudgery* of the work is forgotten amid the *delights* which its performance has produced. Those on the other, who have been indolent and inattentive to their duties and privileges, have little room for anything else than *self-reproach*. They have left but little impress upon the past. They have consequently but little with which to congratulate themselves at the present.—Still, however, this occasion affords even to *such* the favorable opportunity of redeeming lost time by forming new resolutions for diligence in *time to come*.

But this is not all. The Present does not wholly derive its interest from the events of the Past. Before us lies the *future*. The termination of a tedious session will soon bring about another change in our lives. The cup of social and individual enjoyment is about to receive another, and we trust a pleasurable ingredient. Already are the flowers and fruits of friendship and joyous life springing up in the field of anticipated vacation. While bodily fatigue, usually contracted by close application to study, admonishes us to seek relief in proper exercise, the smiles and expectations of doting parents invite us to their refreshing retreats. While long absence from home and its happiness begets within us a desire to depart, the cherished recollections of fond friends and early connections spread out their arms and bid us come.

What occasion therefore, can be more interesting to us than the present? How well adapted to the scene which lies before us? How suitable to the formation of any resolutions for the future—or the presentation of any suggestions which may lead to the proper improvement of the recess which is just before us, as well as all future life. Permit me, therefore, in accordance with the impressions just expressed and my own inclinations, to offer at this time some *practical suggestions* which have arisen in my mind, and which my experience and observation approve and confirm.

I offer it as a truth, which none I think can deny, that it is the first duty of every man, under any circumstances in life, to *take care of his health*. This suggestion to some, perhaps, may appear tame and trite,—it does not, however, so present itself to my mind. Health is happiness: And those of us who can-

not now believe this, will be cured of their unbelief, when once our health is beyond the reach of restoration. With good health life is easy, tranquil and pleasant—without this, misery makes up the number of our days. We have but to turn our attention to those whose portion is infirmity and disease, to form a just idea of the immeasurable value of constitutional health. How unenviable is the state of the dyspeptic invalid, who chooses to gratify his palate at the expense of his comfort and peace. The debauchee is not less to be pitied, who will exhaust the energies of his body in animal gratifications, until nature abased, refuses to act any longer her part, and leaves the fool to reap the reward of his folly. And any man who deliberately neglects the precautionary steps to the preservation of his bodily health, justly deserves the usual reward of suffering which follows.

This subject, then, claims our sincere and careful attention. The intimate relation existing between our mental and bodily functions absolutely *demand*s continued caution in this respect. Our minds are very materially affected by the state of outward pains. If the latter be in an unhealthy condition—the former will of course sympathise—and be more or less influenced by the same. It is impossible for you to maintain a vigorous, successful flow of thinking, in a pale, sickly, prostrate body. Nature is jealous of her laws. Over every deliberate violation thereof is suspended a proper and equitable penalty. You might as reasonably attempt to breathe, buried up in the bowels of the earth, as to think of sustaining the healthful exercise of your minds, when your bodies are fettered by disease.

Let us turn our attention, therefore, to this subject during our approaching absence from these Halls. Let exercise of body and restoration of strength occupy our first consideration. Beautify, once more, in your own native atmosphere, the faded cheek that has lost its hue. Invigorate again your drooping energies with an inspiration from your beloved hills. *Take care of the home you live in.*

Let it be our next object, during our brief absence from regular duty, to *preserve a course of conduct suited* to the character we bear as students, so that we may be able to play with honor our part in the various scenes in which we may be called on to participate. A little consideration cannot fail to convince us of the propriety and importance of such attention as this. Prudence in all other engagements in life, leads us to the observance of the requisite precautionary or preparatory steps. If it were your intention to traverse the burning and barren plains

of some lonely Desert, how carefully would you attend to the securing of the proper provisions and comforts for the same. If you determined to scale the rocky heights of your own western territories, *self-preservation* would direct you to every precaution against the invasions of the prowling savage or the wild beast of the woods. It is but an application of the same general principle, only under another form, that I now urge upon you. That same prudence which would direct you in a course of conduct just adverted to, should be adopted in every step we take in our outward life. For every movement we make in our occasional intercourse with men now, will tend materially to increase or diminish our influence among them, when we come to act in an official way. The people remember, and they act too, very much in accordance with first impressions.—Of course, they often thus misjudge, and form their opinions from wrong observations. We cannot change the order of nature in this respect; but *we can* adapt ourselves to it, as by the cultivation of good principles, the exercise of *prudence* and the maintenance of a good character in our intercourse with men, thus lay the foundation for the exercise of their future confidence in us and our services.

Much prejudice exists in the world towards students. Indeed this is so in regard to every noble and enterprising character, but especially towards the man who makes pretensions to higher literary attainments than those which a primary school affords. Generous talents and a fair state of mental cultivation are not unfrequently *denounced* as the sinful source of pride and arrogance. An educated man is but another name for vain, lazy fellow, or rogue; and often does the young man of good education, and the best of desires to use it aright, find himself looked upon with suspicion by the very men in his welfare to feel a deep interest. And frequently is he constrained to adopt the most condescending and humble tokens of attention and humility in order to disabuse the popular mind in this respect, and open up a sphere for usefulness and employment of his talent.

Of course, much of this prejudice arises from ignorance upon the part of those who possess it. The enlightened mind is liberal, and is better able to judge correctly in such cases. But while we make this concession, we, at the same time, must confess that the student, in his conduct in the world, and in his intercourse with his fellow men, contributes much to awaken and foster this very prejudice in the popular mind. There is so much vanity and self-conceit evinced—so many big words thrown out among plain, unlettered people—so many high

sounding phrases and abstract sentences—so little of the plain-sense English used in conversation, and so little of the simplicity of *real life* manifested, that our common-sense people are amazed. And having but one word in their language by which to name such conduct, they instantly pronounce the subject of it *proud*.

I, of course, deny that the tendency of high intellectual cultivation is to *vanity* and *self-conceit*. Those whose conduct evinces the control of such false influences as these are, had better examine clearly the depths of these professed attainments. *Little* knowledge makes men vain, but humility and manly simplicity is the inseparable companion of true wisdom. Literary *fops* and literary *dandies* are the men that do the mischief in the world, and so frequently bring upon the cause of education the curses of an ignorant, but *well-meaning* people. This is a leading cause of the prejudice referred to.

But let us flee these things. In all our intercourse with friends or strangers, let us ever exhibit the fruits of a better Philosophy. Think not that boldness or presumption are necessary to bring you into notice. Arrogance is an invariable obstruction to preferment, while modesty never yet wanted an admirer. If we are blessed with minds, let us give them our careful attention and labor, and they will develop themselves. And as it regards opportunities for their employment, don't be alarmed. He who has commanded us to sow, will in due time designate the field. Talents, when brought properly before the public observation, have never yet failed to attract attention or secure patronage. The foot of pride and jealousy may attempt to crush them; envy may strive to embarrass and retard their success, but these efforts, instead of achieving their mean purposes, will fall harmless at your feet. You will come out the purer for being tried. Your light will shine the brighter from the attempted efforts to obscure it.

Indeed, it is refreshing to reflect upon the modesty of true greatness. When we turn our attention to the great ones that have lived and now live, how striking are the traits of true character drawn. Here we find good sense, modesty and simplicity, urbanity, generosity, and indeed every feature in human life that is calculated to make us agreeable and useful. And are not these men at the same time, our most learned men? Are they not as much distinguished in the spheres of literature and art? And yet how free from cant and affectation, and how simple in their manners and habits, and how easily to be approached by all classes of society! Real merit is

always modest and retiring. "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

We should remember, in the next place, that our temporary cessations from regular duties are not designed *as mere opportunities for indolent pastime or inglorious ease*. This use of leisure moments may suit the habits and spirit of the idler and drone in duty, but it can find no favor with the youth who wishes to make a *man* of himself. As it is the hand of diligence that maketh rich, so is it the mind of energy and perseverance that becomes thoroughly expanded and disciplined. Herein is often the secret of one man's success over another of perhaps better natural abilities. Some men are always awake to their own improvement, and are always ready to turn every circumstance that occurs in the course of their experience to some good account. Like the bee, that is ever busy and extracts honey from even the poisonous flowers, so they, from events that are unpropitious, deduce profitable and useful lessons.

All knowledge may be said to be *compounded*. We learn from books and from observation upon the living world around us. Information of both kinds is essential to your becoming well informed and practical men; but the latter species of information in a greater degree than is generally supposed. We can't learn every thing in these Halls of science, and not unfrequently is the cloistered student, when called into active scenes of life, compelled to lament his deficiencies.

The external world is full of ideas, but like gold in the mine, it requires digging to secure them. There is a vein of good sense running through the mass of mankind who have perhaps never seen the inside of a literary institution, and the wise man will take advantage of this fact, and gather learning from *those who have none*.

It is said of Patrick Henry, that one chief source of his information consisted in the homespun thoughts and opinions of his illiterate neighbors. By a cunning peculiar to himself, he frequently excited such to the discussion of some important topic, while he, like the fox in the fable, crouched in some corner and gathered the material which he afterwards so wonderfully employed; and his success, I presume, will satisfy any mind in regard to the propriety of his course.

The same source of information lies before *us*. Our departure from this place will naturally introduce us into different portions of society, each portion distinguished for its own peculiar opinions. Let us mark the respective traits of character and sentiment which diversify every community. Let us seize

every solid thought, however homely its origin or form, and convert it to our own purposes. We must ever keep in mind, that wisdom does not always express herself in Greek and Latin. Many who tread the humble and private walks of life, can tell us some things we never thought of. And if we, in active life, do not wish to sit down in the useless seats of mere Theorists, let us *now* strive to make the best of our eyes and ears and gather all the useful information within our reach.

LEADING TO THE ALTAR.

Why is the expression leading to the altar applied to marriages? We have been present at a good many marriages, but never saw an altar. Either this expression never meant any thing, or else some change has come over marriage customs since it was used. The last of these is true.

A great change has in modern times overtaken the marriage ceremony. In ancient times marriages were celebrated in the Church, and before the altar, so that he who took a bride to wife, did literally lead her, leaning upon his arm, to the altar. At present there are few marriages so celebrated, and consequently the expression "leading to the altar," has either no sense at all, or only a figurative one.

The old custom of celebrating marriages in the Church is again coming into favor in some parts of the land. Whether this is occasioned by a desire after singularity, or whether it indicates a return from the looseness which has more and more prevailed for some time on this subject, we will not attempt to determine. Our opinion is that it is the latter. Modern practices have swung to an almost profane extreme. Marriages are at the present day mere pleasure parties, celebrated in places and under circumstances which allow of no solemnity; and in which the religious feature of the transaction amounts almost to a solemn mockery. It is commonly regarded as mere civil or social ceremony, rather than as a solemn, religious ordinance. There is, after all, too much religious sentiment and feeling in the community to endure this looseness in a comfortable way; and hence society begins to recoil at the growing evil.

That marriage ought to be a solemn, religious ordinance, cannot be doubted by any one who has any reverence for Divine institutions. It is an ordinance of God, and not of man. It

is an ordinance of the Church, and not of the State. It is God alone that allows it, and it is he alone that sanctions it. It is, moreover, solemn to those who engage in it, as binding for life, as involving many responsibilities, and as having a great influence for happiness or misery upon the life of those who take upon themselves its vows. It is natural, therefore, that persons of earnest and solemn respect for Divine ordinances should shrink from such irreverence, and desire that the time, place and circumstances, which witnessed the consummation of this holy matrimonial union in their case, should ever afterwards be sacredly associated in their minds.

If the ancient solemnity and religious character of this interesting ordinance cannot at once, or at all, be restored, we nevertheless protest against the spirit of modern lightness and irreverence in this matter. There is something delightful, pleasant and proper in the old-fashioned home-weddings. A wedding in the family! Beautiful idea. Parents, brothers, sisters, friends and neighbors all around. What a summer scene of joy; and yet there is a sabbatic sacredness, which, like an autumn sun, hallows the happy festivity, and casts a plaintive and hopeful smile upon it. It is a scene never to be forgotten, either by the family that remains in the homestead, or by the bride that leaves it. Long in after life will memory return to it, as a pilgrim, to his salem of peace, and bring back associations of youth and home.

In the family, too, there is, or there ought to be, an altar. When a marriage is celebrated in this "church in the house," that religious feature of which we have just spoken, is to a great extent retained. Have not, we would earnestly ask, the parents, brothers and sisters of the family to which the bride belongs, a right to ask that he who asks to receive her from their embraces should make the vow in their presence. This will have the effect of imposing upon him his obligations with double solemnity. Should he ever be tempted to forgetfulness of his vows, his memory of that family scene in the midst of which he received her, would bring them all as swift witnesses around him to reprove his unfaithfulness.

We venture the opinion that a return to the old home custom would have the effect of restoring to the marriage consummation many of the most delightful associations properly belonging to it, which are now almost entirely lost. In the case of pious families, at least, in which God has an altar, the phrase "leading to the altar," would regain, to some extent, its ancient and significant sense.

SCRIPTURE QUESTIONS.

For the younger members of those families who receive the Guardian.

Why is the first Book in the Bible called Genesis?

Why is the second Book in the Bible called Exodus?

Why is the third Book of the Bible called Leviticus?

Why is the fourth Book of the Bible called Numbers?

Why is the fifth Book of the Bible called Deuteronomy?

How many years was it from the creation to the flood?

How old was Abraham's grand-father?—and who was he?

Where do we read that Abraham's fore-fathers were Idolaters?

How old was Isaac when his father Abraham died?

How old was Isaac when his mother Sarah died?

How old was Ishmael when he and Isaac buried their father?

How much older was Ishmael than Isaac when they buried their father.

How long had Ishmael been dead when Isaac died?

A TRUE MAN.

Who is he? One who will not swerve from the path of duty to gain a mine of wealth or a world of honors. He respects the feelings of all, the rich and the poor, the high and the humble. He is as careful not to speak an unkind or a harsh word to his servant as to his lord. He is as attentive to the wants of a slave as to a prince. Wherever you meet him he is the same kind, accommodating, unobtrusive, humble individual. In him are embodied the elements of pure religion. No step is taken which the law of God condemns—no word is spoken which pains the ear of man. Be you like him: then you will be prepared to live or die, to serve God on earth or in Heaven.

TIME.—It treads more softly than e'er did midnight thief, that slides his hand under the miser's pillow and carries off his prize.

It is not so much *our* judgment as *right* judgment which ought to direct us.

TO YOUNG LADIES.

We cannot refrain from expressing our hearty thanks to those young Ladies who have interested themselves so kindly in the Guardian. Our circulation has been much increased through their kindness. This is a way of doing good which very appropriately falls within their sphere. We shall not forget that our Magazine is in part devoted to their interests, and it will be our pleasure to make it interesting and useful to them. We will be thankful for their continued aid, and shall always be glad to have signs of their approbation in the shape of a list of new subscribers. Will not some Lady, who reads this, send us *five* new subscribers and thereby secure a copy *gratis* for her Pastor, or for her Pastor's wife?

A GOOD IDEA.

We have in several instances received orders from Parents to send the Guardian to their sons who were away from home; and also several instances where friends subscribed for their absent friends. This strikes us as a good idea. Parents, send us on the names of your absent children; for the small sum of \$1, you may thus send them a lasting blessing. Each No. will remind them of the interest felt for them at home; and we trust the contents will always speak for "that which is of good report."

BOOK TABLE.

A DISCOURSE DELIVERED ON THANKSGIVING DAY, in the Church of Cedar Grove, Dec. 12, 1851. By Rev. John Leaman, M. D.

An excellent Discourse. The proposition that, *The prosperity and happiness of a nation are in proportion to the purity and spirituality of her Church*, is clearly established, and well illustrated. How much more are we indebted for our peace, as a nation, to the dissemination of such sentiments as this discourse contains, than to the vain babble of hundreds of political demagogues. Let the world say what it will, it is, after all, Heaven that rules the earth,—and the influences which come from thence are its safety, its life, its beauty.

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[NO. 4.]

FORTUNE TELLERS.

ANOTHER CHAPTER ON THE BLACK ARTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Having paid our respects to scientific Witches and Wizzards, who labor by conjurations to cure diseases and assist lottery gamblers, we must turn for a moment to those who propose to benefit the world by fortune-telling. "Wo unto him that plucks the wizzard beard of hoary error!" So prophesied the celebrated Wirt; and we expect to experience the truth of it, by waking up the ire of a score of dark-featured old ladies, who beyond all doubt "know something:" One of these we are told read our last article, but did not "think much of it!" They will, however, look upon us with due gratitude when they see that we here give a history of their progenitors throughout all their generations from the beginning. If they were not anciently held in as great respect, especially in the Bible, as might be desired, they will not blame us for it; a faithful historian must not change facts, and hence as it hath been, so we relate it. They tell what is future, we tell what is past.

Be it known to you, then, O ye venerable old ladies of the mysterious wisdom, that those of your craft anciently watched the appearance of the stars, and the general movements of the heavens. Then they were called "star-gazers, and monthly prognosticators." Is. 47, 13. They pretended to tell, by the knowledge thus derived, whether good or evil awaited kings, kingdoms and men. This art was called Astrology and seems to have flourished first in Chaldea and Babylon. Here the heavenly bodies were worshipped, and hence the appearance of the heavens were naturally supposed to indicate the favor or the displeasure of the deities. These appearances the astrologers professed to read and interpret. In Daniel they are found among magicians and sorcerers interpreting dreams. These black arts run together, and as any one who pretended to any

of them, professed to be wise above the rest of mankind, he was of course ready to try his arts on any matter presented to him. Hence in Daniel the same persons who interpreted dreams, by reading the signs in the heavens, were also called in to tell the fearful and mysterious hand-writing upon the wall of Belshazzar's palace. This art of Astrology in later times also pretended to tell the fortunes of persons by the particular position of stars at the time of their birth. That God was displeased with these star-gazing fortune-tellers is evident. Is. 47, 13. Jer. 10, 2.

There is another class of fortune-tellers of ancient date.— They used auguries or omens; and pretended to foretell future events by some phenomena of earth. They had their lucky and unlucky days, and hence they were called “observers of times.” Deut. 18, 10. The forks of the roads was considered the best place for this business. Arrows, images, the entrails and livers of animals and birds were used, and from these fortunes and misfortunes were devined with all the pomp and seriousness imaginable. See Ezek. 21. 21, 22, where you will find an important personage engaged in this business. Another mode, as wickedly practiced even by God's chosen people, is referred to in Hosea, 4. 12, 13, 14. There it may also be seen in what estimation those were held of God who resorted to these things. The flight and chattering of birds was also used in this kind of divination. This was common among the Heathen. See also Deut. 18. 10—12, especially the German translation. These ancient fortune-tellers also watched the shape and movements of the clouds, the sediment in cups, the trembling of water, the lines in the hands, and the glow and shades of coals in the fire. The reader, who is in the least acquainted with the modern quackery of these arts, will easily discover that some of these practices are still in honor. As, however, this 19th century is peculiarly celebrated for its great light, this art is now brought to perfection by the shuffling of a pack of cards! Of this great addition to the science, the ignorant heathen of course knew nothing; for this the world is indebted to later and more civilized times! O Science, art not thou always the handmaid of civilization! What may we not expect in this line, when that august Wizzard of Philadelphia has once endowed his “astrological college!”

The scriptures solemnly condemn, as sinful, not only fortune-tellers, but also those who consult them. It is just as wicked now as it was in old times. It is wicked to consult them, because it is a tacit acknowledgment that these persons do know

the future; which God alone can know, and those to whom He will reveal it. But who will pretend that God reveals his will in relation to the future to these god-less creatures, to be dispensed for money! By pretending to know the future these persons put themselves in the place of God, and thus those who pay respect to them become idolators. For this reason it is called in scripture, defilement or spiritual adultery,—which is, in the scripture sense of those terms, idolatry. A jealous God will not thus suffer his honor to be prostituted for money, and to satisfy an idle and vain curiosity; nor will he hold them guiltless who in this way caricature true prophesy.

Persons who believe in the least in such things will act with some reference to these predictions, and thus they virtually deny the providence of God, and renounce an implicit trust in His directing care. This is practical Atheism. Agreeably to what we might expect, these fortune-tellers are generally of a low, ignorant and wicked character; and often very vicious and profane. It is therefore not incredible that they may be in some way aided by an evil spirit in deceiving people, so as to increase that credit, in order thus to bring greater reproach upon God's providence, and upon the spirit of true prophesy. This is a business not too mean even for Satan to engage in. It is evidently not from God, but belongs to the unfruitful works of darkness, with which the people of God are to have no fellowship. No enlightened and tender christians will think of resorting to these human idols. The thought of it will shock their moral sense, and they will feel it to be blasphemous. To the christian the future is recorded in promises, and those who trust in God and serve him, are sure of a fortunate and smiling future. Let those who wish their fortunes told look into God's word, and read their own characters in its light. It tells the future fortunes both of saints and sinners—and tells them truly.

OH, WEEP NOT FOR THE DEAD.

Oh, weep not for the dead !
 Rather, oh rather give the tear
 To those who darkly linger here,
 When all beside are fled.
 Weep for the spirit withering
 In its cold cheerless sorrowing,
 Weep for the young and lovely one
 That ruin darkly revels on ;
 But never be a tear-drop shed
 For them, the pure enfranchised dead.

Oh, weep not for the dead !
 No more for them the blighting chill,
 The thousand shades of earthly ill,
 The thousand thorns we tread ;
 Weep for the life-charm early flown,
 The spirit broken, bleeding, lone ;
 Weep for the death-pangs of the heart,
 Ere being from the bosom part ;
 But never be a tear-drop given
 To those that rest in yon blue heaven.

MARY AND MARTHA.

MONDAY MORNING REFLECTIONS ON LUKE 10: 38—42.

Our Savior, on a certain occasion, entered a certain village, called Bethany, near Jerusalem. In this village a certain woman named Martha received him into her house. Martha had a sister living with her named Mary.

Jesus, as soon as he entered the house, commenced his great work; i. e. preaching the Gospel—instructing the ignorant in things pertaining to the kingdom of God. This was a work in which he delighted. It was his meat and drink. It was the element in which he lived and moved. This work occupied his time and attention whilst he sojourned on earth. It was his delight to preach glad tidings to the poor and needy, the fatherless and the widow; to dry up the mourner's tears; to pour the oil of consolation into the souls of the distressed; to bind up the broken hearted, and to heal the sick and sorely afflicted.

The disciples of the Savior, and especially ministers of the Gospel, ought to imitate the example of their Lord and Master in this respect. When they enter a house, they should do it in the "fullness of the blessings of the Gospel of peace."—They should preach the gospel from house to house. They should embrace every suitable opportunity which presents itself to do good, to recommend the religion of Christ, and to speak a word in honor of their master. What an immense amount of good might thus be accomplished! How many souls might they be instrumental in saving! If all who name Christ—private members of the church as well as ministers—lived as they ought to live, and were as faithful to God and the souls of men as they ought to be, they would use every suitable occasion, and embrace every opportunity to bring men to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. A word of solemn warning, or dignified and affectionate reproof, uttered at the proper time, will often be brought home to the hearts and consciences of the thoughtless and careless with tremendous power.

Whilst the Savior was thus engaged in giving lessons of heavenly wisdom in the house of Martha, Mary sat at his feet and listened. She caught with eagerness and avidity every word as it fell from his lips, ready to exclaim, no doubt: "Never man spake like this man."

The truths he uttered here—were to her consoling and precious truths—truths which she felt to be all important. They made,

no doubt, an impression, not a transient but a deep and abiding impression on her heart.

The manner in which she listened demands notice. She sat at his feet. This denotes humility. In humility she listened to the word which was able to make her wise unto salvation.—The humble, the modest and sincere enquirer after truth will always have his desires gratified. Those who go in humility to Jesus to learn of him, will not be sent away. He will impart to them that knowledge after which they seek. But those who go to him puffed up with spiritual pride, swelled with a conceit of their own importance, and imagining that they have overmuch knowledge, will receive no notice or countenance from him, they will be sent empty away.

How many are there like Mary now? How many imitate her example? How many are there amongst the female readers of the Guardian who sit at the feet of Jesus, that earnestly desire, and seek after that wisdom which he alone can give. Is it not too often the case that even females search for wisdom any where and every where else than at the feet, and from the lips, of the son of God? Is it not too often the case that they will rather pore over some miserable tale, and peruse some of the trashy and soul-polluting productions of the day, than search the Scripture in order to learn lessons of wisdom, and there obtain a knowledge of him whom to know aright is life eternal.

Martha, however, instead of attending to weightier matters, was cumbered with much serving. She was, no doubt, busily engaged in preparing a sumptuous entertainment for her divine guest, as if he were an epicure, and cared more about the meat that perishes, than doing his Father's will. She seemed indignant because her Sister Mary did not assist her. "Lord," says she, "dost thou not care that my Sister hath left me to serve alone?" "Bid her therefore, that she help me."

Listen to the cutting, and yet affectionate rebuke which the Savior administered to her. "Martha—Martha, thou art troubled and careful about many things, but one thing is needful; and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her."

In the case of Martha we have an example of many female heads of households now. They are cumbered with so much serving, so busily engaged in attending to the affairs of the household, so immersed in family cares, that they have no time to attend to weightier matters. They will frequently absent themselves from the sanctuary, even on the Sabbath, in order that they may prepare a good dinner for their expected guests, so

that their reputation as good cooks and hospitable house-wives may not be brought into discredit. They would not lose their credit as good cooks for the world; they would not have their name as good house-keepers tarnished for any consideration—but seem to care little about the neglect of sanctuary privileges, too little about the interests of the soul.

And may not the rebuke which the Savior administered to Martha come with equal force to many of us? Is it not the sin of us all to be careful and troubled about things of minor importance, whilst the “one thing needful” is neglected. The cares of this life too often swallow up all care—all concern for our well-being hereafter. The interests of the body are too much attended to—the body is pampered and all its wants supplied, whilst the soul is forgotten, its interests and wants not attended to—yea it is even starved to death.

Ought these things so to be? Is it wise—is it acting the part of rational creatures to bestow all our care upon the body that must perish, and neglect the soul that must live forever—and live in eternal happiness or in endless woe?

“But one thing is needful.” What is this “one thing needful!” To be in Christ—to have him formed within us the hope of glory—to be covered with his righteousness, and changed, in the whole person, into his image.

It seems that only one thing is necessary, truly and essentially necessary. In comparison with this, all the interests of the body—all that can please its taste—all that can gratify its senses—all the objects and interests of time are as nothing, and worse than nothing. If we have this, this one thing needful, we are rich, richer by far than Cræsus with all his gold—rich, not as regards the possession of earthly treasure, but rich in faith, in hope; rich in all the blessings which the religion of Jesus can impart in this life, and in the title which we have to all the glories and blessings of Heaven. If we have this we have everything worth possessing: everything valuable and precious; the pearl of great price. If we have this, we have that which is more precious than rubies; more precious than silver tried in the fire; yea, than fine gold. If we have this, we have that which will confer a greater honor and dignity than all the crowns of kings. If we have this, we have that good part which shall never be taken away. Riches may take wings and flee away; earthly joys and pleasures may soon vanish; earthly honors may soon perish; earthly crowns may soon wither and fade, and earthly friends may soon forsake us.—But if we have the “one thing needful,”—if we have an interest in Christ

—if we can truly say he is ours and we are his, we have that which neither calamities, nor enemies, nor earth, nor hell, nor death and the grave can ever take away.

Destitute of this “one thing needful,” it matters not what else we may possess, we are “poor and blind, and wretched and naked.” If destitute of this, we have lived in vain; we have not subserved the purpose for which God created us. In vain with regard to us, did God fill the earth with every thing calculated to gratify the senses, please the eye, delight the taste, and charm the ear, with objects intended to excite and call forth within our breasts sentiments of devout gratitude to their author and creator. In vain with regard to us did he stretch out the blue arch above us as a curtain, and dress it with innumerable stars that glitter in the night, for they excite within us no true admiration for the wisdom and power of the Almighty.—Destitute of this, in vain with regard to us did Christ die—in vain were his incarnation, his poverty, his reproach, his bloody sweat, and dying groans and agonies.

Reader, have you this “one thing needful,” that good part which Mary chose, and which shall never be taken away? If you have, you are rich though you may be destitute of all the comforts of life. But if you have not, you are poor, miserably poor, though you may have an abundance of this world’s goods. If you are destitute of this pearl of great price, you have nothing to bear you up and support you in sufferings, in afflictions and calamities, and nothing to cheer and console you in a dying hour.

LOVETTSVILLE, Va.

G. H. M.

What a lovely grace is Modesty! It is difficult to describe it, but easy to admire it where it exists. The best advice we can give in regard to it is, that the reader call to mind that one among his acquaintances who possesses this grace in the most eminent degree, and then try to imitate that example. It is something to be studied in its living exhibitions. A certain one describes it thus: Modesty is sometimes used to denote humility, and sometimes to express chastity. The Greek word *Kosmios*, in Latin, *modestus*, signifies *neat* or *clean*. Modesty, therefore, consists in purity of sentiment and manners; inclining us to abhor the least appearance of vice and indecency, and to fear doing anything which will incur censure. An excess of modesty may be called bashfulness, and the want of it impertinence.

DANGERS OF YOUTH.

"Earth's cup
 Is poisoned; her renown most infamous;
 Her gold, seem as it may, is really dust;
 Her titles, slanderous names; her praise, reproach;
 Her strength, an idiot's boast; her wisdom, blind;
 Her gain, eternal loss; her hopes, a dream;
 Her love,—her friendship, enmity with God;
 Her promises, a lie; her smiles, a harlot's;
 Her beauty, paint, and rotten within; her pleasure,
 Deadly assassins masked; her laughter, grief;
 Her breasts, the sting of death; her total sum,—
 Her all, most utter vanity; and all
 Her lovers, mad—insane most grievously;
 And most insane, because *they know it not.*"

We come now to consider the *outward* dangers of youth, having in a previous article dwelt upon those dangers which lie concealed within his own nature. The latter are the ground of the former; for if our nature were free from evil, we would have no sympathy with the wickedness of the outward world, and would use efficient means to overcome it. But we are under the dominion of sin, and at this period of life especially are we exposed to the curse of that dominion. Youth is a precious and dangerous period; habits are to be formed, principles adopted, and society chosen. Urged by the force of passion just unfolding, flattered by hope, ruled by interests magnified, exposed to the temptations of the thoughtless and dissipated, without experience to caution, or judgment to decide and direct; allured by the evil which lurks beneath the gay blandishments of society unsanctified, having access to the flimsy and vicious literature of the day, which while it pleases by its unnatural brilliancy, wit and novelty, agitates the heart, disorders the imagination, and draws the mind from the real and useful. These are some of the *outward* dangers of youth: they are so manifold that time will permit us to give them but a cursory and general review. We shall mention only the most prominent. The dangers arising from *bad company*.

Youth is the period of life in which the will lays hold upon the world, and chooses for better or for worse; objects of every variety and trait present themselves. At this age we enter society and take our position, as a component part of the social compact. Hence companions are chosen from two widely different classes—the good or the bad; and the safety and happi-

ness of youth depend upon this choice. His character will be moulded by the associations he forms; his influence in life, the direction of his unfolding energies, his subserving the purposes of his existence, and his destiny here and hereafter, will depend upon the bearing of those with whom he holds intimate intercourse; for our company exerts either a good or bad influence over us. Good company is a blessing; bad company, a *curse*, to the young. All the young are exposed to bad society. The world is flooded with wicked companions; and while on the one hand, youth are naturally inclined to evil, and averse to good; on the other, the unholy elements of society are concealed from them until tempted, deceived, and the hopeless victims of the destroyer. Here is the great danger of bad company: the young are *not aware* of the ruin involved in vitiated companionship, until too late alas! they discover themselves the slavish subjects of that ruin, and so closely welded to their associates as to preclude the possibility of a separation,—until character is lost, energies paralyzed, vicious habits formed, sensibilities blunted, conscience seared, passions created and fortified, hopes blighted, and ghastly destruction fearfully grinning in their face. Could the young but foresee the sad consequences of association with desperate companions ere they select them, they would doubtless flee with shuddering horror from them, as Lot did from the city devoted to destruction. But alas! such, in too many instances, is not the case.

But what is bad company? Who are dangerous associates in society? We must not think that every one who is well dressed, and is able to act with propriety in the social circle, a good companion; the most consummate blackguards and hypocrites that impose upon the world are encased in black cloth, and possess the most engaging manners: they conceal the abominations of their character from the eye of the world by a show of gentility and fashionable refinement. Outward appearance and ability to grace a parlor with marked obedience to the laws of etiquette are, therefore, no satisfactory evidence of profitable companionship. Neither are you to judge good company by the amount of wealth it may possess. Often the pocket is full of gold while the heart is burdened with debauchery and vice of every hue and magnitude. Neither are you to measure good society by the honor that may be heaped upon it, or by the influence it may exert upon the world. Often the *hearts* of those whose *heads* are crowned with the world's empty applause are blackened with the most unholy lusts and destitute of a single ennobling trait. How are you then to determine who are good

and profitable companions? By a rigid examination of the heart and history of those whom you choose for companions. Seek to know their *soul*—the sentiments, sympathies, motives and desires which flow from it: Examine the general tenor of their lives and the companions with whom they mingle. If these correspond with the truth and spirit of the Bible, and are adapted to the purposes and ends involved in your existence, you may be assured they will, in your associations with them, be a blessing to you. Opposed to such are the gay, thoughtless and dissipated,—those who live in the world of mere sense, and are strangers to the nobler interests of mind and spirit. A mind that feels no interest in the future,—a heart absorbed in sensual gratification,—a life borne upon the billows of passion, will make a dangerous impress upon your spirit and character. Such live only for the *outward present*,—the physical world, without reference to the future and the eternal: they should be avoided: flee from it, lest it fascinate you, and by false charms blind your eyes, and cause your affections to float upon a bubble that explodes by the slightest breeze. Such company are void of moral or mental stamina; frivolty and puerility of thought and affection are stamped upon every lineament of their souls. They will draw you into ruin, undermine your character, vitiate your sentiments, and hurl you into the vortex of misery. Though they may be clothed in splendid regalia, and their actions bear the impress of polished life; though wealth may cast her dazzling splendor around them, and honor may sit perched upon their brow. Yet, be assured, these are but efficient appendages to their character to work out your ruin with certainty. They are but the variegated colors with which the demon-serpent successfully coils around you and strikes the deadly fang to your heart, infuses your spirit with its poison, and causes you finally to expire before its hissing exultation. Oh, how many noble youths have fallen beneath the sway of such company to rise no more! Under such influence they soon become hardened in their servile career of folly, put on an artificial character, and thus abuse the noblest attributes of their nature. And what sacrifice is thus made at the shrine of dissipation?—A good name, a pure heart, a noble soul, and a high and glorious destiny!

The evil tendency of vicious company is to distort the interests of life, to throw a dark and flowery veil over its dangers, sorrows and responsibilities, and to disorder the functions of sensibility, causing existence to expand in the green verdure of romance and sense, removing from the cheek the blush of mod-

esty, and placing in its stead the blackening scowl of despair; until they become ultimately the victims of self-abandonment, and end their career in an ignominious grave and an awful eternity.

Amid the struggling urgencies of life and duty no object perhaps demands our pity and aid more than a youth under the galling dominion of perverted society,—the devotee to all that is unholy and disgusting. A corrupted youth! What an object of sympathy! What a field for the efforts of the christian and philanthropist! Like the ivied walls of a once noble but now ruined edifice, he stands before you,—a picture of wo and wretchedness. His bosom has become the banquetting house of wantonness. It is now desolate; the bat holds converse with the owl there; serpents entwine their horrid forms around the withered branches of affection: the fountains of purity and virtue are extinguished; loveliness is clothed in the habiliments of corruption; the shades of social extermination fall upon his soul: the ulcers of death are rooted in his heart: the foundations of that noble structure begin to totter, while the rank weeds of a disordered imagination,—of a vitiated appetite, rise round and above only to hide its utter ruin, like the ruined castle, where the brave knight once reigned, and the minstrel tuned his lyre and sung the victory of honors now forgotten;—where stately trees, now mouldered into dust, once raised their tops towards heaven;—where now the nettle rears its head,—the loose bramble waves to the wind;—where the inhabitants of desolation pass to and fro on dusky wing, and the loathsome toad and adder creep in among its shattered fragments. What a picture of fallen, ruined youth! Brought to wo by the curse of bad company, and left in the hour of want by them to muse over the faded loveliness of departed days.

Ask the young man, whose chosen companions have thus thrown over his soul the mantle of ruin, what is the chief pang that rankles in his bosom—what the chief desire that yet clings to his murdered soul? He tells you the first is the conscious guilt of abused life and blessings; and the second is the opportunity of beginning life again with the same prospects and blessings that he had at first, of chosing his companions and selecting his means of living. But alas! when the rosy winged hours of youth are once spent they can never be recalled; when the golden opportunities and blessings of early life are once abused and sacrificed they never again smile upon us. They are gone forever! And alas! young man, if you have come to the end of your youthful days they can never be improved:

they have passed as the vapor; they are recorded in eternity; they have reported of you to the Judge, and that report will be read before an assembled universe in the great day of accounts. Your house is now left desolate; those who once fondled upon you, and aided in your destruction, have now forsaken you in the hour of trial; they with the God, whose mercies you have abused, "laugh at your calamity, when your fear cometh as a desolation."

What a sad spectacle for the pitying eye of sympathy to gaze upon is that youth, a victim to the world's deceptions and the heart's lust! Perhaps confined within the prison cell, for deeds of horror, left there in dreadful solitude to brood over a painful past, responding with plaintive cries of wo to the harsh gratings of the prison door upon its hinges; while grinning infamy stares him full in the face; while the keen lashes of disgrace twine around his bleeding heart, and the curse of heaven falls in fiery beams upon his guilty head. Oh! what a state for one yet in the flowering season of life! And yet how often are we compelled to gaze upon it; how many youth are brought to it by bad company! Who can describe or realize the state of such an abandoned and ruined youth? He sits in his cell with his clanging chains around him, a picture of wo, forsaken by earth and heaven: scorn points her finger of mockery at him; the shafts of malice and ignominy are aimed at his broken heart, while the penitentiary opens her doors to receive him, or the gibbet throws out her rope to launch him in a world of fearful retribution, and all around him you hear nothing but—

"The dismal clank of chains; the hoarse rough shout
Of dissonant Imprecation; and the cry
Of misery and vice, in fearful din
Impetuous mingled; while his frightened mind
Shrinks back in horror! while the scalding tears
Involuntary starting, furrow down
His sickly cheeks; and whirling thoughts confus'd,
For giddy moments, scarce allows to know
Or where, or who, or what a wretch he is!
Ah what a wretch he is! how sunk, how fallen,
From that high state of bliss, into what wo!
Fallen from the topmost bough, that plays in air,
E'en of the tallest cedar; where aloft
Proud happiness her towering eyrie built."

INFIDELITY.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF ITS TACTICS.

Prominent among the peculiarities of our age, are the movements of Infidelity. Partaking of the restlessness of the times, it seems bent upon *excelling* in activity and cunning. Though sly as the fox, and slippery as the serpent, and like both loving to pursue its rapacious roamings in the dark, or under concealment, it has not entirely succeeded. Its deeply laid plans have been detected, and exposed. And yet it is but little known by the majority of those whose ruin is its aim. Many are not willing to recognize it, even when it is pointed out to them. Its smiling countenance, and friendly words, and touching pleas for human rights against inhuman wrongs, completely captivate the listening unwary multitude. Even among the more thoughtful and upright, not a few are decoyed by it into the snares of scepticism at least. How strange that they should forget, that we live in an age of sugar-coated pills, and ratsbane lozenges!

Without assuming that the readers of the Guardian are in special need of warning upon this subject, it may nevertheless be profitable, to devote a few brief articles, to the statement of such facts concerning Infidelity, as may be deemed interesting and instructive. I will begin with an historical sketch of the tactics employed by this enemy to Christianity, at different periods, for the purpose of effecting its rapacious object; merely premising that under the term Infidelity, I include all the various forms of disbelief of Religion in general, and the Christian Religion in particular. I shall also assume that it is one of the chief instrumentalities of the father of lies, in his unwearied and relentless opposition to the Redeemer's Kingdom, and that therefore all its plans and operations, are to be referred to him as their source, and to be regarded as really his own.

Historically considered the movements and tactics of Infidelity, down to our own age, exhibit *four general schemes*. First we have two under the cover of Heathenism. Then two under the cover of Christianity itself. A fifth scheme, the production of the Infidelity of the present age, is only now beginning to develope itself, and does not therefore belong to history.

Christianity was ushered into the world just as the various reigning forms of Heathenism were falling into utter irreligion. Infidelity can hardly be said to have existed previously. For although the various schools of Heathen philosophy, from that

of Anaximander (610 B. C.) onward, set forth systems which favored scepticism, and atheistic materialism, they are not fairly chargeable with attempts to destroy all religious sentiments in the minds of men. Their aim was rather to elevate, and purify the low and gross forms of heathenish superstition, by which the masses were enthralled. The state of things was different however at the commencement of the christian era. Disgusted with the low superstitions of their so-called Religions, or despairing of finding in them those comforts which alone can satisfy man's spiritual wants, a growing disbelief and denial of all religion had begun to show itself among all classes of people.

Thus Christianity was brought into conflict with heathenism under two forms. Those who still clung to the old religions with a superstitious reverence and love, (which cannot but claim our admiration in contrast with the shallow heartlessness of surrounding infidelity,) arrayed themselves in hostility against the christian religion, as a system manifestly adverse to their's, and designing its final overthrow. Their infidel neighbors and brethren on the other hand, would oppose and hate Christianity, as a living refutation of their Infidelity and irreligion. And this opposition would naturally be the more bitter, in proportion to the force and success of the claims urged in favor of the new Religion.

But how shall this opposition effect its object? Hardly was this question asked, until a way of making an effectual display of the hatred felt, offered itself. Paganism knew of but one sure way of maintaining itself, and silencing opposition, and that was by *brute force*. It was therefore predisposed to answer the appeals, of the first advocates and friends of the Christian Religion, by the bloody arguments of the sword. Infidelity partook of this cruel spirit in an eminent degree—for cruelty is the very essence of its being. Availing itself therefore of the means thus at hand, it hissed enraged and fanatical heathenism, upon the feeble flock of Christ, and joining heartily in the carnage, hoped with one fell swoop to extirpate religion from the earth. Having, in imagination at least, demolished all other forms of piety, when the christian system appeared, it said, "come let us slay it, and the inheritance shall be ours."

Time and space will of course not allow me, to present even a hasty sketch, of those ten fierce and fiery persecutions, by which the enemies of the christian religion, sought to destroy it, during the first three centuries of its existence. But you have often heard or read of them. I do not say now that they *originated exclusively* in the Infidelity of the times, or that infideli-

ty was the reigning spirit of them. The sincere friends of Paganism engaged voluntarily and heartily in these bloody dramas. But the careful student of history can readily discern the inciting voice and cruel hand of Infidelity, in all that was done. Infidelity urged on those persecutions, did all in its power to inflame the passions, and embitter the hatred of those engaged in them, and ever seized the sabre, when drunk and drowsy with blood, and brandished it with fresh and more destructive energy.

This was the first epoch in the history of the means systematically employed, by Infidel irreligion, for the overthrow of truth. Of its failure I need not speak. The enemy soon discovered that the life of christianity was more vigorous, and lay deeper, than that it could be reached and destroyed by fire or sword, or devouring wild beasts let loose upon it. The more they trampled down the garden of the Lord, the richer and sweeter was the fragrance it shed around. The more closely they pruned the vine, the more abundant and rich were the clusters which it bore. Dismayed at these mysterious results, the enemy at length desisted, until some other and more efficient means should be devised. And so ended Satan's attempt to overpower the Infant Church, by turning the cruel forces of Infidel Paganism upon it.

We shall see what followed next, in a future number of the Guardian. B.

THE WORDS OF THE WISE.

Young readers listen to the venerable Dr. NOTT!

"I have been young, and am now old; and in review of the past, and the prospect of the future, I declare unto you, beloved pupils, were it permitted me to live my life over again, I would by the help of God, from the very outset, live better.— Yes, from the outset I would frown upon vice; I would favor virtue; and lend my influence to advance whatever would exalt and adorn human nature, alleviate human misery, and contribute to render the world I live in, like the Heaven to which I aspire, the abode of innocence and felicity. Yes, though I were to exist no longer than the ephemera that sport away their hour in the sunbeams of the morning; even during that brief period I would rather soar with the eagle, and leave the record of my flight and my fall among the stars, than creep the earth and lick the dust with the reptile, and, having done so, bed my body with my memory in the gutter."

Selected Poetry.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

WHEN cold in the earth lies the friend thou hast loved,
 Be his faults and his follies forgot by thee then ;
 Or, if from their slumber the veil be remove'd,
 Weep o'er them in silence and close it again.
 And oh ! if 'tis pain to remember how far
 From the pathway of light he was tempted to roam,
 Be it bliss to remember that thou wert the star
 That arose on his darkness and guided him home.

"EARLY TO BED AND EARLY TO
RISE."

"Early to bed and early to rise,"
 Aye ! note it down in your brain,
 For it helpeth to make the foolish wise,
 And uproots the weeds of pain.
 Ye who are walking on thorns of care,
 Who sigh for a softer bower,
 Try what can be done in the morning sun,
 And makes use of the early hour.
 Full many a day forever is lost
 By delaying its work till to-morrow,
 The minutes of sloth have often cost
 Long years of bootless sorrow.
 And ye who would win the lasting wealth
 Of content and peaceful power ;
 Ye who would couple labor and health,
 Must begin at the early hour.
 We make bold promises to time,
 Yet, Alas ! too often break them,
 We mock at the wings of the King of kings,
 And think we can overtake them.
 But why loiter away the prime of the day,
 Knowing that clouds may lower,
 Is it not safer to make life's hay,
 In the beam of the early hour ?
 Nature herself e'er shows her best
 Of gems to the gaze of the lark,
 When the spangles of light on earth's
 green breast
 Put out the stars of the dark.
 If we love the purest pearl of the dew,
 And the richest breath of the flower,
 If our spirits would greet the fresh and the
 sweet,
 Go forth in the early hour.
 Oh ! pleasure and rest are more easily found
 When we start through morning's gate,
 To sum up our figures, or plough up our
 ground,
 And weave out the threads of Fate.
 The eye looketh bright, and the heart
 keepeth light,
 And man holdeth the conqueror's power,
 When ready and brave he chains Time as
 his slave,
 By the help of the early hour.

THE DEPARTED.

I.

The departed !—the departed !
 They visit us in dreams,
 And they glide above our memories,
 Like shadows over streams ;
 But where the cheerful lights of home
 In constant lustre burn,
 The departed—the departed
 Can never more return !

II.

The good, the brave, the beautiful !
 How dreamless is their sleep,
 Where rolls the dirge-like music
 Of the ever heaving deep—
 Or where the hurrying night winds
 Pale winter's robes have spread
 Above the narrow places,
 In the cities of the dead !

III.

I look around, and feel the awe
 Of one who walks alone
 Among the wrecks of former days,
 In mournful ruin strown.
 I start to hear the stirring sounds
 Among the cypress trees !
 For the voice of the departed
 Is born upon the breeze !

IV.

That solemn voice ! it mingles with
 Each free and careless strain,
 I scarce can think earth's minstrelsy
 Will cheer my heart again.
 The melody of summer waves,
 The thrilling notes of birds,
 Can never be so dear to me,
 As their remembered words.

V.

I sometimes dream their pleasant smiles
 Still on me sweetly fall ;
 Their tones of love, I faintly hear
 My name in sadness call ;
 I know that they are happy
 With their angel plumage on ;
 But my heart is very desolate,
 To think that they are gone.

THE RICH YOUNG MAN.

Mathew, Luke and Mark, all three—speak of a certain rich young man, who came running to the Savior, and inquired of him—"Good Master, what shall I do that I may have eternal life." He seems to have been a young man very amiable in his disposition—moral in his character—polite in his manners—sincere in his purpose—confident in his ability—and elevated far above the mediocrity of many of his fellows, for he was a Ruler and possessed of exceeding great possessions.

Let us draw near, and examine the character of this amiable youth. He was a *rich young man*—Possessed of great possessions.

There are but few young men in the present day, who are possessed of wealth in their youth. It is an object of universal desire, yet one, that is seldom reached till the meridian of life is past. To become rich, is attended with so much toil and labor, that few are able to endure the hardships necessary to procure the glittering dust, till wrinkles stamp their presence upon the face, and gray hairs cover the head. The sweating brow, the toiling day, and the sleepless night, seldom place a man in circumstances of wealth and affluence; without leaving behind the decrepitude of age, the trembling step and the wearied body. But not so, in the case of this young man. He was possessed of wealth in his youth. Whilst the glow of health, and the bloom of manhood played upon his cheek, he was surrounded with his fields, and his cattle and his sheep, *for he was rich*.

He was also an *honorable young man*—invested with power and authority, for he was a *Ruler*.

In our day, there are but few men, who are elevated to posts of honor, in their youth. The wisdom of the sage, the counsel of the experienced, or the sober judgment of the middle-aged, seldom unite with the glowing enthusiasm of the youthful spirit, so as to crown him with the laurels of office. The youthful spirit, and its glowing enthusiasm, rather act as *preventatives* to office, than serve the noble purpose of *precursors* to this honor. Few men in their youth, possess that firmness of character, or stability of purpose, that fit them for the office of Ruler, Governor or Legislator. Our Legislators, our Presidents and our Governors, are required to be chosen from the walks of middle-life, rather than selected from ranks of youthful manhood. No one can be President of the United States, unless he has attained

the age of thirty-five. No man can be Governor of Pennsylvania, unless the sun of thirty summers has beaten upon his brow. No one can be a counsellor in the national assemblies of the people, unless he has more than turned the meridian of life. Few young men can therefore expect to be crowned with the laurels of office, or saluted with the title Judge, or elevated to the rank of Ruler, in the days of their youthful vigor. But the subject of our notice, appears to have enjoyed more than special favor in this respect. He was a young man, yet he was elevated to a post of honor and of authority, "for he was a Ruler." Probably a Ruler in some adjacent city. Or still more probable, a Ruler in the great national council of the people. *President*, it may be, as some have suggested, of the great Jewish Sanhedrim. But whatever office he did occupy, his elevation to this rank, forms an exception to the general rule, that but few men are elevated to posts of honor in their youth.

But *he was also a moral young man*—highly distinguished for his morality, both negatively and positively.

His moral character was of a high order and perfectly free from all the deep stains of cruel crime or high-handed wickedness. No midnight revelry, wasted his hours of retirement. No fiendish profanity, polluted his lips. No hand of stealth, disgraced his deportment. No marks of irreverence toward God, or of disrespect toward parents, ever stained the purity of his moral character. He was no *Sabbath-breaker*—God's Holy Sabbath, he never openly profaned. He was no *Swearer*—God's Holy name, he never took in vain. He was no *Liar*—the foul breath of slander, calumny, falsehood or perjury, he never breathed. He was no *Thief*—the goods of another he never disturbed. He was no *Drunkard*—the poisonous draught of the intoxicating bowl, he never touched. He was no *Murderer*—his fingers never wreaked with the life-blood of his fellow man. He was no *Adulterer*—the laws of chastity he ever sought to hold sacred and inviolate. He was no *Coveter*—He never coveted his neighbor's house, nor his wife, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor anything that belonged to his neighbor. "All these things have I kept from my youth up." In point of external morality and outward obedience to the law, he was exceedingly exact and exemplary. He was highly distinguished among the rulers and the people for his honesty of purpose, his integrity of character and his consistency of deportment.

But his morality was not only of a *negative* tendency; it doubtless also, partook of a *positive*. He was not simply satis-

fied, with a *not-keeping* the law ; he sought also *to keep* the law. He not only gave obedience to the negative side of the commandment, "thou shalt *not*." But he revered also the positive side, which says—"thou *shalt*." In not stealing himself, he was careful to defend the rights and property of others. In refusing to defraud his neighbor, he sought the punishment of the malicious offender. In refusing to lift the assassin's dagger himself, he was no indifferent spectator towards the capital punishment of the cruel murderer. In despising the feeling of covetousness, he doubtless sought to cherish and cultivate, the feelings of love and outward benevolence. In refusing to dishonor parents, he gave honor and reverence to parental authority. His obedience to the law was *positive*, as well as *negative*, at least in appearance, if not in spirit. For the Savior did not contradict his assertion—"all these have I kept from my youth up." But looking upon the young man, "*he loved him.*"—*Loved him*, for his strict integrity, his rigid morality, his honesty. His morality was of a character amiable, lovely and exact. Few young men, *out* of the church can *compete* with his moral character. And doubtless many *in* the church, fall *far short* of this exalted standard :

But he was also, a *polite young man*—very respectful in his manner of address.

The Savior was treated by many of the Rulers, with great contempt. They looked upon him, with feelings of scorn and derision. By many of the Jewish Rabbi, he was contemptuously styled the "poor Carpenter's Son !" They viewed him, rather as a "Disturber of the peace," than as the true Messiah, or the Redeemer of Israel. By very few of the great men of the nation, was Jesus viewed in his proper character ; and by a still less number was he treated with respect, or accosted in language, sympathetic and polite. They invariably sought to ensnare him with curious questions, couched in contemptuous language. More than once did they attempt to embarrass the Son of God, by the cunning of evil design, and by trying to exhibit in his conduct an apparent discrepancy both with the laws of Moses and the laws of Cæsar. More than once did they cast contempt upon his miracles, and openly accused him of being in secret league with Beelzebub, the King of Devils. They even reproached him of giving gross blasphemy, to the holy name of God, and of wholly abrogating the institutions of Moses. "Have any of the rulers believed on him," was contemptuously asked by the disbelieving ; plainly indicating that the rulers ill-esteemed his counsel and despised his mission. Even upon his sacred per-

son they heaped reproach, ignominy, slander, death!

But this young Ruler was not ashamed to accost the Savior in the most respectful manner. He came running to Christ, regardless of the reproach heaped upon him by his infidel companions, and kneeling down, affectionately said, "*Good Master!*" His language was extremely courteous. His courtesy even exceeded the limits of his faith. Therefore the Savior justly reprimands him for using the epithet "*good*," which properly belongs only to the idea of God himself. Not that the Savior would renounce this appellation, as not suitable to his own person; but he wished to impress the young man, with the important fact, that between the true idea of "*good*," and the idea of God, there is a perfect harmony, and that this relation is of such a deep, necessary and indissoluble character, as cannot by any means so exist in created minds. It was improper therefore, for the young man, to call Christ, "*Good Master*," unless he believed him also to be a Divine person, equal in his perfections with God the Father, who is the only true source and fountain of the absolute Good. The young man had no conception of this fact. He took Christ to be a Great Teacher. He appeared convinced of his inspiration to teach divine truths. But he does not seem to know that Christ was the *God-man*. Therefore he is rebuked, because he gave Christ the appellation due only to the true God, whilst he believed him only to be a human teacher. Though in his view, it may be the most exalted of human Teachers yet *only a man*, for all that!

But still, we dare not look upon this beautiful epithet, as it came from the lips of this amiable youth, like some idle word, or unmeaning phrase. It has its origin in a necessity, which is grounded in the sympathetic nature of his feeling heart. He is a very polite youth; is so doubtless, *constitutionally*. His urbane manners necessarily lead him therefore to seek a phrase, that would set forth this feature of his soul, as well as exhibit his feelings of respect for this Great Teacher. He looked upon Christ with a feeling of the highest regard. This feeling manifests its beauty and power in his courteous address. Therefore kneeling down, he very naturally and very necessarily, exclaimed—" *Good Master.*" His sympathetic soul filled the phrase with meaning. With him it was *no* idle word; yet in the sense in which he used it, it was still worthy the Savior's rebuke!

Still further. He was doubtless, *a serious young man*. Sincere in his important inquiry.

His wealth no one doubted. His strict justice in the discharge of the duties of his office, all admired. His consistent

morality none disputed. His feelings of respect, and his courteous address, even the Savior, could not resist, but looking upon him "he loved him." But in addition to all this, we believe him, sincere in his inquiries after truth. At least, the question he asked was the most important and serious he could possibly have asked. "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?" What could be more serious and important? He felt that he ought to do more than he had done. He was conscious that still something more was needed, than outward obedience to the law, to give him the assurance of heaven. He had heard of Jesus. He had heard of his teachings. He wishes to know what he taught on this important, and this serious subject. What *new* counsel he gives in relation to the world to come? What *new* precepts, in seeking life eternal? Impelled by the serious impressions of this important subject, weighing heavily upon his mind, he breaks through every difficulty—he comes running and bowing down to the dust, seriously inquires, "Good Master, what good thing must I do to become heir of eternal life?" His kneeling posture, his courteous language, his important question, his hurried step, and his whole manner, as well as the deep gloom of sorrow, that filled his soul at his departure; all indicate that he was acting *no hypocritical part* in this important matter. The Savior could hardly have loved him, if sincerity had not moved his inmost soul, to take this step to become perfect and an heir of eternal life!

Still another characteristic of this amiable youth, claims our attention. *He was confident in his ability to do whatever the Savior should prescribe.*

He knew that he was rich. He saw his grazing herds and his fertile fields. He felt his position in society to be one of great natural worth. He also prided himself, that he was possessed of *moral power*, as well as *physical ability*, for any work to gain Heaven. His asking this question, What shall I do? presupposes his willingness to do what is commanded. His *will* was not indifferent to the matter. He comes therefore, confident in his ability, moral and physical, to do whatever is enjoined. He awaits its delivery.—Oh! rash young youth! Oh! deceitful heart! How little does he know himself! How little does he understand the true state of his own mind? But the Savior knew him better than he knew himself. He sees into the secret workings of his heart, and fully discerns the loved idol of his affections. By one glance of his penetrating eye, the Savior perceives all the secret fibres of his heart's affection, as indissolubly entwined around the idol *self*, and centered

upon the god *Mammon*! He gives but *one single test*, and *all* is revealed! "Go, sell all thou hast, and give to the poor, and come, follow me: and thou shalt have treasure in heaven." O, little did he think of such a precept!

But see—his head drops. His cheek is pale—his countenance falls—his tongue is silent. His boasting ability is gone. His moral power has fled. He is speechless, motionless—but deeply agitated in heart. The scene is one of deep interest of internal conflict—filled with momentous consequences to him, for time and eternity! Heaven and earth are before him with all their charms. The *one* with its bliss—its eternal life! The *other* with its pleasures—its worldly indulgence! Which shall he take?

Earth appears doubly attractive. Its gold glistens with double effulgence. Its honors sparkle with gems of ease, doubly inviting. The young man's fields appear to be arrayed in double beauty. His cattle, lowing with their noisy sound, brings music to his ear doubly sweet. His stately mansions seem more beautiful than ever. His possessions are exceedingly great.—Shall I give *all these* to the *poor*?

Heaven too, has its attractions. I came running, to seek life eternal. I bowed down in the dust before this Great Teacher, inquiring the way to happiness. I desire heavenly bliss. For this purpose I keep the law. For this cause I am moral and virtuous. I truly seek after eternal life. I indeed desire to be seated at the right hand of God, with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. How shall I procure this seat? Must I give up *Earth* to secure *Heaven*? My worldly possessions to gain heavenly treasures? Which shall I have? Which take, or which leave? Earth or Heaven?

The contest deepens—the struggle is hard.—Even to the plucking out of a right eye, or the cutting off of a right arm. "*All my possessions to be sold and given to the poor*? Is it not most too much? Is not the injunction most too hard, and too self-denying? "*I give up all to follow Christ*?" It is *hard* to decide—hard *indeed*, for one who desires Heaven and yet clings to earth.

But see: The young man raises his eyes once more to survey his beautiful fields—his grazing cattle and his stately mansions:—*That moment*, the die is cast—the Rubicon is crossed—the battle is over—Earth triumphs—Heaven is lost!

He turns his back to the Savior. He goes away sorrowful! Sorrowful indeed to lose this method of gaining heaven, but inwardly resolved not to give up his hold upon the world. His

possessions are too many and too great to be sacrificed for the interests of eternity. My "good things" in this life I must have, whatever shall happen me in a life to come!

ONE THING HE LACKED. Amid all his beautifully moral qualities, *one thing* he lacked. He had no heart to love God *supremely*—no heart to prefer heavenly treasures, to earthly riches,—no heart to subordinate worldly honors to the glory of eternal life.—Mammon is preferred to Christ. O, foolish decision!

Young Man—Do you love God better than *all* temporal good? Do you seek heaven in preference to all earthly honor? Do you give up all to follow Christ?—Father, Mother, goods, lands, profession, your all—even life itself, if needed? Be careful not to lack *one thing*? You must have Christ, or you lose all.

This amiable youth, whose loveliness of moral character, we have but faintly delineated, was possessed of great natural advantages, and of many excellent moral attainments. In point of wealth and morals, and intellectual worth and natural refinement, he was *nature's model*. The best specimen of moral architecture and of human greatness, that nature, with her own tools could ever produce; all that the natural man, without Christ and by his own native strength, could ever become; Amiable in his disposition, lovely in his appearance, moral in his character, polite in his manners, sincere in his purpose, confident in his ability, and elevated far above the common rank of his fellows, because he was a rich young ruler; Yet lacking *one thing*, being a lover of money and destitute of Christ, he sinks to Hell! O, *the height* from which he falls! *the depth* to which he sinks!

We do not read that he ever came back to Christ, and in all probability, like "Dives," he lifts up his eyes being in *torment*. His elevation to the highest top of the pinnacle of human greatness and natural worth, are of little avail, whilst destitute of Christ. Lacking him, the one thing needful, and trusting to his natural worth and human ability, he is no heir of eternal life. Oh! how hardly shall they who have riches and *trust to them*, enter into the kingdom of God!

My young companions in life,—ye who are the ornament of the world and receive the encomiums of society, for your morality of character, polish of manners and amiableness of disposition, remember the rich young man. Learn of him, that the garb of morality, external wealth and the outward appearance of piety, will *never save the soul*. They are not the "door" to eternal life. They may carry you to the gate of

Heaven, but they will never introduce you into its glory. They will give you praise upon earth, but not in heaven. "Christ is the way." Lacking him, wealth, honor, morals, virtue or outward piety and natural accomplishments, can never avail to secure eternal life. Trusting to them, like our model of natural greatness, you are shut out *for ever*, from the kingdom of God!

MERCERSBURG.

J. H.

PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

BY THE EDITOR.

Self-education is with us a favourite idea; and, the hope of inciting our young friends to a laudable ambition in the noble pursuit of knowledge, was one of the most prominent motives which induced us to undertake the publication of this Magazine. With the same object in view, we will in this article give some specimens of genuine zeal in the pursuit of knowledge. We compile them from a work entitled, "Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties," retaining generally the language there used. We wish this book could be placed into the hands of all young men and ladies. It would be found as interesting as any tale, and a thousand times more valuable. Oh! that these examples might stir up some of our young readers to go and do likewise! Let all who speak of difficulties, in these days of advantage, read on with a blush of shame!

When ERASMUS was a poor student at Paris, he was indeed very anxious to be a little richer; but, almost in rags as he was, it was not fine or even comfortable raiment after which he principally longed. "As soon as I get money," says he, in a letter to a friend, "I will buy first Greek books, and then clothes." "It is the mind," says Shakspeare, "that makes the body rich;" and so the young scholar felt. Of his two contemplated purchases, it was not the clothes, he knew, but the Greek books, that were to bring him anything permanent in the way either of employment or distinction.

And similar to those of ERASMUS have been the feelings of many another aspirant after intellectual eminence, when struggling, like him, with the inconveniences of indigence, or braving every variety of labor and privation in pursuit of the object on which his heart was set. The illustrious KEPLER spent his

life in poverty; yet, amid all his difficulties, he used to declare that he would rather be the author of the works he had written, than possess the duchy of Saxony. The German naturalist, SCHAEFFER, was so poor when he entered the University of Halle, that for the first six months of his attendance his whole expenditure did not exceed a few halfpence a day; a little bread, and a few vegetables boiled in water, were his only food; and, although the winter was a very rigorous one, no fire ever warmed his chimney. Yet all this he bore cheerfully, counting the opportunity he enjoyed of pursuing his studies as more than a compensation for it all.

Perhaps the greatest reader that ever lived was the famous ANTONIO MAGLIABECCHI. He was born at Florence in 1633, and, according to one account, commenced his career as a scholar in a very curious manner; for having, it is affirmed, been apprenticed by his parents, who were extremely poor, to a seller of potherbs, he used to take the greatest delight, although he could not read a word, in poring over the leaves of old books in which his master wrapped his commodities; till, having been one day observed at this sort of study by a bookseller who lived in the neighborhood, that person offered to take him into his service. The proposal was instantly accepted by Magliabecchi, who could conceive no greater happiness than an occupation which would surround him with his beloved books. So keen, it is added, was the interest which he took in his new employment, that in two or three days he knew the place of every volume in the shop, and could find any one, when asked for, more readily than his master himself. After a short time he had learned to read; and then every moment of his leisure was devoted to this new pleasure. During the time of his apprenticeship, Magliabecchi had already begun those extraordinary acquisitions which made him at length the most learned man of his age. The fame of his ardour for study and extensive knowledge at length procured him the notice of some of the Florentine literati; and having been introduced at court, he was appointed, by the grand duke, keeper of one of his libraries. In this situation he remained till his death in 1714, at the age of eighty-one.

The late Professor HEYNE, of Gottingen, was one of the greatest classical scholars of his own or of any age, and during his latter days enjoyed a degree of distinction, both in his own country and throughout Europe, of which scarcely any contemporary name, in the same department of literature, could boast. Yet he had spent the first thirty-two or thirty-three years of

his life not only in obscurity, but in an almost incessant struggle with the most depressing poverty. He had been born, indeed, amid the miseries of the lowest indigence, his father being a poor weaver, with a large family, for whom his best exertions were often unable to provide bread. In the "Memoirs of his own Life," Heyne says, "Want was the earliest companion of my childhood. I well remember the painful impressions made on my mind by witnessing the distress of my mother when without food for her children. How often have I seen her, on a Saturday evening, weeping and wringing her hands, as she returned home from an unsuccessful effort to sell the goods which the daily and nightly toil of my father had manufactured!" His parents sent him to a child's school in the suburbs of the small town of Chemnitz, in Saxony, where they lived; and he soon exhibited an uncommon desire of acquiring information. He made so rapid a progress in the humble branches of knowledge taught in the school, that, before he had completed his tenth year, he was paying a portion of his school fees by teaching a little girl, the daughter of a wealthy neighbour, to read and write. Having learned everything comprised in the usual course of the school, he felt a strong desire to learn Latin. A son of the schoolmaster, who had studied at Leipsic, was willing to teach him at the rate of fourpence a week; but the difficulty of paying so large a fee seemed quite insurmountable. One day he was sent to his godfather, who was a baker in pretty good circumstances, for a loaf. As he went along, he pondered sorrowfully on this great object of his wishes, and entered the shop in tears. The good-tempered baker, on learning the cause of his grief, undertook to pay the required fee for him, at which, Heyne tells us, he was perfectly intoxicated with joy; and as he ran, all ragged and barefoot, through the streets, tossing the loaf in the air, it slipped from his hands and rolled into the gutter. This accident, and a sharp reprimand from his parents, who could ill afford such a loss, brought him to his senses. He continued his lessons for about two years, when his teacher acknowledged that he had taught him all he himself knew. Heyne, without the necessary books of his own, was often obliged to borrow those of his companions, and to copy them off for his own use. He was resolved to try, he said, whether, although she had thrown him among the dust, he should not be able to rise up by his own efforts. His ardour for study only grew the greater as his difficulties increased. For six months he only allowed himself two nights' sleep in the week; and where did this diligence and perseverance land him

at length? The answer is amid imperishable honors! He was for half a century one of the most learned and renowned Professors in the University of Gottingen!—venerated and beloved by all who knew him. For an extended account of this wonderful self-made man see *Guardian* for November, 1850.

Of the ancient authors, not to mention the well-known case of Æsop, PUBLIUS SYRUS and TERENCE were both originally slaves. EPICTETUS, the celebrated Stoic philosopher, was born in the same condition, and spent many years of his life in servitude. Having been at last fortunate enough to obtain his freedom, he retired to a small hut; and, when he was barely able to procure the necessaries of life, devoted himself to the study of philosophy. A treatise of this writer was one of the works edited by Heyne while at Dresden; and he used to relate that his fortitude, amid the difficulties that he had to struggle with at the time, was not a little strengthened and upheld by the precepts of severe virtue and determined endurance which he found in the pages of the old philosopher. Epictetus's own conduct was strikingly in conformity with the lessons he taught, at least if we may believe one of the stories which are told of him. It is said that, before he had obtained his liberty, his master, who was a very brutal man, chose one day to amuse himself by twisting the leg of the slave. "You will break it for me," remarked Epictetus; and immediately after, it happened as he had said. "I told you so," added the philosopher, with all the indifference in the world. He lived at Rome in a house without a door, and with no furniture, except a table, a small bedstead, and a wretched coverlet; and this even at a time when he enjoyed the greatest familiarity with the Emperor Adrian. One day he was extravagant enough to purchase for himself a lamp made of iron; but he was punished for this deviation from his usual habits by a thief soon after running off with it. "He shall be cheated," said Epictetus, "if he come back to-morrow, for he shall find only an earthen one." And, to mention no more instances, CLEANTHES, another of the Stoics, was brought up to the profession of a pugilist, and used to exhibit himself in that character at the public games; till, longing to study philosophy, he betook himself for that purpose to Athens, where he arrived with only three drachms (about eighty cents) in his pocket. In these circumstances he was obliged, for his support, to employ himself in drawing water, carrying burdens, and other such humble and laborious occupations. He contrived, however, to proceed with his studies at the same time, bringing his fee of an obolus, or two cents,

every day to his master, Zeno, with great punctuality. On the death of Zeno, he succeeded him in his school, but still continued his menial labors as before. “I draw water,” he was wont to say, “and do any other sort of work which presents itself, that I may give myself up to philosophy without being a burden to any one.” He was so poor, indeed, that the wind having blown aside his mantle one day when he happened to be present at one of the public shows, his fellow citizens perceived that he had no tunic or under garment, and gave him one. He was always treated, notwithstanding his poverty, with the greatest respect at Athens.

On these noble examples of perseverance and their glorious success, we need make no comments. They speak for themselves. We see what has been done; and what has been done can be done again. Gird up your strength, young reader, and resolve to be a man—an intelligent and useful man. Look at the proud eminence which others have reached by their own efforts; you may do the same. The field of science lies before you, thrust in your sickle and gather joyful sheaves.

“FAITH—HOPE—CHARITY.”

FAITH is a present confident reliance on God and his promises, while HOPE is the confident expectation of those things which the Lord has promised. Faith and hope are therefore intimately related; and yet in some respects they differ. They are alike, in that *both* imply a full assurance of God’s faithfulness, and the certain fulfillment of all his gracious promises, whether these relate to things of a temporal or spiritual kind. Both have reference mainly, though not exclusively, to things unseen and eternal. For, while the particular things believed or hoped for, may be of a purely temporal character in *some* respects, they yet constantly connect themselves with and cluster around things which are strictly spiritual and eternal; so that faith may very properly be said to be the *sense* by which the unseen world is viewed, and its glorious realities apprehended, known, appropriated, and enjoyed; while hope has reference still more clearly to what is beyond the boundaries of time and sense. “For, we are saved by hope,” says the Apostle, “but hope that is seen is not hope; for what a man seeth why doth he yet hope for? but if we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it.”

Evidently, then, hope has reference to the future. Longingly it stretches forth its hand toward the unseen and eternal, and seeks to fasten its eyes on what lies beyond the ken of mortals. It is the “anchor of the soul” cast within the vail of the spirit world; the sure pledge and warrant for the realization of what is future, unseen, and eternal, and hence said to pass into *fruition* when “this mortal shall put on immortality.”

On the subject of *faith* we have a definition given us by the same Apostle, which is at once concise, comprehensive, and touchingly beautiful; and occurs in such relations as serve most clearly to fix its meaning and force. After stating in the latter part of the preceding chapter, that “*the just shall live by faith*,” he furnishes in the eleventh chapter of Hebrews a long and interesting list of examples selected from among the many instances of child-like confidence recorded as exercised by the old testament saints, and intended to illustrate the nature, properties and operation of faith—a general *definition* of which he introduces between these examples and the preceding declaration in the following expressive language: “now faith is the substance of things hoped for, and the evidence of things not seen.”

From the terms used in this definition, it is very clear that both hope and faith have reference principally to what is future, unseen, and eternal; and this view is confirmed by the examples adduced in illustration. The patriarchs all lived in anticipation of future good. They had respect unto the recompense of reward, and endured as seeing him who is invisible. They earnestly looked for a city which hath foundations, whose maker and builder is God. They fondly cherished the blessed assurance that there remaineth a rest for the people of God, and rejoiced in hope of the glory that was to be revealed. They lived in expectation of the future glorious manifestation of the sons of God, where the *creature* itself should be delivered from the bondage of corruption, and the earnest expectations and yearning of centuries should be realized and the deep groanings of unwilling captive exchanged for the songs of triumph! They constituted the genuine nobleness, a glorious band of martyred saints of whom the world was not worthy. They waited with patience for the fulfillment of God’s gracious promises, and they waited not in vain; for they bare in their bodies the divinely ordained insignia—the signs and seals of the righteousness of faith, and the sure pledges of an immortal life. God watched their steps, and in due time heard their cry for deliverance. “These all died in faith,” the Apostle tells us, “not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were per-

suaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on earth; for they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country. And truly, if they had been mindful of that country from whence they came out, they might have had opportunity to have returned; but now they desire a better country, that is an heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God; for he hath prepared for them a city."

Faith and hope are sometimes represented as twin sisters. Both are gifts of God and necessarily implied in our redemption. Each has its own peculiar qualities; yet both stand in the power of a common life, and aim at a common end. LOVE or charity is the bond of perfectness, as the Apostle styles it, by which these are inseparably bound together—Faith and hope shall cease. Love or charity never faileth. Vision is the counter part of faith; of hope, the actual fruition of what is here hoped for. Both become perfect and complete in the realization of what they held, contemplated, and enjoyed in anticipation. Love, perfect love, is faith and hope realized. "For GOD IS LOVE; and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him."

My object in the present article has been simply to define, in a general way, the nature of Faith, Hope, and Love or Charity; and to notice some of their most essential features. In a future article the subject may be resumed; the several points taken up more in detail; and a particular description given of the practical operation of these graces, and thus their relation to the present comfort and future bliss of God's children pointed out. For it is evident from a mere cursory reading of the sacred scriptures, that upon the presence and lively exercise of these fundamental graces defined nearly all the rich consolations which it is the privilege of God's children to enjoy; while success in life and advancement in personal holiness are absolutely dependent on their existence. "For in Christ Jesus neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision; but FAITH WHICH WORKS BY LOVE." Such is the order of heaven. "But *without* faith it is impossible to please God; for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is the rewarder of them that diligently seek him."

And equally close and intimate is the relation between hope and our present enjoyment; "for we are saved by hope," and all the blessed associations connected with a consciousness of our safety in Christ Jesus are as so many testimonials of our Father's love, designed and adapted to exercise a cheering in-

fluence on our spirits. Hope is the anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast; a safety-lamp to guide us in our earthly pilgrimage; the necessary ballast, to keep us steady while sailing on life's troubled waters. Our stay under the many sore trials incident to life. Sustained by hope, we "seek for a city which hath foundations, whose maker and builder is God."

Let us then be duly concerned to possess that faith which the scriptures represent and experience teaches to be absolutely necessary not only to our future salvation, but also to our present peace; for "being justified by *faith* we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ."—Let us seek refuge in the mercy of God, and "lay hold upon the hope set before us" in the gospel of his Son!

LEWISBURG, Pa.

X. Y. Z.

THOUGHTS

SUGGESTED ON READING THE 90TH PSALM.

"Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations." From the beginning of the world until now, thou hast been our secure abode. Thou hast been, and art still like unto Noah's Ark, preserving us from sinking in the stormy waves of life's waters. Ye who would annihilate an all-seeing and over-ruling Providence, consider *where* and *what* man would be without God.

"From everlasting to everlasting, thou art God." Thou hast neither beginning nor end, but remaineth forever the same. Generations and kingdoms may "rise, flourish, and pass away," but to thee there is no change, for thou art not of the race of finite man, but art the wise, just and great God.

"For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday." I am glad that I am born to die, for if I safely cross the "Jordan of Death," I shall reach Heaven and see my God forever, and dwell with him in spotless chastity. Who can conceive of the unceasing, rapturous bliss, we shall enjoy in the pure climes of Rest with those who have gone before us! There our delights shall never fail, nor we grow weary of Time; for, as the never-ending ages of Eternity roll on they shall appear as a day that is gone.

Man is like the grass, which "in the morning flourisheth and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down and withereth;" we are but as shadows pursuing shadows—enduring but a moment. To-day we are here attending to the active duties of life—tomorrow, in that low, damp dwelling place—the grave,—our

bodies affording a rich banquet for our only companion—the worm. Oh! that we may improve our time and “apply our hearts unto wisdom.”

“Who knoweth the power of thine anger? even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath.” We know not, yet we may have some faint conception of the “power of thine anger” by reflecting upon the punishments of those of old, who voluntarily disobeyed thy just commands; and also, by reading thy terrible denunciations against those of us, who, in the hardening of our hearts, and stiffening of our necks, sin against the light and knowledge of thy holy word.

“So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.” Help us to “consider our latter end”—teach and assist us, in thy great mercy, that we may rightly improve our time and opportunities, so that we may acquire that “wisdom which passeth all understanding” and which shall fit us for inhabitants of thy high courts.

“O, satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.” Help us in our youthful days to come unto Thee and be thy children, that all our lives may be rendering thee praise and thanksgiving,—that happiness and content may ever be our smiling friends; “make us glad, according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil.” As Thou hast afflicted us, so make us glad and rejoice under our afflictions, knowing that whom God loves, he chasteneth; and may the remembrance of the evil we have seen deter us from a repetition of the same, humble our proud hearts, and keep us always in thy statutes.

“Let thy works appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children.” Let the power and beauty of the works of Redemption, of nature, and all other of thy works, appear unto thy servants, leading them closer to the wounded side of Jesus, and may their children, also, observe, understand and appreciate thy glory. “Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us.” Let the impress—the likeness of our maker return upon us that we may stand forth in our original and true lineaments.

“And establish thou the work of our hands upon us.” May our works find such favor in thy sight, as that thou shalt perpetuate them, that they may be as a memorial and example to future generations. May they endure when we have long since passed from the “stage of action,” preserving others from the intoxicating influence of sinful pleasures, and leading them in “pleasant paths beside still waters.”

LANCASTER.

OMIE.

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CIRCUSES AND SHOWS.

BY THE EDITOR.

The time is now coming on, in which the land is again to be traversed by hoards of Circuses. The most lovely season of the year, when nature unfolds its thousand beauties in the country, and when "all around the woodland hymns arise"—at this season they come and drag their slow slimy trail along, polluting all that comes within reach of their influence. The winter they spend in the cities, but in the summer they can do no business there; and to save the heavy expense of supporting themselves and animals, they go forth to draw upon the pocket money of such, through the country, as are simple enough to carry it to them.

This, like all humbugs, used to be a good business; and is yet in some parts of the country, where the "Schoolmaster is not abroad." But the craft has sustained injury, by the growing intelligence of the community; and in many places, of late years, much of the hope of their gains is gone. We know of a beautiful town on the Susquehanna, with an industrious population in and around it, where these Circuses do not only command small audiences, but where it was with much difficulty that any one could be induced to rent them a lot on which to exhibit. They declared that it was a "strange place"—it was not worth the toll of the Bridge to exhibit in it. This is right, and honorable to human nature; whenever we become men we ought to put away childish things; and especially, when we become christians, ought we to put away foolish and wicked things.

We devote an article to this subject with the hope of persuading, especially young christians, not to give the influence of their example to Circuses—these yearly pests of the country. We know that it is not easy to convince the young that what general custom sanctions is a vice, and an evil. An old and

long respected vice becomes venerable in our eyes, and it requires an effort to withdraw our respect from it. It is surprising how long, and with what warm devotion, old evils are cherished, and what a host of arguments it takes to overthrow them. There is, however, in this respect an advantage in favor of young persons; their minds are more open to conviction, and are not so seared with prejudice. Hence we frequently find, that they lay hold of a moral principle sooner than old persons. We ask their respectful attention to some arguments against encouraging Circuses.

1. The first reason, we offer, why Circuses ought not to be encouraged is, *because they do no good*. Not only "works of darkness" are reproved in the scriptures, but "*unfruitful works*." Any work that does no good is an evil work. We are to be profitable servants. We are always to do that which will do good to us, and to others. Life is too short, and eternity too solemn, for us to idle away our talents and time in that which will in no way subserve the great end of life. Every tree ought to bring forth good fruit; and that one which brings *none* is "nigh unto cursing." God never gave us such immortal powers, and filled our hearts with such immortal longings, that we may waste our time and influence in that which will accomplish no good.

For nobler cares, for joys sublime,
He fashioned all the sons of time.

What good can we do by going to the Circus? Will our minds become brighter? Will our hearts become purer? Will our dispositions become more heavenly, and our characters more amiable? Will our piety become more lovely; and will our consciences be more peaceful when we return, than before we went. In short, will we be strengthened in any way for a more useful life, and be made more fit to become the companions of angels and holy beings in the better world? Alas! it will be just the opposite of all this. Is it not, then, our duty and our advantage to remain away, and to have no fellowship with these "unfruitful works of darkness."

2. It is wrong for a christian to encourage those who conduct these circuses in leading useless lives, and in perverting their talents to useless ends. It takes superior talents to make a successful actor. How useful might those have become to society, who are capable of performing feats that astonish the gazers? God gave them these powers that they might employ them in a useful way; but they have perverted them. Can it be right for us to countenance and encourage them in it. Is it right, for

instance, to take that grain which God caused to grow for bread, and pervert it into a liquor, which poisons the body and ruins the soul? Just so wrong is it to pervert those talents which God gives men for usefulness, and turn them into instruments of evil. Who will say that the "clown" makes that use of his talents which God intended he should? Did God ever intend that man should use his talents to make himself a greater fool, for the amusement of men? No, this is a wicked, an awful perversion, and abuse, of God's gift. For a man to be crazy, by nature, is a deplorable curse; and what can be a greater mockery of God, and burlesque on the infirmities of his creatures, than for a man to imitate this insanity, and for others—professing christians—to laugh at it! Are we not, therefore, guilty in giving our presence and countenance to such folly and wickedness.

It is not only wicked, but foolish and silly. We have heard that once in a Circus the spectators laughed heartily at some thing which the "fool" said or did. He asked them why they laughed; to which one answered "at you." To which the clown replied: "You are greater fools than I am, for I act the fool and get paid for it, but you act the fool and pay a *quarter* besides." Very true. If an Indian from the forest should suddenly be taken into a Circus it would puzzle him to tell which are more foolish, he that acts the fool for pay, or those who pay him for it.

3. It is wrong to encourage these exhibitions, on account of the cruelty to which the poor animals are exposed, which they carry with them to show. These animals, it must be remembered, are not only taken out of their native climates, but in many cases also out of their native elements. Some were created for a warm southern climate, and others for the cold north; and now to drag these poor creatures through our climate, is, to some extent, the same as to take a fish out of water, or to confine a bird, made for the air, in a close damp cellar. Some of them are used to spend much of their time in the water, and their nature is adapted to that kind of life, now they are deprived of that boon. Thus these poor creatures are more or less pained and distressed constantly, while they are dragged from place to place, for the sake of money and a vain curiosity. Even when we see them, we do not see the animal as it is where it lives according to its nature. Its spirits droop, its beauty fades, and it remains nothing but a wretched jaded, pitiful burlesque on its own species. Is this humane? Is it right? Is not a merciful person merciful even to brutes? Who would not rather live and

die without seeing any of these animals, than to see them torn from their climates and elements, dragged thousands of miles over land and sea, with pain at every new remove, just to have an itching curiosity satisfied. When all is done, as much can be learned of these animals from representations of them in their native habits, as from these miserable half-dead caricatures, dragged from place to place till they die. Ought such things to be encouraged? Can one who has a tender christian heart, give his presence and countenance to such cruelty? I will rather "make a covenant with my eyes;" and never shall it be said that for my sake those creatures which God made to be happy and free in their own climates, are chained, boxed up, and dragged like culprits through a christian land! Who that has the heart of a christian, would distress even a bird, and cause it to sing one song less, or to sing it more mournfully, than it otherwise would?

4. These Circuses are evil because they cause a great deal of waste of time and money. Time is precious in a life so short as this, and in which we have so much of great importance to do. A day spent is spent forever,—and so much of life is gone. It is also a useless waste of money. The money which is carried out of one place, if they are successful, would often be enough to build a small church. If applied to missions, it would support a man one year among the heathens. How much better would this be, than to pay it towards keeping up heathen customs (the circus is of pagan origin) in a christian land. We have heard that, a few summers ago, one of these caravans placed \$19,000 in one bank in passing along! No one, who does not count carefully, has any idea of the vast sums which are thus drained from the country. And the most of this money comes from those whose families need it much more than those to whom it is given. Is it right to encourage such business, for the sake of a low curiosity—a pleasure that passes away with the hour? We are certain our young friends will give us right in this; and will join us in condemning it as evil.

5. It causes large gatherings of people, and thus becomes the occasion of evil. From every direction, they come! From every valley, from every hut, from every lane and avenue they come. Young and old, rich and poor, male and female—often women with infants in their arms—all, all hastening to lay their offerings upon the altar of this "god of this world." Then who does not know the oaths, the low blackguardism, the drunkenness, the fighting and confusion, which are generally witnessed at such times! Oh, if all the sin committed on such days, were

written in a book, it would form a list over which angels would weep! How is God insulted, and how is human nature disgraced and brutalized on such days! Who can witness it without sorrow. Many an one on that day begins a series of carousals which ends not for a week, and which takes from his pocket, not only the *quarter* which he paid to the Circus, but all his pocket contained. That which should have bought his children clothes and bread is now in the rum-seller's coffers! Can you, my young christian friend, give your presence and countenance to that which is the direct occasion of all this, and much more? Do you say, they will come at any rate whether you go or not; then, I answer, let the sin be upon those who go, wash you your hands from this evil. If others encourage evil, do not you the same. In a world like this offences do come, but wo to those by whom they come. Let us have no hand in the evil, and then we shall not have to partake in their plagues.

We leave these considerations with our young christian friends, and ask them to say whether they are not just. May we not earnestly ask them, for the honor of that religion which they profess, and from which they expect to derive their greatest comfort in life and in death, to discountenance this evil as far as their example and influence go. How lovely and amiable is a consistent christian character and example; and how important that the foundation for it should be laid in our early and tender years. Seek to maintain this, by carefully abstaining from every course of conduct which would, in any way, cast a shadow or a soil upon it.

CLEON AND I.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

CLEON hath a million acres,
Ne'er a one have I;
Cleon dwelleth in a palace—
In a cottage I;
Cleon hath a dozen fortunes—
Not a penny I;
But the poorer of the twain, is
Cleon, and not I.

Cleon, true, possesseth acres,
But the landscape I;
Half the charms to me it yieldeth,
Money cannot buy;
Cleon harbors sloth and dullness,
Freshening vigor, I;
He in velvet, I in fustian,
Richer man am I.

Cleon is a slave to grandeur—
Free as thought am I;
Cleon fees a score of doctors—
Need of none have I;
Wealth surrounded, care-environed,
Cleon fears to die;
Death may come, he'll find me ready,
Happier man am I.

Cleon sees no charms in Nature—
In a daisy I;
Cleon hears no anthems ringing
In the sea and sky;
Nature sings to me for ever—
Earnest listener I;
State for state, with all attendants,
Who would change?—not I.

THE EFFECT OF ONE NIGHT SPENT IN THE BALL-ROOM.

The following story is true to the letter, and for the benefit of some of your young readers, I give publicity to it. While laboring in the city of New York, a young man stepped up to me one evening after service, and told me that he had found a young female in the last stages of consumption, and thought that the consolations and instructions of religion were what she needed, and he gave me therefore her directions, leaving it optional with me to visit her. The following day I sought the sick female, who lived in R——n Street. I expected to visit strangers; for, in a city like New York, almost all people are strangers to each other, and many live in different parts of the same house for years, without knowing each other. On entering the sick room, I was immediately recognized and welcomed, both by the patient and her nursing mother, for I had some years ago attended a funeral in the same family, and attended also a sick daughter who filled an early grave. The young invalid—for she was not yet eighteen years of age—expressed her joy in seeing me. On making inquiries about her, I found that she had been a scholar in the Sabbath School with which I was connected, and afterwards connected with a catechetical class which I instructed during a pastoral vacancy. She was aware that she was on the brink of eternity, and therefore was glad to have an opportunity to unbosom herself to one in whom she reposed confidence.

She suffered much in mind, for one thing gave her a great deal of trouble. She had received good impressions in the Sabbath School, and when she attended catechetical instructions, these impressions were deepened; so that, at the time of confirmation, her mind was fully made up to serve the Lord her God all the days of her life. This good resolution she carried out for some time. She attended with punctuality on all the means of grace, neglected not her closet duties. Temptations of various forms presented themselves to her, but she had grace sufficient to withstand them, and to remain uncontaminated. This was the more difficult to do, since none of her family were true christians; most of the family were only nominal christians, whilst some were infidels of the worst stamp.

For two years after her confirmation she walked in the ways of the Lord, and felt happy in them. But her peaceful course was at once interrupted. During the winter of 1845 she received several invitations to attend the ball-room, but she de-

clined. About the holidays a splendid German ball was to come off—several of her relatives resolved to go, and they used all means to persuade the subject of our story to accompany them; for she possessed many attractions, both outward and inward, which were graced by innocence and modesty. Her mother, who thought that her daughter ought also to enjoy the world, assisted her relatives in persuading her to go for once, and taste the pleasures of a fine ball. She at last consented to go. A ball-dress was provided; and on a cold winter night she went with her elated companions to S.'s establishment. She had a hard struggle with her conscience; and although she did every thing to suppress the voice of that unwelcome monitor, still she could not succeed wholly in this. The solemn transactions of her confirmation came up before her mind and troubled her. Arrived in the splendid ball-room, she had not much time for reflection. So many solicited her as a companion in the merry dance, that she could hardly get time for breathing. Overheated she went out from the ball-room, about midnight, to enjoy the cool night air. But a December night was rather too cold for one who was dressed in a ball-room dress. Chilled she went back to the ball-room, danced till early in the morning, and went home indisposed, if not sick. A few days after this she was confined to her bed, which proved to be her death-bed. The first and the only night she spent in the ball-room, since her confirmation, caused her premature death. Her sufferings of body were considerable; but her sufferings of mind were still greater. Terrible thoughts haunted her frequently. I will not describe them; the reader can himself imagine, to some degree, her unpleasant situation. While she gave me the foregoing information, her unhappy mother sat along side her bed, and overheard the whole conversation. Unhappy, indeed, was that mother; for, had she advised her daughter to stay away from the ball, she would in all probability have followed her advice; but instead of this she urged her to go—to go to catch her death. Hers was a situation without consolation; her cup was filled with misery to the brim. Several weeks did our poor sufferer survive my first pastoral visit, which was frequently repeated. I hope she died penitent and in the faith, and expect to meet her in eternity. What must have been the feelings of her mother, when she followed the bier of her youngest, her beloved, her obedient daughter? But this case is no solitary one—similar cases often happen, where mothers give their daughters such soul-destroying advice—merely out of pride; that they may worship themselves in the praise conferred upon their giddy child.

This plain narrative has many morals; but I will leave it for you, my readers, to improve this narrative. I only say in conclusion: Flee youthful lust, but follow righteousness, faith, charity, peace with them that call on the Lord out of a pure heart.

M. S.

EARLY REPENTANCE THE SAFEST.

Having shown in a previous article that early repentance is easier than late repentance, I propose in the next place to give a few reasons why I consider it *safer*.

1. The most favorable opportunity will soon be over. Youth is the most convenient season in which to serve the Lord and to secure the salvation of the soul. It is not so much perplexed with the cares, the pursuits, and the riches of this life, as middle life or age. They are so full of this life—the world within and the world without—that it can scarcely be said of them that they are salvable beings; they may be in the way of becoming rich, but not wise nor good. The mind free and unoccupied from these things, ever restless in the pursuit of something, will more readily bend forward to investigate spiritual and eternal things. In youth every thing seems to be more conducive to your higher state of existence: You have time which you can almost exclusively employ for the cultivation of your minds and your hearts, and if you do this properly, in humble reliance upon Divine aid, it will prove a “savor of life unto life.” But soon your most favorable opportunity, your most convenient season, will be over. And many may have to complain, “the harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.” Jer. 8, 20. God may quickly remove the candlestick out of his place, and take away the light of his word. Rev. 2, 5. Amos 8, 12. Or you may be placed in such circumstances in which you may receive little or no spiritual instruction. And he that flattereth himself that he can, without any instruction, find the way of life, or that he is sufficiently wise to steer his own course toward heaven, such an one is blind and deceiveth himself. Then you may seek the bread of life, and no one will give it unto you. You may thirst for the living waters, but the fountain you shall never find. Alas! what an awful condition! Will you postpone your repentance on such a fearful uncertainty. No: it cannot be. Up without delay. Work while it is called to-day, “lest the night of death

cometh when no man can work." He that gathereth in summer is a wise son: but he that sleepeth in harvest is a son that causeth shame. Pro. 10, 5.

2. The spirit of the Lord may never again come so near your hearts. Now he stands at the door and knocks. Rev. 3, 20. But will he ever remain, if you will not open. He has already stood and waited long for a hearty reception, and shall he still longer bear with you. Have you not at times felt the convictions of guilt? Has no strange mysterious feeling ever come over you? Have you not had moments when thoughts of eternity intruded unbidden and unwelcome, causing every joy to pall upon the senses, every dream of pleasure to vanish, every hope to wither, and overspreading earth and heaven with a gloom, like Egyptian darkness that may be felt. These convictions of guilt, these strange feelings, and these fearful thoughts of eternity, are the effects of the Spirit—the mysterious knockings of God's Spirit at your heart—that waken you from your lethargy and call you to speedy repentance. But who has assured you that you will always have these feelings and calls to repentance, and that his Spirit will always strive with you; and when it will best suit your convenience, then you may yield your hearts in humble submission and receive Jesus the Savior of sinners? God has made no such promise. He has entered into no such agreement with you. He is not indebted to you. He can at any time withhold his blessings and withdraw himself from you. And what will you do then? Do you think you can repent without God's presence, or without the assistance of the Holy Spirit? No: this is impossible. You must embrace every opportunity, and especially the most favorable one; and this is when he knocks at the door of your hearts. Then the voice of inspiration says: "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call upon him while he is near." Isa. 55, 6. And when is God so near as when he works in you by his Holy Spirit. Therefore work out your soul's salvation with fear and trembling. Phil. 2, 12. Oh! what a fearful thing to quench the Spirit of the living God!—to close the door of your hearts against the calls of your Saviour! Now God stands without knocking; he yet waits to be gracious; he bears patiently with you; he pleads with all the tenderest affections of a kind father for admission, but if you willfully refuse, soon the door of mercy and of heaven will be closed forever against you; then you, standing without, fearfully dismayed, will knock, saying, Lord, Lord open unto us; but a voice will utter the irrevocable sentence—"Depart from me ye workers of iniquity, I know you not."

3. The obstacles in the way of your repentance, will become every day greater. You see already enough to hinder you in the undertaking of a work which meets with so much opposition. Your heart, the enemy, and the world, do already sufficiently oppose you. But what is this in comparison to that which you must expect, if you still continue impenitent. Every day you advance in life, you create new hinderances and render old ones more difficult. As you grow in years, so you grow in sin. The heart becomes daily harder and less susceptible of spiritual impressions; the evil propensities become stronger; the conscience becomes more seared; and, in short, all the nobler sensibility of the soul become more vitiated and turned away from the great objects of life. You become more acquainted with the world, entangled with its affairs, immersed in its business and cares, bewitched with its beauties and pleasures, captivated and deceived by its riches—not unfrequently flattering yourself that all is well—till death dispels the hallucination, and you awake in “the lake of fire.” Will you in view of such a condition, delay your repentance? Or will you wait till every thing which tends to interfere with it, is removed? This would be the greatest folly. Your hinderances are becoming more numerous and irresistible. After this, when more advanced in life, will come the evil days and years in which you will have no pleasure, and in which repentance will be rendered more than doubly difficult, if not impossible. How much safer it is for you to repent now. Do not reason and experience,—yea the voice of inspiration says, “now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation,—if you will hear his voice, harden not your hearts.” Oh! do no longer continue in sin, lest you treasure up unto yourselves wrath against the day of wrath, and the revelation of the righteous judgment of God. Rom. 2, 5.

4. The day of your death is uncertain. You know that you must die, but when that time will come no man knoweth. This may be your last day; death may come in the twinkling of an eye. Who can tell you whether you will live to see another rising sun? How many die suddenly. How many are laid into the cold and silent grave, long before they arrive to the years of manhood. In allusion to the remark of David, that there is but a step between us and death, most strikingly has it been said, “that the whole course of life is ever parallel,—side by side with death; that death is not a precipice at a distance, towards which we are gradually coming, and over which we must, bye and bye, plunge; but a precipice on the very brink of which we are all the while walking, and over which, at every

instant, we may fall." We are always on the verge of life—always on the confines of eternity—always close upon the judgment—within a single step either of heaven or hell! And between the path we tread and the gulf by our sides, there is no barrier to guard us—nothing to save us from falling—as others have fallen at every point of that path. How much safer then to be always prepared, for the time of death is uncertain; it will come unexpectedly—when, perhaps, you are the least aware of it. Come it will, that is certain; but who can tell the time of his coming. If the good man of the house had known what hour the thief would come, he would have watched and not have suffered his house to be broken through. Therefore be ye also ready for in such an hour as ye think not the son of man cometh. Luk. 12: 39, 40. You know not whether you will ever have another call to repentance: whether you will ever have another voice of warning: or whether the spirit will ever again strive with you. And in view of such uncertainty, will you delay? Can you in any degree hazard your deathless soul? And will not the great probability be, if you neglect at present to repent, you will lose your soul? Who can approach the conception of such a destiny?—a lost immortal soul—eternity without God, without hope,—everlasting wo!

Suffer me then, my dear young reader, affectionately, to urge upon you the necessity of being ready, always ready, and you need fear no evil; and in view of that death which the wicked so much dread, you can say in the language of an inspired apostle, O death where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory? But thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

SWEARERS LISTEN AND TREMBLE!

If you swear oaths enough to fill one page of a book each week, it will make 52 pages each year!—and in ten years, it will make a book of 520 pages! If you shall swear on, at that rate, till you are 60 years of age, beginning at 10 years, you will have *five volumes of oaths*—or 2500 pages. What an account to settle with your God—with that God whose name you are so shamefully abusing. And do you know that He keeps a book. Get your Bible and read Rev. 20, 12. Then tremble and repent!

THE ORPHAN AT HER MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY THE CAMPUS BARD.

'Twas midnight's hour.
A robe of ten-fold darkness hung upon
The brooding sky, unpierced by even one
Pale twinkler's smile, and all around was gloom
So awfully profound, the stoutest heart
Would quail as nature sighed and moaned beneath
The loudly roaring storm that swept the earth
In wildest fury. The thunder crashed
Amid the clouds, and rolled terrific on;
The lightning, in ten thousand gleaming darts,
Flashed fearfully above; yet there was one
Upon whose cheek eight summers scarce had told
Their tale, who, all helpless and alone, had
Braved the horrors of that night, and come,
Like some lost pilgrim, to a stone that reared
Its head above a newly sodded grave.

And, as she stood a moment silent there,
I saw her pale wan features in the light
That flashed around the gloomy scene. And oh!
How eloquent those features were! Her brow
And sunken cheek all colorlessly fair;
Her mildly pensive eye half hidden by
The tear that kissed her drooping lid; her curls
Of raven gloss the tempest's sport; and form
So fragile that it seemed a wasting shade,
All breathed their tale of woe upon the heart!

She stood a moment there, then kneeling down
She clasped her hands, and raised her pleading eye,
All eloquent with love and woe, and with
Affection's fondest tear suffused, toward heaven,
And, in her deep, deep agony of soul,
With more than mortal eloquence, she prayed—
O God!

If still thou art the orphan's friend,
And hearest the mourner's plaintive cry;
If still thou dost assistance lend,
And canst not pass affliction by;
If still thou dost with pity move,
And in thy mercy still dost care,
O, in the fondness of thy love,
Regard a friendless orphan's prayer!

If still the raven's cry is heard,
And still the sparrow's fall is seen;
If still the drooping heart is cheered,
And thou dost make it calm, serene;
If, when all friends are changed, or gone,
Thou still dost in our sorrows share,
Thou wilt, descending from thy throne,
In pity stoop to hear my prayer.

And while the storm sweeps wildly round,
And lightnings flash athwart the sky;
While earth is clothed in gloom profound,
And thunders fearful roll on high;
If in thy mercy thou wilt care,
If in thy power thou wilt save,
O hear me breathe my simple prayer,
In woe, *above my mother's grave!*

Then, rising up as if she heard a voice
That said "The Lord is still the orphan's friend,"
She cast one look upon her mother's grave,
And slowly turned away. But oh how full
Of tenderness and love—what pathos in
That soul-full look! How eloquent her tear!
How deep the language of her eye's blank gaze!
How fond the soul that seemed to languish there!

DICKINSON COLLEGE, Pa.

A VOICE FROM ILLINOIS.

"The Guardian is well executed in its mechanical department, but is of a much higher order in its subject matter, for its promptings to a higher and holier life. May its spread be general, finding its way to the young and pliable mind, where it can make those healthy impressions that tend to secure an everlasting and happy future beyond the grave."

We could fill pages with similar testimonies received from all directions, and from different denominations of christians. We thank the friends of the Guardian for their good wishes. Our list has much increased in the second volume, and we are much encouraged to make it still more worthy of patronage. We are determined to keep its pages pure. We will not print a line that we will not feel willing to face on a dying bed.

HERMENEUTICS AND EXEGESIS.—NO. II.

USUS LOQUENDI.

1. The *usus loquendi* is not the same in every language. Each language has its idiomatical phrases which give a different sense when they are translated into another language. Too much caution cannot therefore be used that such phrases, or expressions, be not understood in the sense which the same words have in another language. For instance in Exodus 1: 21, we read: "Because the midwives feared God, that he made them houses." Here the idiomatic phrase, "he made them houses," means, he made their families large and prosperous, as appears from Ruth 4: 11: "The Lord make the woman (Ruth) that is come into thine house, like Rachael and like Leah, which two did build the house of Israel." See also 1 Kings 2: 14. 11: 38. Again in Malachi 1: 2, 3. "Yet I loved Jacob, and I hated Esau," that is, I loved Jacob more than Esau, and Esau less than Jacob. It was common among the Hebrews to use the terms *love* and *hatred* in this comparative sense, where the former implied strong, *positive* attachment; and the latter, not *positive* hatred, but merely a *less love*, or the withholding of the expressions of affection. Compare Gen. 29: 30, 31. "He (Jacob) loved also Rachael more than Leah—and when the Lord saw that Leah was hated." Again, in Proverbs 13: 24, "He that spareth his rod *hateth* his son; but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes." Compare also Luke 14: 26. Again in 1 Cor. 8: 3, "But if any man love God, the same is known of him." The Greek word *egnostai*, translated *is known*, means that he is approved, acknowledged, accepted. In this sense the word *known* is often used in the Scriptures. Compare Matt. 7: 23 and Exod. 1: 8.

2. In the oriental style, which is the scripture style, we must not expect the precision and definiteness, in the use of terms, which we find in modern European languages, or in the ancient Greek and Latin of the classic authors. The oriental style abounds in strong, bold, general expressions, which must be understood with very considerable limitation; agreeably to the nature of the subject, the scope, the context, and the analogy of scripture. An instance is recorded in 1 Kings 3: 12, "There was none like thee before thee, neither after thee shall any arise like unto thee." Again in Joel 2: 2, "There hath not been ever the like, neither shall be any more after it." Exod. 10: 14; Mark 13: 19; Matt. 5: 39, 42; Matt. 6: 25, 31, 34;

Luke 14: 29; Isa. 13: 10; Joel 2: 30, 31. 3: 15; Zeph. 1: 14, 17.

3. Every man has an individuality of circumstances and character that modifies his mode of thinking and speaking, and separates him, in some respects, from others. The several authors of the New Testament have each his own peculiar style, and sometimes use different terms when they mean the same thing. Instances of the kind are numerous in the scriptures. Matthew, Mark and Luke, when speaking of Christ, call him, "the beloved Son." Matt. 3: 17; Mark 1: 11; Luke 3: 22. John alone uses the appellation, "the only begotten Son." John 1: 14, 18. 3: 16.; 1 John 4: 9. 5: 1, 18. John uses the Greek word *monogenes*, *only begotten*. Paul uses instead of it, *prototokos*, *first begotten*. Rom. 8: 29; Col. 1: 15; Heb. 1: 6. John uses the word *prototokos* in the Apocalyps, 1 chap. v. 5. Matthew uses the term (*teleioi*, perfect), "Be ye perfect." Matt. 5: 48. For which Luke has (*oiktirmones*, *merciful*) "Be ye merciful." Luke 6: 36. Of all the evangelists, John alone uses the term *logos* as applied to Christ; as, "in the beginning was the *logos*, word, &c." John 1: 1, 14.

4. It is probable that Jesus sometimes taught in Greek; yet as the vernacular tongue of Palestine was Hebrew, or Syro-Chaldaic, and the Jews were much attached to their own language, (see Acts 22: 2) it is reasonable to suppose that he ordinarily taught in this language; and, the sacred writers in recording his discourses in Greek, have consequently translated them from the Syro-Chaldaic, and have, therefore, not given us the very words of Jesus himself; and, since the same thing may be said in different ways, the same discourses are not given precisely in the same words, by the several Evangelists.

5. When several writers undertake to give a brief account of the same events, one will omit one circumstance; and one another: and, each will express what he writes, in his own way. From this cause much diversity has proceeded in the several accounts which we have of the same events. Besides, the narratives contained in the scriptures are necessarily very brief. From this brevity, considerable obscurity has arisen in many parts of the sacred history, in the gospels especially when recording the resurrection, appearance, and ascension of Christ.

6. It should always be borne in mind by all who read the gospels, that the sacred narrative of an event is what it is declared by *all* the Evangelists. That they have not been concerned to record facts in the *order of time*, in which they took place. Many difficulties have been created by this cause. The

object was to relate facts themselves. With these principles in view the sacred narratives may be better understood.

7. In quotations from the Old Testament the Evangelists and apostles have sometimes given only the sense of the texts without scrupulously regarding the words. The following passages agree with the Hebrew in sense; but not in words—

Isa. 40: 3—5	quoted by	Matt. 3: 3.
Isa. 42: 4	“	“ Matt. 12: 18—21.
Psal. 78: 2	“	“ Matt. 13: 35.
Zech. 9: 9	“	“ Matt. 21: 5.
Exod. 13: 2	“	“ Luke 2: 23.
Isa. 6: 9, 10	“	“ John 12: 40:
Psal. 69: 26	“	“ Acts 1: 20.
Isa. 59: 7, 8	“	“ Rom. 3: 15—17.
Isa. 52: 11, 12	“	“ 2 Cor. 6: 17.
Gen. 12: 3	“	“ Gal. 3: 8.
Hag. 2: 6	“	“ Heb. 12: 26.

8. They sometimes quote merely in the way of allusion. For example, Paul and others quote from

Deut. 30: 12—14	Rom. 10: 6—8:
Psal. 19: 4	Rom. 10: 18.
Jer. 31: 15	Matt. 2: 17, 18.
Hos. 11: 1	Matt. 2: 15.

In these, and numerous similar instances, no more is intended than to remark that the words which are quoted, though spoken of another subject, may be accommodated to the case under consideration.

9. They quote sometimes from the Septuagint (a translation of the Old Testament from the Hebrew into Greek made about two hundred and eighty-five years before the birth of Christ) where it differs from the present Hebrew text according to the same sense which interpreters have given to the Hebrew. In those instances they have given the true sense of the ancient Hebrew text, and their disagreement from the present Hebrew, according to modern interpretations, arises from the corruptions of the Hebrew text, or from the imperfect knowledge which modern interpreters have of its meaning.

The following are a few quotations of the kind, agreeing with the Septuagint, but differing from the Hebrew:

Isa. 29: 13	quoted by	Matt. 15: 8, 9.
Psal. 16: 8—11	“	“ Acts 2: 25—28.
Amos 5: 25—27	“	“ Acts 7: 42, 43.
Isa. 55: 3	“	“ Acts 13: 34.
Prov. 3: 34	“	“ James 4: 6.

9. The Greek, the language in which the New Testament

was first written, is not pure classic Greek; but abounds with Hebraisms. On this account it is called Hebrew-Greek, or the *Hellenistic dialect*. The Jews who spoke the Greek language were called Hellenists (*helleniston*) Acts 6: 1—or as it is in the English translation, *Grecians*; meaning, however, those Hebrews who were scattered among the Gentiles, who spoke the Greek language.

Many words and forms of expression have a different meaning in the Hebrew usage from that which they have in Greek. When they occur, they must be understood in a Hebrew sense, rather than in the Greek.

10. We also occasionally meet with Rabbinical, Syriac, Persian, Latin and other idioms, which are respectively called Rabbinisms, Syriasms, Persians, Latinisms, &c.

TIMOTHY.

THOU CARRIEST THEM AWAY AS WITH A FLOOD!

There are about nine hundred millions of human beings on the face of the earth. It has been ascertained that, on an average, a generation passes away every 30 years. From this the reader can easily make the following calculation:

900 millions die every	30 years.
30 millions die in	1 year.
2 million 500 thousand die in	1 month.
83 thousand 333 die in	1 day.
3 thousand 472 die in	1 hour.
58 die in	1 minute.

Almost 1 in each second!

Now, if we look at a clock that has a second hand, we can see how fast souls drop into eternity. If we think of death as a gate, we see that they are crowding in as fast as one can possibly make room for the other. While you have been reading this short article, at least 58 souls have passed the portal into their eternal state! What a solemn thought!

Great God! is this our certain doom?

And are we still secure?

Still walking downward to the tomb!

And yet prepare no more!

THE HUMAN MIND.

In the creation of matter, it pleased the Supreme Being to form from that which was *inanimate*, *animate* beings; into such, he breathed the breath of life. Although that part of his handy-work, which has not the properties of life, cannot be compared to the mind of man; yet such is its grandeur, and beauty, as to call forth the praise and admiration of all intelligent creatures. Nature with her ten thousand objects of admiration—her silvery and crystal-like streams and brooks—her lofty mountains, whose towering peaks seem to pierce the vaulted heavens—the hills and valleys carpeted with living green, and overlaid profusely with flowers of every hue—these may, and should, elicit feelings of praise and gratitude to nature's God. Yet they cannot with all their beauty, and loveliness, be equal to mind. We soar above things terrestrial; and as we stand in awe and wonder, and view the lightning flash athwart the heavens, and behold nature itself convulsed by the warring elements,—all this, and more, may be presented to our view, and still we may say, nature and her sublimest works are inferior to the intellectual endowments which God has given to man.

The truth of this assertion will, upon a moment's reflection, appear evident to our mind. Man, in the beginning, we are told, was made after the image of his Maker. This, I suppose, refers not to corporeal likeness, but to mental qualities; and, although our powers and sensibilities have been greatly diminished by the "apostasy," we yet retain the same mind in some degree. Again, the creator or author of any work, or works, is greater than that which is created by him. The piece of machinery which the mechanic plans and brings to perfection, being made by him and subordinate to him, is, of course, less than he who constructed it: or, the icy marble that is chiselled by the hand of the sculptor, and fashioned to his taste, possesses not the power of him who shaped it. If, then, it be true, that the Creator is greater than the thing created, and that the human mind partakes, in some degree, of the Divine mind; therefore the works of nature are inferior to the mind of man. How guilty, then, are those who neglect the cultivation of that intellect which their Maker has bestowed upon them! Yet there are those who not only neglect the culture of that which is the seat of man's judgment, regardless of its origin and affinity to the author of all mind, but who have used that which is cultivated in an unprofitable manner. How lamentable it is

that so many gigantic minds, whose intellect might have shone brightly, and shed their lustre on all around, have been entirely wrecked by lingering over the intoxicating bowl, and giving full indulgence to all their corrupt propensities. There are many persons who, if they had employed their talents as assiduously in the cause of religion, as they have in direct opposition to it, would have benefited themselves and their fellow men.

Who can estimate the amount of evil which has resulted, and will yet result, from the writings of Paine, Hume and others, who have devoted their time and the energies of their mind to the corruption of the morals of their fellows?—for he who denies the authenticity of the Bible, denies the Savior, and a state of retribution, unlooses the restraints of passion, and throws open wide the flood gates of vice and corruption. History will lend her assenting voice to the truth of this assertion. France has spoken, and still speaks, in tones not to be misunderstood, and from which all may learn a profitable lesson. Upon the other hand, who is able to compute the vast amount of good such men as Luther, Calvin, Baxter and similar minds, have been the means of accomplishing?

If we would avoid the shoals and quicksands upon which others have made shipwreck; if *we* would do our duty to ourselves, our fellow men, and our God, we must attend to the proper cultivation of the mind, that which is to be valued above the most costly gems, and to be prized more highly than the wealth of the Indies.

JAMES.

WILMINGTON, Del.

HUMAN LOVE.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

<p>Oh, if there is one law above the rest, Written in Wisdom—if there is a word That I would trace as with a pen of fire, Upon the unsullied temper of a child— If there is anything that keeps the mind Open to an angel visit and repels The ministry of ill—'tis human love. God has made nothing worthy of contempt; The smallest pebble in the well of truth Has its peculiar meaning, and will stand When man's best monuments wear fast away. The law of Heaven is love: and tho' its name</p>	<p>Has been usurped by passion, and profan'd To its unholy uses through all time: Still the eternal principle is pure: And in those deep affections that we feel Omnipotent within us, can we see The lavish measure in which love is giv'n, And in the yearning tenderness of a child: In every bird that sings above our head, And every tree and flower, and running brook, We see, how every thing was made to love, And how they err, who in a world like this Find every thing to hate but human pride.</p>
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MY MOTHER.

BY THE EDITOR.

My Mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed;
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun!
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—yes!
I heard the bell toll'd on the burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nurs'ry window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—it was.—Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown,
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!

My mother is long since dead! Green be the grass, and beautiful the flowers that grow upon her tomb. My bosom swells into a sigh, even now, while I gaze at the title which stands at the head of this article. This is indeed that "softer name," which ought never to be pronounced without emotion. It is said, that he who can once forget the home of his childhood, is far gone in evil; and we think the same may be said of him who can forget his mother. Then indeed must every tendril of the heart be broken, and all finer feelings gone.

Is your mother dead? Then let her memory still live in your heart. Is she living? Then live you also in such a manner as never to cause her heart a pang. This will be to you a source of the sweetest consolation when once you stand upon her grave. Nothing can well be more bitter, than to remember, when she is dead, that you have been unkind to her. Ah! who has ever loved his mother as she deserved? Even now, thou sainted spirit, my heart melts in penitence to the feet of Jesus, at the remembrance of my childish thoughtlessness and youthful ingratitude!

My Mother!—well do I remember her, though years have passed since her image sunk into the tomb. She was a plain woman; and far removed from what is called "the polish of good society." In the simplicity of her heart, she did not even know that this was necessary, in order to a perfect female character, and to constitute her the accomplished head of a family. Strange and old-fashioned as it may seem, I believe at this mo-

ment my cheek would become red with a blush, if I could remember ever to have seen my Mother dance. Turn it as I may, the recollection would be awkward to me, and I would wish to forget it. There are, besides this, a great many other ideas and items, that now-a-days belong to fashionable life, and that are considered almost indispensable parts of true accomplishment, of which my Mother knew nothing at all. She was plain in dress, plain in manners, plain in all her thoughts and feelings.

My Mother was very domestic. Home was her earthly paradise; and diligence in the affairs of her household she considered one of her most important earthly duties. She kept a clean and neat kitchen; and all the boards that were not painted or carpeted, were always smooth and white, from the application of water, sand, and a scrubbing-brush. Ah! how well I mind what a day was Saturday in our house; not a corner had escaped the general cleansing. Any part of the house was a comfortable place to be in; and even the avenue to each door was inviting; for not a path in the yard was unswept. Seldom was it, that the last two hours of Saturday evening were not spent in examining, folding up, and laying into their proper places, our clean raiment for the Sabbath. No one feared, when he opened his drawer, that either a rent, or a wanting button, would meet his eye in any of his garments. In short, we all felt that there was not any spot or department in the whole of that little realm which we called home, that had not been under the hand and eye of our Mother.

I do not think that my Mother ever read a novel! She did not know that this was necessary in order to make one tender-hearted! She never spake to us of "Bulwer's last," or of "Scott's best"—indeed, I do not recollect of ever having heard her say any thing about the necessity of reading novels; am sure that I never saw her weep over one. And yet she was tender-hearted. She pitied the unfortunate with a sincere grief, and was always good to the poor. She was one of those peculiar old-fashioned Mothers, from whose doors you can see poor neighbor women depart with full baskets and full hearts. Many a piece of soap, of bacon, and such like, were tied up in a handkerchief by her, while some one to whom this was no small matter, looked gratefully on. Many a long line of sausage, and lump of pudding, left our cellar, directly after butchering time. She used to say, "Give to the poor, and you will always have." I suppose she learned this from an old book that used to lie on the corner of the mantle, and over which she

used to pore full many an hour. It pleaseth me greatly that I can recollect this of my Mother, now that she sleeps in yonder grave. I never heard my Mother boast of what she had done; when she gave, it was all so natural with her, and she did it so quietly,—just as it is with a tree when he shakes off his ripe fruit.

My Mother used to read the Bible, and go to church. It seems as if I could still see the carry-all move round the corner of the orchard, towards the little village, in which stood the church where our fathers worshipped. It was a plain way of going to church, but it was the way my Mother went; and I verily believe she went with a good object in view; and it is doubtful in my mind whether it ever entered into her mind that it was a shame to go to church in a carry-all. It is a long time since then, and times and customs have greatly changed, but still it giveth me pleasure, to think of the old book on the end of the mantle that my Mother used to read on Sunday afternoons after she returned from church. I cannot get rid of the idea, that it was her church-going, in connection with that book, that made her so good a Mother.

When I think of all these things, I feel sorry that I was not more kind to my Mother—though I cannot recollect any particular act of harsh unkindness, yet I fear there might have been some. If she now stood before me, Oh! with what earnestness would I enquire whether any of my conduct had ever grieved her!—and if so, with what sincere penitence would I ask her pardon. But now she heeds not, and hears not, and perhaps knows not how I praise her—my sainted Mother! I now feel the force of what the poet saith:

“How gladly would the *man* restore to life
The *boy's* neglected sire; a mother too—
That softer name,—perhaps more gladly still.”

No doubt many an one, if it had been possible, would have called back departed parents, in order to make some reparation for ungrateful conduct towards them while living.

Thinking of my Mother in this way, reminds me of the manner in which some children treat their parents when the infirmities of age come upon them. We all know that old people frequently enter a second childhood in their last years. Without willing it, or even perhaps without knowing it, they become peevish, fretful, arbitrary and troublesome, like children. Now we are called to exercise the same patience towards them, as they did towards us, in our helpless and troublesome infancy. We have seen some beautiful examples of filial patience and

affection in these circumstances; but we have also seen some instances of real barbarity on the part of children towards their parents during their dotage. We do not see how such can visit the graves of their parents without being compelled to write bitter things against themselves. Who can treat with neglect or cold indifference, or with cruelty, an aged parent—and hope to be forgiven!

Happy is he who has a kind, affectionate, Christian Mother among the living; and happy is he who has such an one to remember when she is dead. Happier still are those who deserve to have such a parent. When the Mother of Augustine came to her Pastor, to consult with him in regard to the reformation of her wayward son, she prayed and wept so earnestly, that he said to her, Go home in peace, the son of such prayers and tears can never perish! He was right—her son afterwards became a great and a good man. Now, before I lay down my pen, I do most devoutly thank God for giving me such a Mother.

My boast is not that I derive my birth
From loins enthroned, or rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,—
The son of parents passed into the skies!

SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHERS.

We have no doubt many of our readers are Sabbath School Teachers. What an interesting sight is a Teacher and his class, engaged in the study of the Scriptures. When we think of the great army of them, stationed all over the land, raising up in the minds of the young fortifications against evil, we have hope for the rising generation. So much labor devoted to the young cannot but bring forth much good fruit in their hearts and lives.

It is a fact, which scripture and experience confirm, that as soon as we become christians we get a strong desire to do good to others. How glad ought young christians to be, that as soon as they have dedicated themselves to God, such an opening presents itself to them for usefulness in the Sabbath School. No better opportunity for doing good can be desired by any one, as a private christian. Here is room for the best talents, and for the warmest zeal. Those that are faithful in this kind of pious labor, may be the means of saving souls from death. This is an object worth living for. “He that winneth souls is wise.”

REMEMBER YOUR CREATOR IN YOUTH.

BY REV. A. CHRISTMAN.

Why ought we to remember our Creator. We ought to do so, because he has created, and preserves us,—has made us what we are, and without him we can do nothing. We are the creatures of God—his handiwork,—were made for his glory and to do his will. Hence he has a right to our service, and to make such disposition of us as seems best in his sight. Any thing that men make, they claim as theirs by right of workmanship, and to use for such purpose as best suits them. And if they have a right thus to claim and dispose of what is theirs, why should the Almighty not have the same privilege? He certainly has as much right to his own, as men have to what they call theirs, and consequently we ought to remember him, live for his honor and glory, and do his will.

And since God intended us for his service in the beginning, he has accordingly endued us with a certain nature. He created us in his image—endued us with a moral religious nature. Hence religion constitutes the law of our being; and we can only be true to ourselves and God, when we permit ourselves to be governed by that law. Every thing else which God has created obeys his laws, and why should not we? The earth produces her fruits from year to year,—animals are fruitful and multiply,—the clouds never hold back their rain, nor the sun his rays,—the moon sheds her pale bright light upon the earth, as she has always done,—and the stars twinkle as brilliantly now as they did when they were first placed in the heavens;—in short, all nature obeys its God, in its different departments, and why should not we be true to the design of our being? What right have we to mark out our course, or to follow the dictates of our own depraved will? Our life is blind and meaningless, so long as we live unto ourselves. Man can only understand himself, the mystery of his being, and know what sphere he was designed to fill, by means of religion, by bringing his will into reconciliation with that of God. Away from God, he is at enmity with himself and the whole creation. Every thing he does in this condition, is not only against the will of his Maker, but, in fact, it is against his own *true* will, which sin prevents him from exercising.

But what is the proof of this? It is clear and abundant. Each one can examine and view it for himself. Trace the history of humanity from its beginning down to the present time,

and you will find proof upon proof, yes, the whole of it is proof, that religion is the law of man's nature, and that he has always disobeyed it. Why is its whole course marked with nothing but crime, misery and blood-shed? Did the Almighty purpose in creating men that they should prey upon each other like wild beasts?—that one nation should subvert the other and establish itself upon its ruins, only to share the same fate in turn?—that one individual should ruin and destroy all the plans and prospects of those around him, in order to obtain so much more room for the purpose of promoting his own interests and ends? Such could certainly not have been the design of God when he fashioned man; for he is a God of love and holiness, and would not create beings such immediate prototypes of hell itself. No; God created man in his own image; religion is the law of his nature; and it is only by obeying this law that we can be true to ourselves. Men are to love, and not prey upon each other. And what stronger incentive could we ask, to urge us to obey God's laws, remember our Creator, than this fact. Obedience to his laws will teach us to love one another, and to put hatred away from among us.

Religion is not only the law of our nature and God our Creator, but we have also been bought with a prize. We are the Lord's by redemption as well as creation; hence he has a two-fold claim upon our service. He so loved the world when it was lying in trespasses and sin, and might justly have been doomed to everlasting destruction, as to give his life for it,—took upon himself our human nature, and dwelt among us for our sakes. Now, he did not do this from any selfish or interested motive, but because he loved us. He did it for your sake, and my sake, and not his own. Men sometimes show kindness towards each other, because they expect to have kindness shown to them in return. But no such selfish feeling prompted God in becoming our Redeemer. He did it out of pure love. And ought we not to love him because he loved us? Who can contemplate the career of the Savior from the manger at Bethlehem until his crucifixion upon Calvary, his descent to the abode of departed spirits, resurrection and final ascension to the right hand of the Father, and not feel his heart moved to love and adoration? Is there any heart so hard as to remain unaffected by the startling facts which comprise his history? Such unbounded love has never been witnessed on the part of any person, as he has manifested. For our sakes, though rich, he became poor. He gave his own life, in order to save that of rebel man. "Greater love has no man than this, that a man

lay down his life for his friends.”

There is still another reason why we ought to remember our Creator, and willingly enter his service. It is this—when health, strength and life once commence to faint and fail, he can alone comfort and support us in our afflictions. It is an awful thing to stand upon the verge of the grave—upon the threshold of a boundless eternity—without the strong arm of God to lean upon for aid and support. If we have nothing but this world to depend upon, how dark and dreary must the future appear in the hour of death. And if we do not remember our Creator during the course of our life, how can we expect that he will remember us at its close? He will not do it; he will leave us to ourselves, to the painful consciousness that we have lived in sin and rebellion against him;—nor will he point us to a place where we can rest from our sorrows beyond the grave, but will leave us alone with the gloom and awfulness of perdition staring us in the face. Peace with God—religion in the hour of death can alone smooth the pillow of sickness and suffering—point us to a cheering star of hope in the sky of eternity.

——“let the witling argue all he can,
It is religion still that makes the man.
'Tis *this*, my friends, that streaks our morning bright;
'Tis *this* that gilds the horrors of our night.
When wealth forsakes us, and when friends are few;
When friends are faithless, or when foes pursue;
'Tis *this* that wards the blow, or stills the smart;
Disarms affliction, or repels its dart;
Within the heart bids purest rapture rise—
Bids smiling conscience spread her cloudless skies.
When the storm thickens, and the thunder rolls,
When the earth trembles to th' affrighted poles;
The virtuous mind, nor doubts, nor fears assail;
For storms are zephyrs, or a gentler gale.
And when disease obstructs th' lab'ring breath,
When the heart sickens, and each pulse is death,
Ev'n then religion shall sustain the just,
Grace their last moments, nor desert their dust.”

What reasons more cogent and convincing could we ask, to persuade us to remember our Creator, than the ones we have presented? We have seen that religion is the law of our nature; that we belong to the Lord both by creation and redemption; and also, that he alone can comfort us in the hour of distress or death. And ought we not, in view of such facts as these, give our whole lives to God—love him “with all our


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hearts, and with all our souls, and with all our minds"? We certainly ought to do so—walk in the commandments of God from the cradle to the grave.

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## A HIGH STATE OF PIETY.

BY THE EDITOR.

There are evidently different degrees of piety or spiritual gifts. The Scriptures speak of weak and strong faith; of great and small faith. It speaks of hope which is feeble as the bruised reed; and of love which is like the smoking flax. It speaks of those who are scarcely saved, and of others that are saved yet so as by fire, and of others who are saved with a mighty and glorious triumph. Paul administers to the Hebrew believers a severe reproof, "For when for the time ye ought to be teachers, ye have need that one teach you what be the first principles of the oracles of God; and are become such as have need of milk and not of strong meat. *Heb. 5: 12—14.* Religion, then, is not something at once fixed, complete and finished; but, like all life, requires a process of evolution, and co-ordinate with this evolution in all its stages is the strength and beauty of piety. We ought earnestly to desire and zealously to labor that the divine life in us may be unfolded to its highest point of perfection.

Experience, observation and history, confirm this truth so clearly taught in God's word. In the personages of sacred and profane history, we see diversity of spiritual attainments. And a moment's observation on the world of professing christians around us, will convince us that, as in the heavens, one star differeth from another in glory, brightness and beauty; so christians differ in gifts and graces. While some are clear lights in the world, reproving the darkness steadily on every hand, there are others, which, if the community in which they live were required to decide whether they are christians or not, there would be so little sure evidence that as many would decide against them as for them.

Deep piety or uncommon gifts and graces are attainable. They are not only attainable by some choice spirits who it may be supposed are particularly constituted, and favorably circumstanced in life, to make such attainments. It is not denied that these are considerations of some importance. But what



by many are considered circumstances the most favorable are really the least so. Persons sometimes excuse themselves from making efforts to attain to superior graces, upon the ground that it is useless in their circumstances; but this is all groundless. Will not that God who has commanded you to covet the best gifts, place you in such circumstances as shall be most favorable; especially since he has promised to make all things work together for your good. He that tempers the winds to the shorn lamb, will temper all your circumstances for your comfort and advancement in christian graces. To excuse ourselves on account of our circumstances, is a wicked charge upon God. The very trials and difficulties which we so much hate as obstacles, are hedges about our way to restrain us from wandering, and to keep and direct us in the path of life.

How common it is for persons to say, that if they were circumstanced like this or that individual and have so much leisure time, what attainments they would make. Such do not remember that leisure leads to idleness, and idleness to sin and carnal security and the lowest of vanities. The quiet walks of industry are blest. The best men that ever lived were the busiest.

Others think if they had more learning. Such little know the dangers and temptations that beset the paths of science. Learning is important and desirable, but only when it follows in the walks of piety; only when it is made tributary to piety. There must be piety first or learning will be a curse, by increasing our responsibility and consequently our condemnation. Those who drink at Castilia, are often tempted to tarry there, and scarcely go on to Siloa. How many, in ascending the mount of human science, have had their hearts chilled and frozen on the way because they had not the live coal of grace warm at their hearts. Many an one who knew much, and who on "the loftiest top of Fame's dread mountain sat" will sit lower in heaven if he sits there at all, than he who knew little but loved much. The mightiest oaks grow in the valley.

Some think, again, that they would make great attainments if they, like ministers of religion, could be always employed in divine and spiritual labors. Such little think that the very fact that religion and divine things are their daily employment has a tendency to induce them to forget or become insensible to its solemnity, and tempt to labor in it with formality and cold-heartedness of every day life. These, too, their dreadful responsibilities, are to be considered: that they are flesh and blood, and have their own souls to save, while, at the same



time, they have the care of all the churches, and a thousand souls of whose blood they must clear their skirts. If one steers his bark safely through seas like this, and lands safely at last in the haven of eternal rest, he may thank that hand which held him up amid dangers for which he was not of himself sufficient. No wonder that Paul said, pray for us, and keep my body under, lest, having preached the gospel to others, I, myself, should be found a cast away. Do you desire to be placed under such terrors of office, and under such a yoke of responsibilities and duties, that you may be in favorable circumstances to attend to the best gifts!

Some even suppose those who are rich in this world's goods, and have ease, and plenty, and all kinds of conveniences, are in good circumstances to attain superior gifts in religion. This idea is more prevalent than is supposed, and no doubt many who are poor excuse themselves in this way, as though the obligation to improve in piety could not be discharged unless they were in easy circumstances in life. Easy circumstances! what a perversion of language, to call the rich in easy circumstances. To find a rich man easy is like finding one that is resting under his burden. If you can find a river into which a thousand tributaries are pouring their turgid waters, easy, then you can find an easy rich man into whose coffers are daily flowing streams of gain. No, his heart is boiling like the restless and troubled sea, and the stream of his life hurries on terrible and untameable like the floods. "But they that will be rich, fall into temptation, and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drowned men in destruction and perdition. For the love of money is the root of all evil: which, while some coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows." "Hearken, my beloved brethren—hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the Kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him." It is no wonder that Moses refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, "esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt."

All these excuses then are groundless, and every one is bound to consider these circumstances in which grace finds him the best for its evolution, and ought, in those circumstances, to covet earnestly the best gifts.

We have evidence abundant that in all circumstances superior piety is attainable. Wilberforce and Zinzendorf are examples of persons in high life attaining to extraordinary piety. Harlan Page, a young *house-joiner*, by his great zeal and dili-



gent improvement of his gifts, has won for himself, or perhaps rather for God's grace, the praise of all the churches, and a crown of many stars in heaven. Bunyan, a common christian, living in the midst of terrible times, became an eminent christian, and has blessed thousands by his gifts. But there are hundreds of examples more of a similar kind to which the mind of any one can readily refer. Paul surmounting the prejudices of a bad religious education, the rigor and bigotry of the Pharisee, and the allurements of a proud philosophy as well as a stern temper, stopped not behind the very chiefest of the Apostles. The poor Syro-phenicean woman had great faith, and the pious Esther in great and high circumstances of temptation remained a faithful Israelite. David, in the midst of regal splendor and honor, was a man whose heart was right with God; but that is not the only place to become highly pious, for the *Beggar* also died and was carried by angels into Abraham's bosom.

Why should we then foolishly, yea, sinfully, suppose that our circumstances are in our way to discourage, if not to excuse us. No. The obligation is general, high or low, rich or poor, learned or unlearned, bond or free, are alike bound to aim at high attainments in piety.

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## STREET AMUSEMENTS.

### "THE BOY IS FATHER TO THE MAN."

It may be that this article may catch the eye of some lad who is in the habit of spending most of his leisure in the street. For him it is intended. Or if it meets the eye of his parents our object will, perhaps, be just as well reached.

Innocent as they appear, we have always regarded the common street plays of children as the beginning of lasting injury to them. Not only does it cultivate in them a rude and battling spirit, but it exposes them to all kinds of vulgarity and profanity. Besides it has a tendency to destroy all that tender attachment to home, and that genteel and retiring modesty which gives such beauty to the character of a well-bred boy; and begets in the place of these a bold, unfeeling, and rowdy-like impoliteness, and even impudence.

Still more do we regard the love of street games as dangerous. These games of ambition and chance are the seeds of something for worse. We can see where they begin; but it is



hard to see where they will end. The germs of gambling are, no doubt, to be sought in this practice. All evil has small beginnings; and he that is wise searches out the beginnings of evil, and seeks to nip it in the bud.

Is it not important that boys should check this tendency in time? Ought not parents and guardians to have an eye to this matter? There are many ways to make evenings agreeable to children; and as to day-time, street amusements would soon cease to exist were boys trained to habits of industry as their best interests require. The best way to fortify the young against this danger is to train them up to the love of knowledge. The love of books will keep them out of many evils. It is when the thoughts are suffered to idle along without an aim to control them, that they seek out agreeable and diverting mischief. Let parents supply their rising families with interesting and useful reading, and they will gradually get a fondness for knowledge, which, while it has a tendency to restrain them from mischief, will fit them for stations of usefulness and honor.

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### ASTONISHING!

In one of the late Nos. of the Lady's Book there is a most astonishing account given of a matter that happened in Philadelphia. If it were not so gravely told, and the woman's name at the head who relates it, we could hardly believe it. It is too long for our pages, but we will give the substance of it.

There was a woman who had "large blue eyes," and these "as well as her lips always spoke the truth." She had a "large but exquisitely-shaped hand"! She was engaged to be married to a man the name of "Willis, who was at the head of one of the largest mercantile houses." He had a "delightful home," to which he designed to take his bride. They were actually married after a while, and "Willis declared that no one could be happier than they were."—After they were married a while he went oftener than he should to the "club-meeting" in the evening, and "she was a little lonely now and then"! Two years after they were married "was the birth-day of a darling child;" and once, when Willis came home, she asked him—"Is'nt it beautiful?" Then he suddenly went to France—all the way—on some business, and while he was there he wrote her a letter that when he got home he would never go to the club-meetings any more! This made her very happy. And this is the end.

Such, reader, is the substance of a string of nonsense eight



columns in length; and with just such baby trash more than one half of these fashionable Magazines are filled. This is what a large portion of the young read. This is the food on which immortal spirits are to be fed! When will men get wise? The time that is taken up in such a "*long lie*," would be sufficient to master a chapter of useful history or biography. The terms in which this ridiculous trash is condemned cannot be strong; the bad influence it exerts on mind, heart and morals cannot be too much deprecated by all friends of sound cultivation and true refinement.

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### OUR BOOK TABLE.

Mr. WM. MURRAY, (late Judd & Murray,) has very genteelly laid upon the Editor's Table the following works:

*Select Literary Works, Prose and Verses of Mrs. CAROLINE SOUTHEY.*—

Her poetry is smooth, generally cheerful, and always moral in its tendency.

*Also—History of William the Conqueror*, by JACOB ABBOTT. A book for beginners in Biography, and is only one of a series,—written in a plain and pleasant style.

*Also—The Sacred Mountains*, by J. T. HEADLEY. Well known popular sketches of the prominent mountains mentioned in the Bible.

*Also—Woman in America; her Worth and her Reward*, by MARIA J. MCINTOSH. The subject is an important one; not having had time to read this book, we cannot speak of its merits.

*Also—The Wedding Gift: or the Duties and Pleasures of Domestic Life.*

This is a book worth buying, and worth studying. Let every young married couple, or those looking forward to marriage, immediately buy it, and rest not till mind and heart are filled with its wholesome principles.

We love to see good books circulated—we say *good* books, because the world is full of bad ones. We have looked along Mr. Murray's shelves, both in the first and second story of his extensive Book Store, and can safely say to those of our readers who are within reach of our city, give him a call. Few book stores, so large as his, contain so little trash. We get out of all patience with the thousand and one vapory and moonshine tales, with which the sense of the great public is now-a-days insulted; and hence find it a sweet relief to see the excellent and standard works that grace Mr. M.'s shelves; there they face you from all sides, pile upon pile, "buildded for an armory, wherein there hang a thousand bucklers, all *shields of mighty men*." There are the Poets, entire and in parts—all the standard works or history. The professions are all well represented, Theological, Medical and Legal—especially the first. The Sabbath School Union and American Tract Society publications are, also, kept by him, and are to be had at the regular city prices. Besides these there are to be seen almost any number and variety of miniature and mammoth Gift Books, done up in excellent style, and, what is better, generally of solid contents.—He is, also, well supplied with Bibles. Give him a call if you want good books.



# THE GUARDIAN.

VOL. II.]

JUNE, 1851.

[NO. 6.]

We do not know who is the author of the following piece; but it is what we call true poetry. We are very much mistaken if many of our readers will not read it more than once, and feel it too. It will waken up a kind of home-feeling, and a thousand recollections of "childhood's halcyon days," which will make the heart tenderer and better. Should some young man, who has wandered, not only from home but from God, read it, we believe it will remind him of earlier and better days, and beget in his soul, at least a transient penitence; and a deep, mysterious feeling of home-sickness, will urge his heart to the resolution: "I will arise and go to my Father."

ED. GUARDIAN.

## RAIN ON THE ROOF.

WHEN the humid shadows gather  
Over all the starry spheres,  
And a melancholly darkness  
Gently weeps in rainy tears,  
'Tis a joy to press the pillow  
Of a cottage-chamber bed,  
And to listen to the patter  
Of the soft rain over head.

Every tinkle of the shingles  
Has an echo in the heart,  
And a thousand lively fancies  
Into busy being start;  
And a thousand recollections  
Weave the bright hues into woof,  
As I listen to the patter  
Of the soft rain on the roof.

There in fancy comes my mother,  
As she used to, years ago,  
To survey the infant sleepers,  
Ere she left them till the dawn.

I can see her bending o'er me,  
As I listen to the strain  
Which is played upon the shingles  
By the patter of the rain.

Then my little seraph sister,  
With her winks and waiving hair,  
And her bright-eyed cherub brother—  
A serene, angelic pair—  
Glide around my wakeful pillow,  
With their praise or mild reproof,  
As I listen to the murmur  
Of the soft rain on the roof.

There is naught in art's bravuras  
That can work with such a spell  
In the spirit's pure, deep fountains  
Whence the holy passions swell,  
As that melody of nature—  
That subdued, subduing strain,  
Which is played upon the shingles,  
By the patter of the rain.

PASTORS ought to keep their eyes over the young of their flocks, and if they discover any one of talents, encourage him. Give him advice. Lend him books. Incite him to cultivate his mind. By bringing forward into active and useful life, one young man, you may be the means of doing more good *by him when you are dead*, than you can do yourself while you live.



## ANONYMOUS LETTERS.

BY THE EDITOR.

We do not suppose that any of those who read the Guardian would willingly and knowingly be guilty of any act that is unmanly and mean. It may be, however, that a temptation of this kind might meet them at some time or other, so as innocently to draw them into it. Few acts, when rightly considered, are more ungentlemanly and contemptible than writing letters to persons, without a name; and yet there is no doubt that many have been led to do so, by the example of others, without reflecting in the least on its impropriety. This practice is more prevalent in some communities than in others, according to the degree of cultivation which prevails; and in some places such attention and respect is paid, and such importance attached to them, by those who receive them, as is calculated very much to increase the evil.

It is a very easy thing for the most despicable and mischievous wretch in a community to write an anonymous letter to the most honorable person, and "tell him, as a friend, that he is secretly and universally despised, and would better leave the parts." It is easy for one who delights in mischief, though he may have no influence beyond the reach of his own arm, to write a letter to a man informing him "that his property is to be burnt," or that "his life is in danger." It is easy for some man who loves his lusts and his sins more than truth and holiness, to write a letter to some faithful and fearless Pastor, informing him that "a large portion of his congregation is opposed to his course, and that he would advise him, as one of his best friends, to leave, in order to save himself." All this, and much more, requires no wit, no intelligence, no respectability, no influence; all that is necessary is, that a person be found mean enough to do it. It is said that pet-crows are in the habit sometimes of stealing a pair of scissors, or a ball of wax from a lady's window, and carrying it to the top of the roof, thus causing great wonder and trouble to her of the work basket. This trick is just as witty, and much more innocent and respectable than the trick to which we allude,—and yet it is done by the sagacity of a crow.

This business is of course capable of being carried on, on a large or on a small scale; it can be made more refined or more vulgar according to the cultivation of the person who engages in it. In any of its grades, however, it deserves the frown of



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true refinement, to say nothing of religious honesty and courtesy.

Just let any one consider for one moment the consequences to which the practice, if encouraged, might lead. There is no defence against it. The most respectable man may have a volley of malicious abuse opened upon him, and may "be assured that these are the sentiments of many." The most innocent and worthy lady may receive, by an unknown hand, and from an unknown source, and even through the Post Office, a budget of vulgarity and slander. An envious and jealous person may send us "a confidential note," informing us that our best friend is guilty of acts and designs that have for their object our disgrace or ruin. In short, where is the end at which meanness need stop, if any respect is to be paid to anonymous meanness. Society may be filled with suspicions and jealousies; friends may be secretly set to watch friends, as secret enemies, and social confidence may be universally destroyed; and all this by persons who have not more wit, or honor, than a pet-crow!

Hence, we see the great necessity of paying no respect to such letters. Let them immediately be consigned to the flames; and let no one know that such letter has been received. The honor and pleasure which the person writing such a letter must receive, from seeing public importance attached to it, must be denied him. It is that for which he anxiously looks; and it must give him rare delight to see the community agitated by it, and even to see the fact noticed in the public papers. This is what he sought; and it is this that encourages him to repeat the meanness.

Let no one who thinks any thing of himself, or who lays claim to any degree of true gentility, or who values the feelings of others, ever suffer himself to be tempted to so dark and low an act. Even if he should be able to keep the matter secret from others, yet he must ever think less of himself for condescending to such cowardly unmanliness. If we have any responsibility resting upon us, in regard to another, which requires us to give him any information, let us do it, like men should, in an open, daylight manner. This, duty requires; and what is duty we need not be either afraid or ashamed to perform in an open manner.

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#### WEEP NOT FOR THE EARLY DEAD.

Weep not for those, whom the veil of the tomb,  
In life's happy morning, hath hid from our eyes,  
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the Spirit's young bloom,  
Or earth had profan'd what was born for the skies.



## THE FIRST DUTY OF LIFE.

BY REV. A. CHRISTMAN.

Men in their worldly affairs attend to that first which is most important, because they find it to their advantage to do so. You ought to do the same with regard to your religious interests, for such a course of conduct will profit you most in the end. You have immortal souls which will make you, either happy or miserable after this life. And as all of you desire to be happy, both in this world and the world to which you are hastening, you ought to give your attention *first* to religion,—it is your chief concern here below, and without it you cannot die happy. Your youth, therefore, ought to be devoted to it—the morning of your days. It is the most important subject which challenges your attention in life; and hence by right ought to be attended to now. If you attend to religion, all else will be attended to in due time. “First seek the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things will be added,”—that is, all that is necessary for your worldly well being.

Youth is the season in which the character is formed, principles implanted, and the course of conduct and activity for maturer years fully settled upon. If you dedicate yourselves to God, therefore, during this season, you will grow up in religion and live accordingly in after years; but if you pursue an opposite course, you will become worldly minded,—estranged from God, and probably die without repentance. “As the twig is bent the tree’s inclined.”

We, in a measure, are creatures of habit; as we habituate ourselves in our youth, so we will be in middle-life and old age. If you form bad habits now, they will follow you all your days—cling to you, hold you in their iron grasp, so that you cannot shake them off, even if you should have the desire to do so.—Your feelings are tender now, and your consciences pliant,—you are easily impressed with the truth—you court advice and instruction. This is the time, then, to give your whole attention to religion. For if you pass it by without giving yourselves to God, the flower of your days is gone,—middle-life, old age, and even death, may come around in their season, and find you out of the ark of safety. Youth is the season for religion, and if you do not embrace it now, it is a question whether you ever will. As you grow older, you will naturally grow cold;—your consciences will become more and more benumbed;—the duties of active life will soon claim so much of your attention, that,



amidst the din and turmoil of worldly business and pursuits, you will forget all about religion,—your feelings will become soured and hardened,—your understandings cold and calculating, from constant contact with the world and its vices; so that the duties which you owe to God and your souls, will be altogether overlooked, if not regarded as trivial and of minor importance, as compared with those of your particular callings. O give your hearts to God now,—wait not for a more opportune season, lest you perish without time being given you to cry for mercy!

Some of you think, perhaps, that you will have time enough to make your “calling and election sure,” in middle-life or old age. Deceive not yourselves; many have thought so and perished in consequence of it. How do you know that you will ever reach those periods of life,—what guarantee have you that you will not die in your youth? Two-thirds of mankind die in infancy and youth—two out of every three, and how do you know that you will not be among that number? Life is very uncertain;—it is a bubble which may soon explode,—a thread which may soon be severed. True, you look strong and healthy to-day—the flush of life mantles your cheeks—and the freshness of health sits enthroned upon your brows; but, alas! to-morrow all may be changed—you may be cold in death. The youngest and fairest flower can be withered by the sun, and so the most youthful, gay, fresh and healthy among you, my dear readers, can speedily be cut off by death. Hence avail yourselves of the present; let youth be the season for making your peace with God, for middle-life and old age may find you in your graves.

Moreover, let not the hope of a death-bed repentance deceive you. Some permit themselves to be deluded in this way; they think they will have time enough to repent, just before they die. This is a sad mistake. Many of you will probably not be laid upon your beds, and permitted there to die. Accidents may cut off your lives—death may overtake you suddenly in many ways. And even if you were to die upon your beds, the time which you spend there will perhaps not be favorable to making preparation for death. Death-bed-days are the evil days, of which mention is made in Eccl. 12. 1.—they are generally days of severe illness and pain,—the body requires so much attention, takes up our thoughts almost altogether, so that little time is left to attend to the requirements of the soul;—if the soul is not saved before sickness and death draw nigh, it is seldom saved. “Remember now your Creator in the days of your



youth, while the evil days come not"—sick-days are ill suited for repentance.

Although youth is the season when you should dedicate yourselves to God, yet for the sake of argument, let us suppose that your lives will be spared until old age, and you will be permitted to die upon your beds, and thus will have ample opportunity offered to you for repentance. But are you certain that God will be willing to receive you, when you are ready to come; may he not depart from you with his spirit long before that time, and give you over to hardness of heart and a reprobate mind? We cannot turn to God just when we please; we must go when he calls us, or perhaps when we wish to come he will not give us a call. Nor is this anything more than justice. If we spend all our days in the service of Satan, what right have we to expect that God will give us a seat at his right hand? If we do not try to fit ourselves for Heaven, why should we have it allotted to us as our portion? The spirit of God is now striving with you,—heed Him, or perhaps when you once desire His presence He will be far away. Grieve not the Spirit,

“Spurn not the call to life and light;  
Regard in time the warning kind;  
That call thou mayst not always slight,  
And yet the gate of mercy find.

God's spirit will not always strive  
With hardened, self-destroying man;  
Ye who persist his love to grieve,  
May never hear his voice again.”

Should you put off repentance until old age, it is not likely that you would repent then, even if God was willing to accept your repentance. The latter years of your lives are those in which you will take no pleasure. Remember now your Creator in the days of your youth, while the evil days come not, and the years draw nigh when you shall say, we have no pleasure in them. You can expect but little pleasure in old age, even if you should reach it. The weight and infirmities of years will press upon you so heavily that you will take but little delight in anything, or be able to give much attention to any subject. If one bodily pain leaves you another will be ready to take its place,—your eye-sight will become dim, your hands will begin to tremble, and your step will be tottering and infirm. The habits which you have formed during your lives will cling to you with three-fold tenacity,—you will feel loath to part with anything to which you have been accustomed. And in such a condition, it is hardly to be expected, if you have



never repented, that you will do so. Religion will be something strange to you; and confirmed habits of evil doing and transgression will hardly permit you to give yourselves up to it. It would make you feel uncomfortable and uneasy to change the habits which have grown upon you, from youth up, in old age. We might as well attempt to bend the Oak of a hundred winters, or the stately Cedar of Lebanon, as to persuade an old, gray-headed sinner to repent; and should he do so, his regrets for having wasted his life in the service of Satan, would be so many and painful that he would hardly survive. Remember now your Creator, therefore, in the days of your youth, so that when your latter days come, in which you will have no pleasure, you can rejoice in the Lord, and look forward to your dissolution with joy and not with grief.

We may notice one of the objections here, which young persons generally make against religion. They think that religion is something gloomy, and has a tendency to sadden the heart and store the mind with melancholy thoughts. Now this is not the case. Religion, properly such, has no tendency to sadden or make us gloomy, but cheerful. True, the vain feelings of pleasure which the worldling has, the christian has not; but he has feelings of more substantial pleasure in place of them. And why should not this be so? What reason has the christian to be gloomy? There is nothing to make him so. He can enjoy the *lawful* pleasures of this world, and also look beyond it without becoming afraid, for he knows that his Redeemer liveth. He has nothing to molest or make him afraid. He is at peace with the world, at peace with his own conscience, and at peace with God. And why ought he not to be cheerful?—What more could he ask to make him happy? No, it is the sinner that is afraid. He may laugh and plunge into dissipation of all kinds, but yet he is not happy. When he lies down upon his couch at night, or in his more serious moods, reflects upon his condition, his heart saddens within, his conscience harasses him, and the frowns of the Almighty meet him on every side. It is he that is gloomy; it is his mind that is filled with melancholy thought.

Finally, my young readers, the world promises much to you; but, if you should live to be old, you will find that it seldom fulfills its promises. "All is vanity and vexation of spirit," says Solomon, and his opinion is certainly worthy of regard, for he tried this world and found it to be so, by experience. It bears a fine exterior, but, inwardly, it is like the whitened sepulchre, full of dead men's bones. It has nothing lasting about



it—nothing which can satisfy the cravings of an immortal soul. It deceives its votaries time and again, until finally it forsakes them,—leaves them to weep over their folly with broken hearts. Trust it not, therefore, but trust your God: let him be your high-tower and fortress, your shield and buckler, and you can rest assured that you will be happy, both in time and eternity.

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### AN EXAMPLE OF SELF-EDUCATION.

We always love to read the triumphs of genius, in whatever sphere of science, or in whatever section of the religious world it gains its trophies. We admire and honor those men who, by industry and perseverance in self-education, raise themselves to eminence, influence and honor. We would, if possible, arouse young men to the noble ambition of imitating their example. Read the following, and then come to the conclusion that “what has been done can be done again.”

#### EARLY LIFE OF BISHOP HUGHES.

A Washington correspondent of the New York Sun, writes as follows of the eminent divine whose name heads this article:

“Circumstances have recently brought to my knowledge facts connected with the former times of Archbishop Hughes, which going strongly to illustrate the force of his character, can hardly fail to interest the general reader. A distinguished gentleman, now in this city, distinctly recollects when this celebrated, learned and powerful Divine, supported not only himself, but an aged parent, by sodding, planting and trimming gardens, in Chambersburg, Pa. He has often seen him wheeling his barrow, with rake and spade, from dwelling to dwelling, when engaged in this work, for which he was usually paid fifty cents per diem. John Hughes was one of the best Latin and Greek linguists in America, when just entering upon manhood. Subsequently, he made his way to Emmitsburg, Md., and entered into the service of the celebrated Jesuits’ College there as a grower of cabbages! The institution, according to the custom with the Roman Catholic Colleges in this country, has a highly cultivated small farm attached to it, and Hughes being employed as a laborer upon it, was placed in charge of the cabbage beds. On one occasion, seeing one of the lads of the Institution, puzzling over his task in Cicero, Hughes requested him to let him look at the book, and asking him to explain the meaning of the paragraph,



to the astonishment of the youth, corrected his reading. He also disclosed to the boy in the same way that he was a proficient in Greek. Shortly afterwards, the boy stumped on a lesson in Homer, repaired to the garden and procured a translation, which, when offered as his own, satisfied his tutor by the elegance and perfect correctness with which it was rendered into English, that it was not the work of the boy. The latter was then questioned as to who had helped him on the lesson, and surprised all by declaring that it was "only Johnny, the gardener lad." Hughes was instantly summoned before the faculty, who were incredulous as to the truth of the pupil's story. A Prefect undertook to examine him, when it turned out that he was by far the best Greek scholar in the Institution. With the capital judgment of those who manage the affairs of the Jesuits everywhere, John Hughes was instantly made to exchange his cabbage for the humanities, and at once became a tutor in the Institution.

"This was the commencement of the superstructure of his fortune and fame, the *foundation* being his native intellect and his energy, industry and probity, from his earliest infancy. He soon became the leading spirit in the Institution, where he remained until his fame spreading through the country, his church authorities called him to labor in the wider and more important field of the world. There are lessons in these extracts from the history of John Hughes, which youth everywhere may treasure in memory to its great future advantage."

There, young friends, is an example for you. Look at it, and then resolve—act. Why has God given you an immortal mind, but that you may cultivate it. The field of science is spread out before you; you need but dig and till, in order to secure for yourself a glorious harvest. It is a shame to be ignorant, when there is so much to animate us to the pursuit of knowledge. It is a sin to be ignorant, when God has endowed us with minds "but a little lower than the angels." Shake off your drowsiness—lift up your head, and look towards your destiny. Resolve to cultivate your mind, as the greatest gift of God—as the most valuable treasure, besides religion, that you can possess on earth. You will meet with difficulties, it is true, but only such as have been a thousand times overcome—only such as *you* can overcome by

"The steady purpose and the high resolve."

In this country it is talent and industry which open the path to influence and usefulness. Before you, young reader of the Guardian, this path lies open—you it beckons and invites. Awake and run!



## INFIDELITY.

## HISTORICAL SKETCH OF ITS TACTICS.—NO. 2.

We have seen by what bloody means Infidelity, in its earlier movements, hoped to destroy Christianity. Dreadful indeed was the havoc made, by those ten relentless persecutions, among the defenceless followers of Jesus. The number of those who perished in them, sealing the sincerity of their faith and profession, with their own blood, is estimated at three millions! The sword of Heathenism sharpened on the envenomed tongue of Infidelity knew no mercy. Its thirst for believers' blood was as insatiable, as its wrath was indiscriminate. The fair and beautiful virgin, made doubly so by the celestial radiance with which heaven-born graces lit up her faultless features; the fond and anxious mother whose tender infant, nestled in her bosom, should have been more impervious than a triple shield of brass for her protection, the veteran father stooped with years, and bending under their cumbrous weight on the brink of the grave, whose hoary hairs should have been more than a helmet of steel to secure him against violence,—all alike fell victims to the merciless rage of their maddened foes. Sometimes my heart has bled with pity, and burned with indignation, when I have contemplated those scenes of cruelty, in which the enemies of God's people delighted, with ferocious wrath, to prolong the torments of the mangled sufferers, merely that inhuman spectators might prolong their mirth! Who could behold unmoved the sufferings with which the venerable Polycarp, the aged Pothinus, the youthful but firm Perpetua, Felicitas, and hundreds more, were forced to prove their sincerity, and the unwavering steadfastness of their faith, to witnesses whose cruel hearts rendered them incapable of appreciating their heroic christian fortitude.

But it was ineffectual cruelty. In vain did the heathen rage. God made the wrath of man against his innocent people praise him. This they saw, and so they were satisfied. They, themselves, were comforted in their sufferings, and the cause for which they bled and burned, was confirmed and furthered. Though the flames blazed fiercely around their consuming bodies, they felt not the fire, but could comfortably sing amidst its crackling. Though the ferocious wild beasts tore limb from limb, and gnawed the flesh from their bones, they heeded not the mutilations of their mangled bodies—for their spirits were wrapt in joyful fellowship with Heaven. Though they wit-



nessed the rude rending of the tender bonds of natural kindredship and christian affinity, they yielded cheerfully to those cruel separations, assured that though the number of God's people on earth would be lessened by their death, yet from the blood of each one thus martyred would ten spring up to supply their place. And how encouragingly to the Church did the event prove their hopes to be well founded. The blood of the martyrs did indeed seem to be the seed of the Church. And the discovery of this, as much as any earthly cause, discouraged the enemies of the Gospel in their work of death, and tended to check the spirit of bloody persecution.

But though foiled in this scheme,—though disappointed and dismayed for a little, at the strange effect of the attempt made to extirpate the Church by such inhuman cruelties, the cause is not abandoned. Satan, and those instigated by his spirit, are not so easily disheartened, as to flee before one failure. Another scheme therefore is devised and put into operation. This differs entirely in its outward frame-work from the preceding. You no more hear the fiendish cry, "Crucify, Crucify!" The murderer's sword is sheathed. The faggots of the stake have burned to cinders, and the fires of death have been extinguished, not to be lighted again until by other than heathen hands. But that which proved more alarmingly pernicious to the Holy cause, than either fire or sword, or savage wild beast, was now employed by the untiring zeal and cunning of the grand adversary. What could not be accomplished by Heathenism from without, might be effected by heresies within. If the new Religion could not be prevented from gathering new trophies every day, and thus continually adding to its numerical strength, might not those trophies be converted into tools for its betrayal, and might not its very strength be made its weakness? Accordingly we find the multiplication and spread of various heresies fairly commencing with the cessation of persecutions at the close of the third century. Then the diversified forms of false doctrines, which had been previously conceived and brought forth, began to exert the strength of vigorous maturity, and threaten the destruction of that kingdom by internal conflicts, which the most violent outward assaults had only rendered more powerful and compact.

It would lead me too far to attempt even a brief account of those different heresies, by which, during the two or three centuries following the third, the peace of the church was so sadly broken, by which her moral and doctrinal purity were so lamentably defiled, and by which her very life was endangered.



And I would rather, at any rate, that you should feel sufficient interest in the subject to examine the case for yourselves; which can be the more freely recommended, now that compendious histories of the Church can be had at so cheap a rate as that of Waddington,\* recently published in England by the Society for the diffusion of useful knowledge.

Neither do I deem it necessary to point out the relation between these various heresies and Infidelity. For, however free from the charge of infidelity, the leaders of those heretical sects, and the majority of their members personally might be, the paternity of the systems themselves is so palpable, that it cannot be successfully disputed. When carefully and fairly scrutinized, it will be discovered that the greater number, and the most prominent of those heresies, are nothing else or less than the workings of the Infidelity of heathenism, committing sacrilege upon the holiest truths of the Gospel system, by endeavoring to wrest them to its own advantage. In this scheme, therefore, the agency of Satan is so manifest, that the impressions of his cloven foot are easily traced. And the history of those times testifies to the wisdom of this scheme, and to the artful cunning with which it was executed. One is seized with trembling, on the one hand, to contemplate the perils to which all that was precious in the Church was then exposed; and with thankful admiration on the other, to behold how powerfully the Lord protected His holy cause, and how wonderfully He made all the machinations of her foes contribute to her true glory and strength.

B.

\*This excellent work, for those who have not leisure or special need to procure the larger works of Mosheim or Neander, can be had at the corner of 5th and Arch, Philadelphia, for \$1,25.

### NOT LOST, BUT GONE BEFORE.

Friend after friend departs;  
Who hath not lost a friend?  
There is no union here of hearts,  
That finds not here an end.  
Were this frail world our final rest,  
Living or dying none were blest.

Beyond the flights of time,  
Beyond the reign of death,  
There surely is some blessed clime,  
Where life is not a breath;  
Nor life's affections transient fire,  
Whose sparks fly upwards and expire.

There is a world above,  
Where parting is unknown;  
A long eternity of love,  
Formed for the good alone;  
And faith beholds the dying here,  
Translated to that glorious sphere.

Thus star by star declines,  
'Till all are passed away,  
As morning high and higher shines,  
To pure and perfect day;  
Nor sink those stars in empty night,  
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.



## INTRODUCTION TO L. ZUINGLIS ADAMAH;

OR,

## THE WIFE IN THE LIGHT OF THE BIBLE.

Translated from the German by Rev. B. C. Wolf, D. D.

Anna, the blooming, beautiful, and, in mind and body, accomplished daughter of a respectable and intelligent merchant, had the good fortune, under the direction of her excellent father, and of her equally worthy and truly pious and affectionate mother, to receive an education, such as never falls to the lot of young ladies, educated solely for the world.

Waller, for such was the name of her kind and affectionate father, beheld, with a parent's joy, the expanding beauty of his daughter, and left nothing undone for its improvement. Every gift of God, even the most transient as he thought, is worthy of our grateful regard; and those which are most fleeting, for that reason, should receive the greatest attention, that we may preserve and enjoy them as long as possible. In concert with his wife, he was therefore just as far from indulging his beloved child, and bringing her up too delicately, as he was inclined by exposure and harsh treatment, to form her rude in her manners, or coarse in person. Besides, in his judgment, personal charms, without intellectual and moral culture, were like a painting freshly and fairly colored, but wanting in spiritual expression. Merely outside cultivation he regarded as nothing better than polished glass, which is made to have the appearance of the diamond, by the foil which underlies it.

It is true, he would not have the personal appearance neglected. We are all intended for social existence, and this external polish is not without its advantages in our intercourse with others. It frequently elevates and enlarges the sphere of our influence and activity. But before and above all, he aimed at the spiritual and moral education of his daughter; and this he was unwilling to entrust to others. Although he was obliged by his numerous engagements to avail himself of the public institutions for the education of his daughter in other respects, this gentle rein, by which he would guide her through life, he designed to keep in his own hands.

According to his views, there were two things chiefly necessary in the proper education of a young lady: sincere, and, at the same time, intelligent piety, founded upon historical scriptural faith, and a thorough acquaintance with the ancient and



modern history, customs and condition of all nations. The first, as he believed, was necessary to give strength and encouragement to the mind and heart of woman, in the conflicts and trials to which she was peculiarly exposed; the other was required to prevent that narrowness and selfishness of spirit, into which the mother of a family, in the limited sphere of her activity and life, may so easily fall. The man, he supposed, might much more readily work his way through the labyrinths of philosophy, and the various opinions and speculative views of religion that obtain in the world; but a reasoning and philosophizing woman was, as he thought, a being out of her appointed sphere, and thus presenting not only a repulsive aspect, but failing also, and coming far short of her beneficent, lovely and attractive destiny.

In these views, the amiable wife of Waller fully concurred. In various severe trials, through which she had passed under her parents' roof—by the death-bed of a revered father, early in life—by the long confinement to the sick chamber of her widowed mother—by the errors into which a promising and beloved brother was betrayed during his college years, in a secret connection with other young men, of whom high hopes were entertained, she had learned to know how necessary it was to the female heart, to have a faith, resting not merely upon the conceptions of her own mind, but upon facts. She participated accordingly with her husband, in a feeling of profound veneration for the Bible, in which she found, as she was persuaded, God's word and promises, and she sought to inspire her daughter with the same feeling, by reading to her carefully selected portions from the sacred book, and then making them the subject of instructive conversation; very frequently also accompanying it with prayer, or the recitation of some appropriate passages from the rich stores of our religious poetry. Having obtained a good knowledge of the events of the world, by a judicious course of reading, she saw in them distinctly the traces of a divine superintendence and government, and this only went to confirm her faith in the doctrines of the divine word.

Under the direction of such parents, Anna had formed a small library, in which there were such books to be found as would furnish proper food for the head and heart; none were permitted to have a place there, which would be likely to fill the imagination with vain pictures of delight, or too rudely touch the finer chords of the heart, or to injure in any way its moral sensibilities. She was accustomed to fill up all her leis-



ure hours with useful and instructive reading, and seldom did the evening pass, without the reading of a portion of scripture, that with pious and elevated feelings she might compose herself to sleep.

In this way she arrived at that time of life, when her parents could no longer object to a matrimonial connexion. A young gentleman of good character and respectable connexions, who held an appointment under government, sought her hand, and obtained it, with the full consent of Anna's heart. His religious stand-point was altogether different from that of his young bride; but, independently of his scientific education, he had learned to respect the views of others, and cherished also a sincere veneration for the sacred writings. If he did think that he, for himself, might trust more to science, and the results of his own investigations, and esteemed it the business of science to reconcile faith with knowledge, he was so modest, nevertheless, that he did not seek to overstep the proper limits of the human understanding, and was ready to acknowledge that, to attain inward peace, it was necessary, in many points, to take refuge in the faith of divine revelation. As it regards philosophy, he held this view:—that it was not sufficient to provide its own material for thought;—that so far as the visible world around us was concerned, its material was to be taken from things as they actually exist; but as it regards matters not to be perceived by the natural senses, it must confine itself to such things as were furnished to us in some other way. He considered himself bound to carefully distinguish between the natural and the spiritual worlds. The natural world, he was wont to say, presents itself to the human mind for contemplation, and the office of reason is to reflect upon its phenomena, to examine them, and to ascertain their laws and principles. The spiritual world, he maintained, would ever remain concealed from human investigation, if, in some way not easily defined, the mind was not brought into contact with it. Man might indeed conjecture its existence from his own. He would indeed be forced to infer it in the way of antithesis, from the existence of the natural world, inasmuch as the laws of thinking require that every idea should be fixed and made clear by the conception of that which stands opposed to it. At the same time, he was prepared to admit it to be possible for human reason to infer many things respecting the supernatural world, and in this way, in a measure, to become acquainted with them; a possibility, as he thought, implied already in the word "reason." But as this perception and inference of spiritual things must always par-



take more or less of the form of visible and natural things, he did not think that human reason was competent of itself to attain to a knowledge of the truth in regard to the spiritual world. He accordingly had great respect for philosophy, as far as experimental science was concerned,—for the philosophy of history—of mathematical science, the arts, &c., &c.; but in the sphere of religion, as a revelation of the super-natural and the heavenly, he allowed it no other authority, than the investigation of such things as were revealed to us from on high. For this reason he was glad to see that his beloved wife held fast to the faith of divine revelation, and he accordingly provided for her such works as would nourish this faith, and at the same time enlighten and improve her mind.

To him it was a most acceptable recreation to converse with her upon the subjects she had been studying, and familiarly to enlarge upon such thoughts as were suggested to his mind in the course of their conversation.

She had been reading one evening in some description of the manners and customs of Asiatic nations, a thrilling account of the degradation to which the female sex was reduced, even among the higher classes. Her mind was greatly distressed by the hard fate of her sex. In a paroxysm of grief, she threw aside the book, and took up another, the nearest at hand, to relieve her mind from a subject so painful. It was her pocket Bible, and as she opened it, at the first page, without intending it, her eye rested upon the words, Gen. 1, 27, and as a flash of lightning, they fell upon her grieved and gloomy mind. Without intending it, she continued to ponder them in her heart, and the following reflections were the result of her meditations:

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This subject is to be continued by farther translations from the same volume. The subject is one of great importance at this time. Judging from the taste and ability of the translator, and from this introductory specimen, we may safely promise something rich from this same source to the readers of the Guardian.—ED. GUARDIAN.

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#### HAPPY MARRIAGE.

Happy they! the happiest of their kind,  
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate  
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.  
'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,  
Unnatural oft and foreign to the mind,  
That binds their peace; but harmony itself  
Attuning all their passions into love.



THE CHRISTIAN'S PROSPECTS.

BY MATHIAS SHEELEIGH.

Not always does the Christian's sky  
With sun-lit smiles appear ;  
A cloud of darkness, passing by,  
Oft casts its shadow on his eye,  
And dims it with a tear.

Although the heart at times is bowed  
By reason of the flesh ;  
The while our grief is wailing loud  
The eye of faith peers through the cloud,  
Inspiring hope afresh.

Faith sees, above the dreary shade  
That shrouds the earth in gloom,  
Eternal prospects all arrayed  
In glories that shall never fade,  
And flowers that ever bloom.

Then, Christian, upward looking, trust  
For promised bliss to come,  
That thou, when here, thy body must  
Awhile be given to the dust,  
Mayst rise to heav'n, thy home !

THEOL. SEM., Gettysburg, Pa.

LINES ON A LILY.

BY REV. S. H. REID.

It was morn ; and the gray-colored light  
O'er the distant horizon was creeping,  
When a lily, all pretty and white,  
Arose from a long night of sleeping.

It was noon ; and the sun in his orb,  
Had arisen to his zenith of splendor ;  
And the lily, in her beautiful garb,  
Looked fresh, and most charmingly tender.

It was eve ; and the Ruler of day,  
To his place in the West was directed ;  
When mourning was heard amid nature's  
array,  
For the beautiful lily departed.

How fully is life by the lily described,  
Its pleasures and prospects united ;  
At morn we are gay—at noon full of life,  
But at eve our hopes may be blighted.

But a " Lily " \* there is that never decays ;  
It blooms with perpetual freshness ;  
'Tis the " Bright Morning Star "—'tis the  
" Ancient of Days,"  
And is set for the " healing of nations."

Let us come to His bowers and live ;  
Let us drink at the streams of His pleasure ;  
He cannot—He *will not* deceive ;  
*His Promises fail not forever !*

\*Sol. Songs, 2. 1st.



A PUBLIC PROFESSION OF RELIGION,  
BY CONNECTION WITH THE CHURCH.

BY THE EDITOR.

I take it for granted that you, who are just now commencing to read this article, are a sincere person. You desire to do right, and to live right. You believe in the Bible, and in the christian religion. You often meditate seriously on your prospects in regard to the eternal world. You desire to be honest and faithful with your own soul. I believe, therefore, that you will solemnly and candidly weigh the matter to which I desire to call your attention. Though I have never seen your face, and may never see it in this world, yet I feel an interest in your comfort on earth, and in your salvation in heaven. It is this which impels me to write these things to you.

Have you ever made a public profession of religion? Do you belong to some branch of the christian church, as a regular member? If you do not, will you listen to me, while I endeavor to prove to you, that it is your duty, and the duty of all men, to connect themselves in a regular, public, and orderly manner with the Church?

You have no doubt often thought on this subject; and perhaps been more or less troubled in regard to it. It may be that you are at this moment undecided as to what you ought to do, or what you will do. This matter may have rested upon your mind for years, as has often been the case with others; for one year hastens fast after another, and ten or twenty years of our life are soon left behind, and soon old age and death threaten us. And there is nothing that we are so apt to put off as coming to a decision on some religious matter. If this has been your case, I hope and believe that you will come to a speedy and a right decision, if you will read on, with a sincere desire to find the truth. Even if you have already decided never to join a church, I still believe you will change your mind if you carefully consider this subject in its true scriptural light.

I can easily believe that you have delayed thus long for some reason which you consider a good one. No one acts without reason, unless he is intentionally wicked. Those who are sincere and yet neglect duty, do it because they think they have found some reason which makes it proper for them so to do.—The reason, then, why you have delayed, is because there is some ground which you consider a good one, and upon which



you believe yourself justifiable. There is some difficulty in your way. With some persons it is one thing, and with some another. When, either your own mind, or some person, or perhaps the Bible, urges this duty upon you, you meet the plea with some objections or difficulties by which you excuse yourself.

Let us consider these, and see whether one or other of the following objections do not keep you back. Let us see, too, whether they can not be satisfactorily answered.

#### THE FIRST OBJECTION.

You say: There are so many churches—which is the right one, and which one shall I join?

We freely confess that the church is divided into many parts, and we mourn over it. It is a great evil; and those who are the means of dividing it are certainly very guilty before God. Christ instituted only one church, and it is his will that there should be but one fold, as there is also but one Shepherd—one body, as there is but one Head. One of the greatest evils which result from the division of the church is, that it keeps so many back from joining it. Therefore, to such as aid in causing its divisions, the solemn words of the Savior must be applied: "Wo unto that man by whom the offence cometh!"

Grant, then, that the church is divided, and that it is a great evil, it does not destroy it. The church still exists; divided as the branches, yet still one as the tree. Any one who reflects charitably and earnestly on this subject, must confess that the church can still exist, does exist, and is still one church, under all these divisions.

We will endeavor to show that this is the case. The Scriptures compare the church to a human body. Christ is the *head*. The church is the *body*. We are the members of that body.—Now, though these members are various in their positions and uses, they are still all pervaded by one life. The judgment of the head, and the emotion of the heart, may manifest themselves variously through the body and its members, yet the life of it is but one life. There may be various weaknesses and defects in the body and its members, which very much hinder it, but do not destroy its life. The eye may see dimly, the ear may hear faintly, the taste may be defective, and some of the limbs may be feeble and afflictive, and yet all these do not entirely destroy the inner life of the man. They deface his beauty, enfeeble his strength, and make him less agreeable to others, but still he is a man. So it is with the church; her di-



visions make her feeble, destroy her beauty, and hinder her efficiency, but do not destroy her existence.

Some branches of the church are no doubt less pervaded with the life of religion than others. Some are more in error than others—and this will also make some branches better than others; just as we sometimes see some branches of a fruit tree less fresh and growing than others. The fruit, on those branches which have least sap and life, will not be so good and beautiful and perfect as it is on others, and yet the life of the tree is in all, more or less. Or, comparing the church to a soil, into which we are planted, and in which we are to grow, we may say, that plants in some soil grow less perfect than they do in other; and so it is with the church. Those branches of it which hold most truth, which are nearest in all things to the Savior, are the best—in them we will flourish most as christians, yet we must not deny that there must also be persons planted in other christian soil, who also grow in grace and in the knowledge of Christ.

The Apostle says of christians, “Ye are all one *in Christ Jesus*. They are not, however, all one in *every* respect. It is not said they are one in views—one in doctrines—one in their ideas of church government—one in their practices, customs and services—one in their feelings and experiences; but they are one in a deeper unity than any of these: they are one in the life, grace, and power of Christ Jesus. All that are his children in deed and in truth, are in him—in him they exchange their sympathies in true charity, and in Him they form a perfect unity. They are in him as the branches are in the vine—in him, as the members are in the body—in him, as grafts are in the stem—in him, as the roots of plants are in the ground, “rooted and grounded” in him, and growing up in him to the full stature of men. It is easy to see that outwardly they may differ in many respects, yet in the inward, deeper life and power of religion, they are one in Christ Jesus.

Christians may differ to some extent in *doctrines*, and yet be Christians. What is a doctrine? The doctrines of the scriptures which I hold, are the doctrines of the scripture *as I understand it*. But I may “see only in part and know in part;” or I may see in a wrong light in some respects. It may be the truth, and yet not the *whole* truth, or not *exactly* the truth.—Another sees the same truth differently, or sees more of it than I do. That is *his* doctrine. Hence you see that two persons may hold the same doctrine, and yet hold it in some respects differently. The views of persons must vary as their intelligence varies. We may easily feel the power of a truth, even



though we do not see the whole of that truth in all its relations and dependencies; even as we may feel the heat of the fire when we do not see its light. Hence we are taught "*above all things* to put on charity." Did not even the Apostles differ in some points of doctrine, and yet they were all christians. Acts 15: 1—2. Gal. 2: 11. Acts 11: 2—3. Acts 15: 36—41. These differences were about minor and outward matters—they could not see alike; but was there not an inward unity, which still bound them to each other and to Christ, notwithstanding all their outward differences?

Christians may differ *even in the manner in which divinely appointed ordinances are to be used*, and yet be one in Christ, and all be in His church. There may be a great variety of administration, without losing the substance of the ordinance itself. In regard, for instance, to the communion of the Lord's Supper, the most solemn, important and interesting, of all the ordinances, there may be outward variety where the life, spirit, and intent of the ordinance is still retained. One branch of the church, for instance, prefers to celebrate it in the night, and attaches to it the ancient *agapæ*, or love feast, and even the Paschal lamb; others lay no stress on any of these things. One receives the emblems kneeling, another standing, and still another sitting. One uses unleavened bread, another attaches no importance to this matter and uses leavened. One breaks the bread from a loaf, others use the wafer. One celebrates it monthly, another quarterly, and others yearly. Any one who attends the celebration of this blessed feast, in the different branches of the church, will discover variety and difference in great detail, in the outward administration; but would it be reasonable, would it be charitable, would it be scriptural, to say that, under any of these forms, it is not the Communion? Certainly not. "Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit; and there are differences of administration, but the same Lord; and there are differences of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all." 1 Cor. 12: 4—6.

The same may be said of the Sacrament of Baptism. There is a great variety of administration as to the outward rite.—One prefers one mode, and another prefers another; but all agree that it is to be done "with water," and "in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Who will say that the real substance of the sacrament is not retained under all this outward variety of administration. If outward exactness were required, in all particulars and details, it would have been so revealed. Just as in the Lord's Supper, we are



told to eat bread and drink wine, but are not told whether we shall eat much or little, whether we shall do it sitting, kneeling or standing, whether we shall do it by day or by night; so in baptism, it is to be "with water" and in the Triune name, but it is not said that much water or little shall be used; whether the person shall kneel, stand, or sit; whether it shall be applied three times or once.

Now we freely confess that such outward forms should never have divided the Church, and those who divided it on these accounts are guilty before God; yet we insist upon it, that the substance of these ordinances may be retained under this outward variety. Hence you are not justifiable in remaining out of the church, because these differences of administration exist.

Christians *may differ also in their views of church government*, and yet all be in the church, under all these forms. The very fact that christians differ in what they consider the true form of church government, is the best proof that no particular form is distinctly, and absolutely, and unchangeably fixed in the scriptures. That government and order shall exist in the church, is clearly revealed; and this all admit; but what shall be its form, in all its details, is not revealed. The church is not constructed like a house, all the parts of which are at once perfect in the plan, but it is like a tree, or human body, a living organism, which perfects its parts in the process of its own growth towards perfection. The life of the plant or tree remains the same, and yet its outward form is constantly changing. The church is always represented as such—a living, progressive organism. It is never compared in the scriptures to any thing that has not life. Even where it is compared to a house or temple, the Apostle violates the common use of metaphors, in order to make it living. Thus: "Ye also as *lively* stones, are built up a spiritual house." 1 Pet. 2: 5. And again we are told that in Christ "all the building fitly framed together, *groweth* unto an holy temple in the Lord." Eph. 2: 21. Here we can easily see that the church, as a whole, may have life for all, and carry power with her to govern, and yet the particular mode and manner of government may be more or less conditioned by circumstances. Thus the history of the church is like a tree, whose outward shape is determined to a great extent from the place where it stands, and yet the inward life of the tree is ever the same, let it stand where it will, and let its shape be what it may. So in regard to the church. It is in this respect in the church just as it is in the State. Civil government is an ordinance of God; "the powers that be are



ordained of God." It is not the *form* of government which is divine, but the *power* by which this form is to be animated.—Some form must of course exist, but God has not said which. The form may be an absolute monarchy, it may be a limited monarchy, it may be an aristocracy, it may be republican, democratic, or some mixture of any number of these; and yet, under all these forms, God gives to the regular officers divine right to govern, administer laws, reward and punish. So it is in the church. The form may be Papistical, Episcopal, Presbyterian, Congregational, or some mixture of any of these; and yet, under it, God gives the right to rule to those whom he has constituted office-bearers in the church. We do not mean to say that all these forms are alike good, or that individual piety will flourish equally well under all of them; but we wish to say that a person may be a real christian under any one of them; and that there is therefore no just excuse to any one in remaining out of the church because of this difference and variety of form.

Christians *may differ also in their customs and forms of service in worship*. Some may make preaching most prominent; others may have more singing, more prayer. Some may be more formal, others more familiar and free. Some may be more quiet, others more spirited. Some may be more plain and simple, others more solemnly ceremonial. Some may worship under the magnificent Gothic arch, others in a farm house, school house, or grove; and yet all may worship him who is a Spirit, in spirit and in truth. Again we would not say, that some customs and modes of service are not better adapted to the true spirit of worship than others, yet we devoutly and charitably believe that among all these you may be a christian. It is therefore your duty to connect yourself with those which, after a careful and prayerful examination, you believe to be nearest right, and among whom you believe you can be most useful to the world and the church, and in which you can make the best advances in holiness. Then serve your God and your generation in humility and love; and towards all others put on, "above all things," that charity which "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things, and which never faileth." The hull is not as good as the kernel, and the bark is not the tree; therefore despise not him who differs with you about outward things. Cultivate a deeper and more inward fellowship with him. According to the Apostle's beautiful advice, walk with him in "all lowliness and meekness, with long-suffering, forbearing one another in love; endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bonds of peace." Eph. 4: 2—3.



Whenever you are tempted to narrow-hearted bigotry, call to mind the example of the Savior. "And John answered and said, Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name; and we forbade him, because he followeth not with us. And Jesus said unto him, Forbid him not: for he that is not against us, is for us." Luke 9: 49—50. Are you not convinced, from these remarks, that though the divisions of the church are an evil, yet they do not destroy the church—that it still exists in all these divers branches—that it is still one in its deeper life and spirit, although some of its branches are more living than others, yet in any one of them, which you believe to be best, you may be a christian—and that through it you may be connected with that kingdom of Christ which includes all saints, and *out of which* there are none which he acknowledges as his subjects.

If you still persist in keeping out of the church on the ground of this excuse, then permit me to ask whether you are consistent with your own views in this respect. Do you refuse to belong to a government, as a regular citizen, because there are different forms of government, and because all do not agree as to which is the best? Do you refuse to stand in connection, and to act in concert, with a political party, because there are other parties in politics. Yea perhaps you are a member of some benevolent society, though there are many other ones, having the same, or at least a similar, object in view. You hold certain views on subjects, though others hold different views on the same subject. You do not cease the business in which you are engaged, because others do the same business in a different way. You perhaps even hope and strive in a certain way to get to heaven, though you know that others have different views on the same matter; why then do you refuse to join some branch of the church, because there are others who differ, and choose to serve God in a way that is not outwardly the same in every respect? Certainly this is not consistent—it is not a reasonable course of conduct. If we would do nothing till all would agree as to *how* it should be done, we would do little indeed.—We verily believe that, if you will carefully consider the matter in this light, you will be convinced that, to keep out of the church because it is divided into different branches, is to do so without good reason.

You can certainly find one or the other of these branches of the church near enough to what you believe right, according to the Scriptures, to fellowship with them. Use your judgment, and then join in with some branch of Christ's kingdom on earth.



## THE SECOND OBJECTION.

There are so many bad professors. There are so many belonging to the church who are not fit to belong to it. There are many in the church who would better be out of it. Many make a loud profession, take the communion, and pretend to be religious on the Sabbath, who are worse than I am.

In some such form as this an objection is expressed, and an excuse made, which is very common—perhaps more common than any other. You will certainly read on, while we examine this excuse; and if you see that it affords no good reason for your remaining out of the church, you will cast it away.

First of all, then, we fully and freely confess that what you say is so. We make this confession sadly, and in deep humiliation. We lament sincerely that it is true. We believe also that this is one of the greatest evils which afflict the church. An enemy within can always do more injury than an enemy without. The very fact that it is the cause of keeping so many persons back from making a profession of religion, is one of the strongest proofs that it is a great evil. It is to those who are in the church in form, but out of it in heart and life, that the Savior's cutting reproof is administered: "Ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men: for ye neither go in yourselves, neither suffer ye them that are entering, to go in."—Math. 23: 13. Such persons are in very truth offences or stumbling-blocks—for this is the scripture meaning of the word offences—over which many of the world stumble into perdition, who, had it not been for these in their way, would have entered the kingdom. Hence the Savior says, "Wo unto *the world* because of offences!" It is the world, those who are in the world, that receive injury from such professors; because they are kept out of the church by their unworthy conduct. "It must need be that offences come." In the present state of the world, so full of evil men, it must need be that in some instances men of wicked hearts will find their way into the church to the disgrace of religion—"But wo to that man by whom the offence cometh." What the weight is of this wo—the Savior's wo—the "wrath of the Lamb"—will be found out by actual experience, when God shall judge them in that great day which will reveal the secrets of the hearts of men.

Having now fully agreed with you that there are those in the church who are a disgrace to it, and who are very guilty in the sight of God, on that account, we must still differ with you



when you make this an excuse for remaining out of it. For—

1. You will agree that they are *not all* such who are members of the church. While I agree with you that there are many bad professors, you will agree with me, that there are many good ones. This cannot be denied. We will venture to say that you can point out many among your acquaintances whom you believe to be sincere, humble, devoted christians—such as live up to their professions, as far as it is possible for them to do in a world so full of temptation and evil, and who show themselves, in heart and life, as “Israelites indeed.” You know some aged members of the church, who have spent a long and steady life in devout service of God and man; of whom you will be constrained to say, as they sink into the grave, that a good man is fallen. You can also fix your mind on some among your acquaintances in middle life, who are devoting the full strength of manhood to God, in connection with the church. You even know some in the bloom of youth, who have set aside youthful follies, and who are laying upon the altar of Christ, the first and warmest affections of their life, and who most devoutly and sincerely do “remember their Creator in the days of their youth.” You must confess that this is so. Is it not more reasonable then, and much wiser to imitate the examples of these, than to stumble at those who are unworthy, to the eternal injury of your own soul. It will do you no good, in the day of Judgment, to say that there were hypocrites in the church. The question will be, are you among the good? It will be no comfort to be excluded from the heavenly kingdom ourselves, even if half of those in the church shall meet the same fate. It is our duty to be, and to do, like the good in the church, and not like the unworthy. If there are only a few that are on the narrow way, let us see to it that we are among that number.

The very fact that there are so many who only say Lord, Lord, while they do not the will of our father who is in heaven, makes it only the more necessary for others to profess religion in the right way. If many disgrace religion by a bad profession, so much more important is it for you and I to honor it by a good one. God and his truth need true witnesses before men, and if these witnesses are few, are not we so much the more called to stand out and witness for God and religion by a faithful and sincere profession? If the country is in danger, and there are many traitors among those who are set for its defence, then it is the more our duty to fall into the ranks as true men.

But



2. You demand too much, in asking that the church shall be free from all unworthy professors. If you stand on that ground, you would not have joined Christ while he was on earth; nor would you have joined any of the churches which the apostles established, and to which they ministered. You know that there was one among the twelve who betrayed him, who was a "thief," a son of perdition, one for whom it had been "better if he had never been born." There was another among them, who denied him three times, and with "cursing and swearing." But this did not injure the rest of the disciples. They did not stand away from Christ on that account. They, though they were in such company by profession, were nevertheless as good men as ever lived. Christ, who knew their hearts—for he "knew what was in man,"—walked in their company, and he was not polluted by them. How then can you sincerely say, that it is a good excuse for you not to join the church, because there are now and then those who betray and deny Christ? No; the more false friends he has, the more reason is there why we should cleave to him as true friends.

We find that in the apostolic churches there were professors who disgraced their profession. Let any one read the epistles, and he will find many allusions to persons who endeavored to hide the worst of crimes under the cloak of an outward profession of religion. At Rome there were those to whom Paul says: "The name of God is blasphemed among the gentiles through you." Rom. 2, 24. In the Church of Corinth was one who was guilty of a crime that "is not so much as named even among the Gentiles." 1 Cor. 5, 1. In the same church, while they met to partake of the Lord's Supper, they ran into such extravagant excesses that the apostle charges them with turning this solemn ordinance into a feast of gluttony and drunkenness. "One is hungry and another is drunken. What! have ye not houses to eat and drink in? or despise ye the church of God!" 1 Cor. 11, 21--22. He also warns them against eating and drinking at the Lord's supper unworthily, and plainly declares that some of them did so. "For this cause many are weak and sickly *among you*, and many sleep." v. 30. To the Philippian church he writes in sadness, thus: "For many walk (that is with christians by profession,) of whom I have told you often, and now tell you even weeping, that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ." Phil. 3, 18.

When these unworthy professors were guilty of open and public crimes, they were expelled from the church. This was the duty of the proper officers of the church; and it is still



their duty. If they do not perform their duty that is their sin, and not yours. If these unworthy professors are outwardly regular, so that the discipline of the church cannot take hold of them, though they are inwardly hypocrites, then they come under the Savior's rule in the parable of the tares and wheat: "Let both grow together until the harvest." If we are only wheat, all will be right, even though we stand among tares.

It is very plain, then, to any reasonable person, that there were unworthy professors in the church in the time of Christ, as well as in the apostolic churches; but at the same time there were also good christians among them. We do not hear that any refused, in that day, to join them on this account. The church will exist, no doubt to the end, as mixed—there will no doubt be tares among the wheat at the dreadful hour when the last trumpet shall sound, and when God shall send forth the final reapers!

What if we are in the church among Judases, and "such as have a form of godliness but deny the power?" Our own example, if it is of the right kind, will only be the more impressive to others, even as stars shine more brightly the darker the night. The real beauty of a consistent religious life will be the better seen in us, in contrast with their evil works. In this way the wrath of man will be made to praise God, and it will be seen that he in infinite wisdom is

"From seeming evil still educing good."

"For there must be also heresies among you, that they which are approved may be made manifest among you."

3. We must not too uncharitably judge those who are professors of religion. We must not entirely condemn them because we discern imperfections and weaknesses in their life and conduct. Lord, are we not all dust and ashes! Who will cast the first stone at his erring brother? Alas! who art thou that judgest another so rashly—so severely? Oh! how beautiful is the prayer

"The mercy I to others show—  
*That mercy show to me.*"

We would not, in any degree, justify the failings of church members; but we must ask in reason and in charity, that they be not absolutely condemned as graceless children of Satan, except by one who is himself perfect. If this course is pursued we feel sure that many, who are now so harsh in judgment, would silently withdraw without pronouncing condemnation, and the "weak brethren," who have fallen into sin would be left alone with the Savior: who would say to



them, "neither do I condemn thee, depart and sin no more!"

In judging professing christians it must be remembered that their *faults and failings* are generally outward and public—they are seen on that side of their lives by which they come in contact with the rough and bewitching world—but their *penitence* is generally in secret. You see the inconsistency of a public act of wrong in them, which was perhaps committed in circumstances of peculiar trial and temptation, but you do not see the tears of penitence which that same person sheds over his faults in secret. Your eyes are not upon him when in the solitude of the night he bemoans his failings, "makes his bed to swim," and "waters his couch with his tears!" No, you see him not in his closet, when he has "shut too the door;" and when, in bitter confession and penitence, he asks his "Father which seeth in secret" to pardon his offences! Thus, because you see only the outside, and that the worst side of his character, while the best is hid, you may do him wrong in judging him too severely. Condemn him not as a graceless man for a few outward acts of inconsistency, till you can take an oath that he does not mourn over them in secret, and pray for forgiveness to that Savior with whom is forgiveness, and who, when he was asked how often we should forgive our brother, said: "I say not unto thee, until seven times: but, until seventy times seven." Math. 18: 22. See also Luke 17: 3—4.

There are great mistakes made in judging others, by not keeping the above fact in view. There are many, for instance, who blame David for his great sin, and they do so rightly; but they are not so ready to give him credit for his sincere and humble confession of it, and for the deep penitence in which he turned to God for forgiveness in the 51st Psalm. So there are many who stumble at the errors of professors, and make it an excuse for remaining out of the church, but never think of the "strong crying and tears," with which in secret they mourn over the wound which they have inflicted upon their own souls, and upon the cause of Christ. Is this just and right? Oh let us judge in charity, even of outward acts; and what is inward, let us leave that to him "who searcheth the hearts and trieth the reins of the children of men," and before whom "all things are naked and open." Above all, let us not neglect our own souls, and our own duties, because others are doing so.

4. You do not join the church because there are so many bad and unworthy professors in it, but you do not act on this principle in other respects. Now, there are traitors in the nation—persons who break the laws, and who are unworthy of



being called citizens; and when even they are not guilty of acts which deprive them of citizenship, they are nevertheless bad citizens, and a disgrace to the nation: and yet you do not, on this account, refuse to become a citizen—you do not refuse to belong to the nation, to place yourself under its laws, and to enjoy the privileges which it confers upon its worthy citizens, because there are traitors and unworthy citizens.

There is much counterfeit money and much bad money afloat, but you do not on that account despise all money, count it an evil thing in itself, and refuse to take that which is good.

Science has its blemishes, its defects, and there are many who disgrace it, by abusing it in using it for unworthy purposes, and yet you do not, on that account, consider knowledge a bad thing in itself, and refuse fellowship with those who are honoring it with their love and devotion, and who are united for its promotion in the world.

Many families have bad and unworthy members—members who destroy its peace and comfort within, and who disgrace it before others; but you do not for that reason consider the family as evil, and refuse to make one in the family circle, and in the communion of domestic love.

Wheat, and all grain, has its tares, its defective growths, and its injurious mixtures in many ways; but you do not therefore consider grain growing an evil thing—you do not cease to sow; and though there are many farmers who are unworthy of that name, and who are a disgrace to the business, you are not, therefore, ashamed to be called by that name, and induced to desist from that business.

Are not these illustrations sufficient to prove that in refusing to rank yourself among the professors of religion because there are bad members in the church, you do not act consistently—you do not act on this principle in other things. It would be foolish if you did. Is it not plain, then, that an evil spirit, and perhaps an evil heart, are deceiving you in persuading you to lean, with the eternal interests of your soul, upon an excuse which, even in an earthly point of view, is not only baseless but absolutely foolish. Oh! consider these things solemnly, and in the light of eternity. What will it profit a man if he loose his own soul, even if ten thousand professors of religion do the same.

#### THIRD OBJECTION.

Some say, by way of excuse, that religion does not consist in outward forms, but in dispositions of the heart; and that



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therefore we can be just as good out of the church as in it.

Here again we fully agree that religion does not consist in outward forms—that the mere form of belonging to the church, does not make us christians, and that piety must dwell in the heart in all holy dispositions and affections. But if you say that it is an excuse to remain out of the church because religion does not consist in outward forms, and that we can be as good out of the church as in it, then I must differ with you, and give you my reasons, and let me here again express the belief that, as an honest man, you will agree with me if you see that I am right.

First of all, then, I must say, that to belong to a church is not merely a form. The ordinances of the church are not mere forms. God, who has instituted them, is no formalist. He does not mock us, by calling us to engage in empty ceremonies. These forms are designed as means to bring us near to God. Through these forms he meets us and we meet him. He is in these forms with his spirit and his grace. They are his own transactions with men; and when ever we draw nigh unto him *through* them, he draws nigh to us *in* them. It is therefore wicked to say that what God has appointed as means and media of communication with him are mere outward forms. True, we can use them as mere forms, as too many do, but that is not their design; and, if we use them right, they are more than forms to us.

Again: These holy dispositions and affections of heart which make us acceptable to God are to be obtained by the use of the ordinances of the church as means. It is God's way to give grace into our hearts in a certain way, and that way he has prescribed to us—this way requires us to use certain means. When we eat, for instance, we get strong; but it is not the mere form of eating which gives us strength, it is the food which incorporates itself with our system, that replenishes our strength; and yet the form of eating is absolutely necessary as a means. So it is in the use of the means of grace, it is not the outward form which gives us grace, but it is through the use of it that God transmits grace into our souls. When Naaman was sent to wash himself seven times in the Jordan, to get healed of his leprosy, it was not the form of washing which was to cure him, but he was to be cured in the use of this means—and he was not cured till he did it. He thought the waters of Damascus might do just as well, but that was *his* way, not God's. So we may think that we can do just as well out of the church, but that is *our* way and not God's. See II Kings, 5.



The inward and outward in religion, are bound together, and God sustains the one by the other. The spirit needs the form, and the form needs the spirit. If the spirit is not there the form is dead; and if the form is not used the spirit departs.— This truth can be seen everywhere. Everything that lives on earth has both form and spirit. The tree has an unseen hidden life, but also an outward form. The limbs and the bark are not the tree; for without the inward life they would be dead; but it is equally true that the inward life could not exist if it were not for the outward form—the bark and the limbs; take these away and the life will soon withdraw. Now so it is in religion; forms are not religion, but they are the outward of it, and they are necessary to it. If we take them away, the life and spirit of religion will not stay; no more than the life of a tree will remain in it when the bark and the limbs are taken away. Who is he that would be wiser than God! When He institutes forms and ordinances to bring us near to Him.— Who is he that says, we can be just as pious and acceptable to God without them? You will certainly yield this point.

#### FOURTH OBJECTION.

You say you would join the church but you have seen many join that have not lived up to their promises, and you fear it might be the same with you—you do not feel fit for so solemn a step.

We answer, you are certainly fit to be made better, and for this the church is instituted. The church is not like a barn into which ripe sheaves are to be gathered, but it is like a garden in which plants are to be cultivated. On first entering the church we are of course weak in faith, mere babes in Christ; but we are to grow in grace in it. In the church, God gives bread to the weak, and water to the faint. This is abundantly promised to us. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength." Is. 40: 31. And again: "Those that be planted in the house of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God." Ps. 92: 13.

We have now endeavored fairly to meet all objections which you can possibly make to becoming a member of the church. We leave you to consider them as in the presence of God. It is *you* that are most deeply interested in this matter. Decide as you would if you knew you had but another day to live. If you see that your excuses are not well grounded, cast them *now* away forever.



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## REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD JOIN THE CHURCH.

I have shown that the grounds on which persons generally excuse themselves from joining the church are not solid and sufficient. The discussion of the subject would not be complete if we did not also give the positive arguments in favor of a regular public profession of religion by connection with the church. I most earnestly ask you to read on with care, while I present you the reasons, one after another, why you should join the church. Permit me, at the beginning, to remind you, that if you have never made a profession of religion, *you* have the greatest interest in ascertaining whether it is your duty.

It is exceedingly strange that any one can for one moment doubt that it is duty. It is so clearly reasonable and scriptural, that it seems to me any one who considers the matter seriously can come only to one conclusion. But the very fact that there are still so many who are out of the church, and who have not hitherto been persuaded to enter it, is the best proof that it is still necessary to argue this point. Many, no doubt, are convinced, who still refuse to act; we sincerely hope such may see the duty so clearly as to be brought to an immediate decision. Oh, why do we not act promptly in such a short and uncertain life. "Why sit we here until we die?"

### FIRST REASON.

It is our duty to join the church because God has instituted it. It is of divine origin. If it were a mere device of man, a mere human society, having for its object mere earthly benefits, then we might consult our own convenience and taste in regard to it. But an institution, of which God is the author, leaves us no choice but to obey what it requires. That the church is a divine institution, no one will deny. Even in the Old Testament we find that God had his church—"the church in the wilderness." Acts 7: 38. He determined its order, appointed its officers, its ceremonies, its worship, and the way by which persons should enter it. He blest those who were faithful members of it, and severely punished those who forsook his



covenant and his ordinances; and entirely cast those off, who would not submit to its requirements.

In the New Testament we see, on almost every page, that Christ came into the world to establish a church or kingdom. Hence we read of the "Kingdom of God." This expression is often applied to the church of God on earth. A kingdom must have subjects who stand in connection with it, and submit to its laws. That Christ established a church, is evident from his own declaration: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock *I will build my church*: and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." Math. 16: 18. This church had its rules, to which all were required to conform. Hence the Savior tells his disciples how they must proceed when a member shall trespass, or be guilty of any fault; they shall first speak to him privately, and secondly take one or two witnesses, and if he still refuses to yield, they shall "tell it unto the Church." If he "neglect to hear the Church," then he shall be separated from them, and be to them as an heathen man and a publican. Math. 18: 15—18. Can any thing be plainer. The kingdom, or church, which Christ established was not merely an internal one, consisting of piety in the heart; but it had an outward form, forming a public society, to which persons were formally joined, and from which they were excluded, when they were guilty of faults worthy of exclusion.

Christ, then, is himself the author of the church. He added members to it while he was upon earth. He is declared to be the "head of the church." The church is "his body." Eph. 1: 23. "Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it; that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word, that he might present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing." Eph. 5: 25—27. It is his design and desire that all should belong to it, be saved in it, and glorified with it in heaven. Can you doubt whether it is your duty to join? Did he institute it in vain; and after he "gave himself for it," can you say that you can do as well without it! Oh, consider this matter again; and see whether you will not conclude that as "Christ also loved the Church," it is your duty to love it; and that as "he gave himself for it," so it is your duty to give yourself to its service. Does *he* love Christ, who is willing to die out of his church?

#### SECOND REASON.

He *requires* us to join the church, by a public profession of religion, and *enjoins it upon us as a duty*.



This is evident from various considerations. He has instituted forms of admission into the church. In the Old Testament the rite of admission was *circumcision*. Even children could not belong to the covenant of promise without circumcision; and adults were also to be admitted by this rite. "He that is born in thy house, and he that is bought with thy money, must needs be circumcised." And if any one neglected this sign of the covenant, "that soul shall be cut off from his people; he hath broken my covenant"—or *neglected* my covenant; see the German translation. Gen. 17. No one, then, could be among God's people without having been regularly admitted by that rite which God had appointed as the rite of admission.

In the New Testament the initiatory rite is baptism. Christ himself submitted to it in order to fulfill all righteousness, and leave us an example that we should follow in his footsteps. The command which he gave his disciples could not be plainer; "Go ye and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; teaching them to *observe all things* whatsoever I have commanded you." Math. 28: 19—20. In Mark 16: 16, we are told what the consequences will be if we refuse to submit to this order. He that would be wiser than God in this respect, and is determined to take his own way, must meet the consequences.

Not only have forms of admission been instituted, but Christ has absolutely declared that every one who will be saved must publicly profess Him. Consider the solemn passage in Math. 10: 32—33: "Whosoever therefore shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven." See also Luke 12: 8—9. The kind of confession here required is a public one, for it must be "*before men*." Now, if Christ has instituted a church, and also a rite, by which we are to be admitted into it, and we stand back from it, is not this denying our attachment to him. How can we better deny a government, than by publicly refusing to be a citizen. If Christ has a kingdom in the world, and we refuse to enter it, is not that the best evidence that we do not wish him to rule over us. Nothing can be plainer. Now Christ declares absolutely, and without any qualification, that such as deny him in this way before men, them will he deny before God, and the angels.

#### THIRD REASON.

We find that all those who became pious, under the preaching



of Christ and his apostles, joined the church immediately.

Those who believed in Christ joined themselves to him, and his followers. He enjoined it upon them to deny themselves, take up the cross, and follow him. Math. 16: 24. He also declared that if any one refused to do this, he was not worthy of him, and could not be his disciple. Math. 10: 38. Luke 14: 27. They were not merely in a quiet and secret way to adopt the truth, and practice religious principles alone and for themselves, but they were to profess themselves openly, always, in all places, and "before men," as adherents to Christ. It was the great sin of Peter that he denied that he was a follower of Christ, and refused to be openly considered as such.

The social nature of religion, the love which it inspired, as well as a hearty desire to join with their Head and Master in establishing a visible church and kingdom of saints, lead them to draw towards each other in the sweetest and most intimate fellowship. Hence we find that, after the Savior's death, "the eleven gathered together, and them that were with them." Luke 24: 33. Immediately after his ascension into heaven, they "all continued with one accord in prayer and supplication, with the women, and Mary the mother of Jesus, and with his brethren." Acts 1: 14. On the day of Pentecost "they were all with one accord in one place." Acts 2: 1. After Peter's sermon, on that memorable day when many were pricked to the heart by the truth, "they that gladly received his word, were baptized: and the same day there were *added unto them* about three thousand souls." Here we see how a public profession of religion immediately followed their belief in the truth; and it is added "they continued steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers."—Thus then the early christians joined the church immediately; and it seems that none held back, for it is not said that only *some* of them did so, but "they that gladly received his word," did so. This also continued afterwards to be the case, for we are told that "the Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved." Acts 2: 41—47.

How then can any one doubt that it is our duty to make a public profession of religion by being "added to the church." The example of christians in the apostolic times, is as plain as sacred history can make it. That the apostles established churches, with ministers to teach, and officers to rule, no one who is at all acquainted with the scriptures can doubt. These churches included all who professed to be friends of the gospel; piety, a public profession of religion by being added to the



church, and operating with it, was with them identical. Acts V. 11, VIII. 1—3, XI. 22—26, XII. 5, XIV. 23—27, XV. 22, XVIII. 12, XX. 28. Read these passages and then decide whether you *can* be in sympathy of spirit with the disciples and early christians, without being united with the church. If you are not like them on earth, can you expect to be with them in heaven? Show me a good man or woman in the whole bible that was not a friend of the church, and who did not belong to it. There were persons in the church that were not pious—but were there any out of it that were pious? Do you say the thief on the Cross? I answer that it is doubtful whether ever he had an opportunity to profess Christ before, for it is not likely that he had ever seen Him till then; and, moreover, he did then confess Christ publicly—as publicly as possible—and expressed a desire to be with Him in his kingdom. Can you say that you have had no opportunity to make a profession of religion, when the church stands with open doors before you, and when you are invited and warned Sabbath after Sabbath from the pulpit, and daily by your own conscience and God's providences?

#### FOURTH REASON.

It is necessary to be united with the church, because, according to the scriptures, *we are united to Christ through the Church.*

In order to convince ourselves of this, we need only look at the representations which are given in scriptures of the union of Christ with his church, and of the church with her members. We find that this is set forth by a comparison with a human body.

Christ is the HEAD. The Church is the BODY. Christians are the MEMBERS of that body. This is seen in the following passages: "God has put all things under his (Christ's) feet, and gave him to be head over all things to the church, which is his body." Eph. 1: 22—23. Again: "And he is the head of the body, the Church." Col. 1: 18. Now that christians are united to Christ, their head, by being united with the body, is seen in 1 Cor. 12, where this matter is discussed at length.—"For as the body is one, and hath many members, and all the members of that one body, being many, are one body: so also is Christ. For by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body." The apostle there goes on to show, that as the eye, the ear, the hand, the foot, &c., as members of the body, have all different offices, and yet are pervaded by one life, so are all the different individual christians, joined in the same body



in Christ. "Now ye are the body of Christ, and members in particular."

The apostle in Eph. 4, 15—16, where he uses the same comparison, shows that we can only be joined with Christ the head, and grow up in him, by being joined with the church, his body. We are to "grow up in him in all things, which is the head, even Christ: From whom the whole body fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love." See also Eph. 2: 20—22, and 1 Cor. 10: 17.

This is a solemn truth; and it ought to be well considered by all who are out of the church. Out of the church, according to the apostle, we are like an arm, an ear, or an eye, out of the body—dead! The life of the Head does not flow into us, unless we are in the body. As the body is between the limbs and the head, so the church is between the members and Christ, and we can only be joined with him through the church. In the church is his spirit and his grace. In the church are the means by which we are to seek and to find union with him. In the church are his ministers to show the way of life; there are the sacraments as nourishment, as signs and seals of his grace; and there are all the ordinances adapted and designed to renew us into his image unto perfect men in Christ.

It is not necessary to discuss the question whether we can be christians out of the church. It is a useless question, and to such the Savior himself gave no answer. It is just as in the case where one came to Christ and asked, "Lord are there few that be saved?" The Savior answered his question by saying, "Strive to enter in at the straight gate!" That is as much as if he had said, you have more important matters to engage your attention;—whether few or many are saved, what is that to thee? See to it that *you* are saved. So here—if you ask, can no one be saved out of the church? we answer, you can be saved *in* the church; see that you do not neglect it. This is the first duty which claims your attention. When you once feel yourself saved in the church, rest assured you will have no desire to ask this question. When once happily housed in your Father's house, in joyful fellowship with his children, and feasting upon his grace and love, you will not ask whether one can enjoy the same blessings out in the cold and dreary barrens of the world.

It is, moreover, the same as if we should ask: Cannot the eye see, and the ear hear, when cut loose from the body? Can-



not the branches bring fruit when cut off from the vine? Cannot the thirsty and hungry soul satisfy his wants away from the fountain of life, and away from the table which God has provided for his children? It is enough for us to know that *God does not say that we can be saved out of the Church!* If we can be, he has not revealed the fact to us. He has no where advised us to stay out of the church. He has no where promised us blessings for so doing. On the contrary, he has thrown all his exhortations, his warnings, his instructions, and his promises, with awful solemnity on the other side. The church is evidently his delight. "The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob. Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God." The church is the birth-place of the saints. "And of Zion it shall be said, This and that man was born in her: and the Highest himself shall establish her. The Lord shall count, when he writeth up the people, that this man was born there: all my springs are in thee."—Ps. 87. See also Ps. 48.

As long as any one has no desire, and is not willing, to join the church, it is the best possible proof that he is not yet a christian. For a desire and hope to be saved out of the church, is a desire and hope to be saved out of God's way; and as long as any one is not willing to submit to God's will and way, his heart is not right with God. It is with him just as it was with Naaman; he wished to be cleansed of his leprosy, but not in the way which the prophet prescribed; but he was not healed till he took the prophet's way. 2 Kings 5. Refer to that chapter, and read it carefully; it furnishes a solemn lesson to all such as wish to be saved in their own way—out of the church.

After God has established his church on earth, after he has instituted its ordinances, after Christ has "given himself for it," and preserved it amid the ragings of the heathen and the tumultuations of the world's history for nearly six thousand years—after all this, it is next to blasphemy, to say that we can be saved as well out of the church as in it! What greater insult can be offered to God? and yet this is done in christian lands, and with Bible in hand! Oh, human nature, how art thou depraved and fallen from God! How almost hopeless is human self-will and pride.

#### FIFTH REASON.

It is the duty of every one to join the church, because it is impossible to obey Christ in all things without it.



You will judge at once that we allude to the use of the Sacraments—Baptism and the Lord's supper. Some persons make very light of these ordinances. To many they are but forms, which they think may easily be set aside. The chief reason why these ordinances are not more valued by them, is because they make so little of the church in which they are administered. Let it be remarked, however, that those who place little value on these ordinances, have not the Savior for their example. He did not only teach men to love God, and to serve Him with a sincere heart, but he taught them also to attend to all the instituted ordinances of religion. While he lived upon earth, he was not only circumcised and baptized, but he attended upon every Jewish Passover that was celebrated in his time; and when he had instituted the Holy Sacrament of the Last Supper he partook of it with his disciples. This he did that he might fulfill all righteousness, and leave us an example, that we should follow in his footsteps. Away with that religion which does not lead us to the ordinances—it is not from Christ, our Savior.

That it is the imperative duty of all who would be saved to be baptized and to partake of the Lord's Supper is as plain as it can be made in the Scriptures. Both are absolutely, and without condition, enjoined upon adults. "*Be baptized.*"—Math. 3: 13. Mark. 16: 16. Acts 2: 38—41. Acts 8: 12. Acts 22: 16. 1 Cor. 12: 13. Gal. 3: 27. "*Do this in remembrance of me.*" Luke 22: 19. Mark. 14: 22. Math. 26: 26. 1 Cor. 11: 23—29. From these passages, and many more, it will be seen that the use of baptism and the Lord's Supper are solemnly enjoined duties; and they dare not be neglected—they will not be neglected by a christian. As long as they are neglected, it is the best possible sign that there is no piety in the heart. For how can piety exist without leading to obedience? The Savior himself has said, "If a man love me, he will keep my words." John 14: 23. And again: "If ye love me, keep my commandments." Verse 15. Listen also to John, the gentle and lovely disciple; how strong does he express himself on this point: "He that saith, I know him, and keepeth not his commandments, is a liar, and the truth is not in him." 1 John 2: 4. Hear that, all ye who say you love the Savior, and have never yet obeyed his dying command: "Do this in remembrance of me." Your hearts are deceiving you. There is no evidence on earth that can prove you to love Christ, as long as that love does not lead you to obedience. Yea, if an angel from heaven (Gal. 1: 8) should preach a different doctrine from that which



is here so plainly taught in God's word, he is not to be believed. "For this is the love of God, that we keep his commandments." 1 John 5: 3.

Thus, then, you see that to be a christian it is absolutely necessary to obey Christ in the Sacraments. This you can only do by joining the church; for Christ has appointed Officers, and made laws, in his church; and those who will enjoy its privileges must submit to its rules. If there were no rules, so that any one, and every one, might come to the table of the Lord, there could be no order, and indeed no church. "God is not the author of confusion, but of peace, as in all churches of the saints." 1 Cor. 14: 33. Hence, "Let all things be done decently and in order." Verse 40. Hence, also, it is made the duty of the officers in the church to guard its purity, and to exclude any who disgrace their profession. See 1 Cor. V. This order could not be kept up, were it not required that all who will partake of the ordinances in the church, should connect themselves with it in a regular way.

You have now seen, that if we will be christians we must use the sacraments. You have seen also that these are in the church, and can be allowed only to such as are regularly connected with it. Hence, in order to keep the Savior's commandments, you must join the church. Out of the church, you are away from the sacraments; and how can you be pious without a covenant, without means of grace, and without obedience.

#### SIXTH REASON.

It is your duty to belong to the church because it is only in this way that you can stand on the side of religion *in the eyes of the world*.

It will be in vain for you to say to others that you are a friend of Christ, of his church, and its ordinances, as long as you stand out of its sacred enclosure. Your example will speak louder than your words; and those over whom your influence, in any way, extends, will do as you do, and not as you say.— Thus, as long as you are out of the church, the whole weight of your influence lies against it.

In this way vast injury is done by the silent, but effective, power of example. Especially do parents, in this way, by their example, infuse into the minds of their children a secret disrespect for religion and its ordinances. There is not the least doubt that many children, growing up around uncovenanted parents, have been kept out of the church and out of heaven,



just because they could silence the claims of religion upon them, by the example of parents. They may speak piously to their children, but what weight has that, so long as their own hearts are not lead to obedience in what God requires of all in connection with his church. The child will think thus: if you are sincere in speaking of the necessity of piety, why do not you profess it. It is natural for us to feel suspicious, when one points out to us a way, in which he is not himself willing to walk. It is only then, by making a profession of religion yourself, that you can be considered on the Lord's side by others.

It is on this account that we are constantly exhorted in the scripture to separate ourselves from the world, and stand with the people of the Lord, on the Lord's side. "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers: for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness? And what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel.—Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you; and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." 2 Cor. 6: 14—18. Hence also we are "called to be saints"—that is *holy ones*: not only holy ones in the sense of inward purity, but also in the sense of outward separation. The apostle, in 1 Peter 2: 9, shows plainly that those who profess to be pious, ought to form a holy society, in inward as well as outward fellowship with each other. "Ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people." He also points out the reason why they are thus called out from the world: "That ye should show forth the praises of him who hath called you from darkness into his marvellous light." How can our example tell upon others, as long as we are in position among them?—and how can we honor the church, as long as we stand aloof from it. Or how can we be a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, and a peculiar people, as long as we are not separate from the world. We must stand out publicly on the side of the church with those who "witness a good profession," and, in the face of the world, let our light shine. This alone can be properly called confessing Christ "before men," and letting our "light shine before men."

Let it not be forgotten that our *influence* is also a talent with which we must glorify God. You have influence; and how many perhaps are kept out of the church by your example! How many perhaps would follow you if you made a profession



of religion. And among these which you could draw after you, are your best friends—perhaps a wife, a husband, a sister, a brother, or children; for it is over these you have the most influence. Will you then go on in disobedience to the command of your suffering Lord, with so many hanging to your skirts, and following in the fearful wake of your influence and example into a hopeless grave!

This consideration appeals especially, with awful force, to such as have, on account of talents, learning, wealth, office or position, more than ordinary influence in society; and whose example has weight in the minds of many. “Have any of the rulers, or of the Pharisees believed on him?” This is the question which arises in the heart of many in the humbler walks of life, when the claims of religion are pressed upon them. If religion is so important, and if a connection with the church is so indispensable, why do not our Physicians, Lawyers, Legislators, and eminent men, become members of the church. They are intelligent, and capable of weighing the claims of duty, and are we not safe in following their example. When they are sometimes almost overpowered by the excellency of the truth, and are inwardly moved to fall in with it, still the example, the apparent indifference of the “rulers,” makes them waver; and, half in doubt whether they shall yield to inward conviction or trust to their examples, they ask: “Do the rulers know indeed that this is the Christ?” John VII.

We remember of having heard of an eminent statesman who once offered 1000 dollars to any one who should reform his profligate son; but we did not hear that any one attempted to secure the prize. This could all have been spared, had the parent brought up his family in the church, and under the trainings of grace, leading the way by his own example and influence.—Was it not natural that the son should have confidence in the example of so honored a parent, and thus be content out of the church and covenant of God, in which alone there is safety?—Was it not natural for the son, when the claims of religion were presented, to ask: “Has my Father believed on him?” Alas! if any one raise children in the uncovenanted wilds of the world, instead of the garden of the Lord, he must blame only himself if they turn out to be “degenerate plants of a strange vine.” Themselves they must blame when at last they are forced to mourn bitterly over their ruin, “O my son Absolom! my son, my son Absolom! would to God I had died for thee, O Absolom, my son, my son!”



## SEVENTH REASON.

If all did as you do, there could be no church and no public service in the world.

There can be no nation without citizens; and so there can be no church without members. If all, therefore, stood aloof as you do, and refused to unite with others in keeping up the church's external organization, it could not exist. True, this will never be—Christ will always raise up those who will sustain his church; but so far as your influence and example reach, their direct tendency is to destroy the church, for which Christ died. All that is necessary to bring about this dreadful result is, that all others should think as you think, and do as you do. Then, soon, there would be no churches, no public assemblies of God's people, no professing people of God crowding to the Sacramental Table to celebrate the Savior's dying love, and obey his dying command. Do you desire to see such consequences? We cannot think so; and yet you are giving the full weight of your influence and example towards it.

It is a true and a just rule which says: "We must do nothing ourselves which we would not be willing should become a general rule for all." Are you willing that the rule you adopt, and the course you pursue, should become the rule and course of all? Certainly you are not. It is doubtful whether you would advise your best friend, or your children, to do, in this respect, as you do. And if the whole world should suddenly throw up their interest in the church, and withdraw from it, you yourself would be alarmed. For certainly you acknowledge that Christ established a church, and that it ought to continue to exist. Is it not then your duty to join it and to aid in keeping it up, just as much so as it is the duty of any one else.—Those, also, who do belong to it, could have offered the same objections, and made the same excuses which you now present; and they would have had just as much weight in their case as you have in yours. How plain is it, then, that it is the deceitfulness of the heart, the allurements of the world, the flesh, and the devil, and a wicked nature which is naturally averse to duty—it is these that keep you back from making a profession of religion, and from union with the church.

## EIGHTH REASON.

You ought to join the church because of the excellent effect which it would exert upon you.



It would be a difficult and almost endless task, to exhibit all the good effects which result from a right connection with the church. They are as extensive and various as the influences of religion itself, which it is the great aim and end of the church to beget and unfold in the heart and life of all. Many of its influences are so silent that they cannot be traced in their details. Gently as the dew do its cheering, refreshing, and life-giving influences distil upon the heart; and it is because these influences are so gentle and silent, that they are so difficult fully to appreciate. "I will be as the dew unto Israel: he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon. His branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive tree, and his smell as Lebanon. They that dwell under his shadow shall return; they shall revive as the corn, and grow as the vine." Hos. 14: 5, 6, 7.

He that is in the church, is as a plant in good soil—warmed by the sun of heaven, refreshed by its showers, and made glad in the smiles of the Lord. The silent but effectual manner in which those who stand in this kingdom of grace are pervaded and transformed by the power of grace, is beautifully set forth by the Savior in some of his parables. The grace of Christ transfuses itself like leaven. Math. 13: 33. It is also like a mustard-seed, which gradually and silently becomes a great tree from the smallest of seeds. Math. 13: 31—32. And again: "So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the ground; and should sleep, and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow up, he knoweth not how. For the earth bringeth forth fruit of herself—first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear. But when the fruit is brought forth, immediately he putteth in the sickle, because the harvest is come." Mark. 4: 26—29. So silently, gradually, but surely, does the church "bring forth fruit of herself"; and so rich is the harvest which those reap in the end who have been planted in this vineyard of the Lord.

The good effects which result from a regular connection with the church, can be seen in many excellent specimens of christian character cultivated and perfected in the church. The finest specimens of human excellence which the world has ever seen, were in the church. This would be seen and acknowledged more than it is, were it not that most of persons, in viewing the church, fix their eyes first and only upon the Judases and Peters—who deny and betray Christ. Many a good ripe christian lives and dies in the church while no one says, "See a righteous man, let us imitate him"; but there are few hypo-



critics who are not pointed out by non-professors as standing arguments against the church, which lead men to the awful and regular conclusion: "We are as good out of the church as in it." But who will deny that the loveliest christian characters in society are formed in the church. We will venture the assertion, that if you will select from among your acquaintances five persons in whom you would repose unbounded confidence,—persons in whose hands you would entrust your property while you live, and your children when you die,—we will venture to say that those five persons are professors of religion. Many an aged patriarch have we seen, who had been "planted into the house of the Lord" in youth, nourished by the ordinances of the church and ripened for glory, till he was gathered "like as a shock of corn cometh in his season." The community felt his loss; like Stephen of old, "devout men carried him to his burial, and made a great lamentation over him"; and, returning from his honored grave, many sighs were heard in the crowd: "A good man hath gone to his rest!"

How can it be otherwise than that union with the church should have a blessed effect? There the heart finds its sabbatic hours, its quiet habitation. There God speaks, through his ministers, words of instruction—words of admonition—words of exhortation—words of warning—words of promise and consolation. There the sacraments are dispensed—there his praise is sung—there prayer is addressed to Him who is the hearer of prayer, and the rewarder of all them that diligently seek him. It is the place which God has chosen for his peculiar dwelling-place on earth; and he is known in "her palaces for a refuge," as he is not known in all the earth beside.

I love her gates, I love the road;  
The church, adorned with grace,  
Stands like a palace built for God,  
To show his milder face.

Who will deny that it has a good influence upon the heart to be in the church; and, in covenant with God, to receive all the blessings which the covenant promises? It cannot be that you think so. If, then, the church has such blessings in store, why do you continue to deprive yourself of them? Why do you neglect them while they are passing so fast away, and will soon be beyond your reach forever. Is it thus that you will purchase for yourself bitterness on a dying bed, and eternal regret when the harvest is past, and the summer of life is ended? "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes."



## NINTH REASON.

There is another reason why you should join the church, closely allied to the one last mentioned. It is this: "Not to join will bring injury upon you, and, through you, upon others after you; especially if you are a parent or ever will be." All the good effects, of which we have just spoken, you will of course lose. Being out of covenant with God, you can not claim his blessings, and he is not pledged to bestow them. He gives you a thousand promises, if you will confess him, and identify yourself with his church, kingdom, and people; but not one promise, as long as you walk in disobedience. By looking at his dealings with his people in the Old Testament, you will see that he blessed those who were in covenant with him; and forsook those who refused the covenant. Oh, what a lesson does the whole transaction of God with the Jews teach in this respect! The whole history of the Jews is a commentary on the covenant and promise: "*He that is born in thy house, and he that is bought with thy money, must needs be circumcised: and my covenant shall be in your flesh for an everlasting covenant.*" The whole history also of the unfaithful portion of the Jews, and of the uncovenanted nations around, is a commentary on the threat: "*And the uncircumcised man child, whose flesh of his foreskin is not circumcised, that soul shall be cut off from his people; he hath broken my covenant.*" Gen. 17: 13—14.

The same God still lives! He is still the same in his dealings with those that are in covenant with him, and with those who are out of it. Though in the New Testament we have a "better covenant, which was established upon better promises," (Heb. 8: 6) yet it is a covenant still; and those who would receive its blessing, must enter into covenant relations with God. In the New Testament, as well as in the Old, God stands before you, offering to confess you, if you confess him. Listen to his gracious words: "I will dwell in them, and walk in them; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people.—Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you; and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." 2 Cor. 6: 16—18. This is God's offer to you. Thus he stands and pleads with a sinful worm!

"Oh how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven!"

Will you die out of covenant with God? Will you die out of the church? Will you die without any marks of sacramental grace upon you? Will you die without some seal placed upon you by the hand of God himself, giving you some comfortable encouragement to hope in his mercy? Do you say you believe and hope in Christ. I answer, as we have already seen in a former part of this treatise, Christ is only in his church. The church is "his body." If you will be in him, you must be in the church, as members are in the body. And if you obey him not, in his ordinances, then you are none of his! Oh hear it, you are none of his! For he himself says, "He that hath



my commandments, *and keepeth them*, he it is that loveth me." If a man love me, he will *keep my words*." His words are, "Do this in remembrance of me." His words are, "confess me before men." You keep not his words, you obey not his commands—even not his dying command! Hear it: you are not his!—you are not his! Out of the church, without baptism and the Lord's supper—out of the church, without a living union with the Head, through the body—you are a member cut off, and dead! Hear it—cut off and dead!

But are you a parent? Then in addition to the loss you yourself sustain, out of the church, you make your children heirs of this loss. Why did salvation come to the house of Zaccheus? Luke 19. The answer is given by Christ himself: "*Forasmuch* as he also is a *son of Abraham*." Here God remembered the covenant he had made with the parents of Zaccheus—that covenant included "their seed." Now Zaccheus shares its fruits. There were other houses in Jericho, but Jesus goes to the house of Zaccheus, because he also is a son of Abraham—and he took salvation with him when he went! Here we see the benefit which children receive from the covenant relation into which they are placed by their parents. Have you no desire to secure them to your children; so that when you are dead, God may be the God of your offspring?

There is not the least doubt that many children receive the gracious visits of God's grace by virtue of the faith and fact that their parents were in covenant, and secured the covenant also to them. Neither is there any doubt, on the other hand, that many are lost, because they were not only left out of the church by their parents, but encouraged to remain out by the full weight of their parents' influence and example. Left on the uncovenanted wilds of the world, without God and without hope, "aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers to the covenants of promise," it is strange that they first despise, then wander, and at last perish?

To illustrate this solemn and alarming truth we may refer to a fact.—Two brothers came from Switzerland four generations back. The one was in the church, and remained in it, a faithful member; bringing up all his children in it. Piety is still honored in all the branches of that family in the fourth generation!

"If pure and holy be the root, such are the branches too."

The other became a sot, and of course cast off the covenant for himself and for his children. Not only his drunkenness, but the uncovenanted curse can be distinctly traced in that family in the fourth generation!—Such are the solemn and far-reaching consequences of our acts upon our posterity. Will you, as a parent, take the dreadful responsibility of bringing up your children out of the church, and confirm them in that position by the influence of your example? Look down the history of your own family through four generations,—think of the momentous consequences for good or for evil which you may entail upon them, and then decide whether you will live and die out of the church! Will you be the head of a stream of results, which will become wider, wilder and darker, after you are dead, roll down its ever-increasing consequences into eternity, and cause you, when you meet them in judgment, to curse the day in which you were born! Certainly this is something to be seriously thought of before it is too late.



## CHAPTER I.

## WOMAN IS ALSO MADE IN THE IMAGE OF GOD.

TRANSLATED BY REV. B. C. WOLFF, D. D.

Deeply affected by the words, "So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them," Anna, with folded hands and eyes uplifted to heaven, thus meditated in her own mind:

Heavenly Father! how easily I might have been led into sin by my unreasonable fault-finding disposition. Whilst reading an account of the extreme degradation to which many of my sisters are reduced in this life, I was almost betrayed into the error of casting the blame upon Thee, that a destiny so hard and humiliating was allotted to my sex; and yet these words assure me that Thy paternal love intended no such distinction as this in the creation of man and woman. I thank Thee most sincerely that at this moment I am reminded that it is also added: "Male and female created he them." From this it appears that in accordance with Thy holy will, woman is also designed to bear Thy image. Thou didst at the first give to her equal dignity with man, and if she afterwards fell from her proper estate, Thou art not to blame. Oh, no, it was contrary to Thy divine appointment, and in a great measure the fault of woman herself. Forgive me, my Father, ! this momentary despondency, this slight indication of a doubt of Thy love, and accept of my thanks for the comfort and joy which these precious words have imparted to my soul.

Having thus given expression to her feelings in grateful acknowledgments to God, she immediately sat down and wrote in her diary her meditations upon the passage she had read:

And so the female sex is also created in the image of God! This the sacred Scriptures teach us; and a glance at the many examples of excellent women amongst our mothers and sisters assures me, that, notwithstanding the deplorable consequences of the fall of our race, admirable traces of this image still remain; especially among those in whom it has been revived and purified by the spirit of Christianity. I am happy, therefore, in perceiving that the elements of the moral and intellectual nature in both sexes are essentially the same; although the advantages, as it regards strength and capability of development is generally supposed to be on the side of man. I also rejoice that the image of God mirrors itself in the pure, affec-



tionate heart of woman, in a point of view, from which it is reflected again, in her nurturing, supporting, forbearing, assiduous and never-failing love.

Participating in the blessing pronounced by the Creator on both sexes: "Be fruitful, and multiply and replenish the earth," woman in her bodily structure is already appointed to nourish and sustain in her maternal embrace the mysterious germ of life, and to provide for it upon its entrance into visible existence, so that the heart of the happy mother may overflow from the first with the tenderest love. To forsake her child would be impossible. She watches over and nurtures it with most affectionate and unwearied assiduity—a true picture of the Love which affirms, that though a "woman may forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb; yea, though she may forget, yet will I not forget thee."

Sharing with her husband also in the other blessing implied in the command: "Subdue the earth, and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the face of the earth," she avails herself of this authority for the advantage of her family, and rules over it with mild and maternal sway, withholding every thing hurtful, and providing everything useful and good, so as to overlook no one. A beautiful and striking emblem of the superintending providence of God, forgetful of none of his creatures.

Knowing, also, the fallibility and imperfections of children, and their need of instruction and counsel, she is their first teacher and monitress; and overlooking their faults, she endeavors, by kind and affectionate treatment, to wean them from that which is improper and wrong, and to impart to them all necessary knowledge; so that in this way, again, led by the spirit of christian wisdom, she is an image of God in his paternal love, as exhibited in the moral training of his children.

I may well, therefore, consider it an evidence of the intimate relation of the soul of woman to the divine spirit—that in the incorrupt female heart there is a peculiar susceptibility of religious feeling—that in her devotion she yields herself with deeper inwardness and sincerity to the object of her adoration, and with holiest rapture is lost in the contemplation of those purer joys in which every thing is absorbed in love.

But, alas! how greatly do I see this divine image obscured in myself and those of my sex! How seldom does even a faint ray of it break through the dark veil with which, by their own fault,



and the rude, overbearing treatment of man, and the misapprehension of its worth, it is often concealed. It is only when the influence of Christianity is felt, that I see it in many instances in all its brightness. Where the word and spirit of my blessed Saviour, who came to restore the image of God in the children of men, operate, there do I see it shining forth in the affectionate submission and devoted faithfulness of the wife, and the tender solicitude, watchfulness, patience, forbearance and compassion of the chaste mother. Then I find, again, the purity in which the blessing of the Father of all is fulfilled, without humiliation, in his holy ordinance. Then, the worth of woman is also acknowledged by the opposite sex, together with her destiny and the privileges which pertain to it. Then, too, I am able to understand fully the meaning of the passage, Gen. 2: 24, "They, too, shall be one flesh," and of the words appended to it, "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder," thus sanctifying the consciences. Accordingly, the relation between husband and wife, which some, in consequence of their erroneous conceptions of life, degrade to a self-destructive result of momentary attraction and sensual gratification, whilst they intend to represent it as affording the most elevated joys, I regard as made holy by the appointment and will of God, and for this reason pure and honorable.

How much already did a better knowledge of the truth of God among the Jews contribute to the elevation of my sex?—and how much has their condition improved by Christianity, whose most zealous promulgation makes the love which the Saviour bears to his church, the type of the love which should prevail between the husband and wife. Shall I not, then, in this blessed doctrine seek the glory and welfare of my sex, and out of pure love to them, unite in the prayers of God's people, and co-operate in their efforts to carry the light of the Gospel to those parts of the world in which my sisters still live in deep degradation, in order that those who come after them may be prepared for a better destiny?

Impressed by these remarks, Anna arose from her seat, and laid aside a piece of gold, with which she had thought to purchase some superfluous jewelry, intending to appropriate it to the support of a female school in heathen lands.

In the mean-time, her husband had returned home from his office, and fatigued by his employment, had placed himself by the side of his beloved wife, for the purpose of recreation. After his affectionate enquiries concerning the events of the day, Adolf observed that Anna's manner was more serious than



usual, and tenderly asked her the cause. She at once informed him of the train of thoughts into which she had been led by reading the book he had placed in her hands, and asked him how it came that in spite of the benevolent design of the creator, in many nations, and they not even altogether barbarous, the female sex was so deeply degraded in the estimation of the male?

Adolf kindly promised her at another time to converse with her upon this subject, but at this time placing his arm tenderly around her, he remarked "I will, in the delightful coolness of the evening, consider myself perfectly happy at your side, in having a wife, who regards it as her highest glory that she bears the image of the love of God. And until you are ready to take a short walk with me, suffer me to take your guitar." With this he touched the strings and sang with feeling:

The wife in whom God's image is reflected  
 Makes home a lovely spot—a blessed place;  
 O, happy is the man that is connected  
 To such a wife by God's rich love and grace.  
 On him the stars look down with mildest ray:  
 O'er him the heavens bend with friendliest smiles;  
 Care, like the dull cold mists at break of day,  
 Depart in haste, while love each leaden hour beguiles.

### KINDNESS IN LITTLE THINGS.

The sunshine of life is made up of very little beams that are bright all the time. In the nursery, on the play-ground and in the school, there is room all the time for little acts of kindness that cost nothing, but worth more than gold or silver.—To give up something, where giving up will prevent unhappiness—to yield where persisting will chafe and fret others—to go a little around rather than come against another—to take an ill word or a cross look quietly, rather than resent or return it—these are the ways in which clouds and storms are kept off and a pleasant and steady sunshine secured, even in humble homes, among very poor people, as well as in higher stations.

A soul immortal, spending all her fires  
 At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,  
 Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,  
 To waft a feather or to drown a fly!



## THE BIBLE IN THE FIRST CONGRESS.

Every incident which indicates the piety and dependance upon God of our forefathers in the perilous days of our country's history is interesting to us. The following is from a Pamphlet published some years ago, entitled: "Testimony of Washington and of the Congress of 1776, in favor of the Special Providence of God and the Bible."

In those days of peril, and when all intercourse with the parent nation was cut off, and the advantages for printing in this country small, Bibles were in great demand.

In 1777, Congress answered a memorial, by appointing a Committee to devise as to the printing of an edition of 30,000 Bibles.

The Committee, finding it so difficult to obtain paper and types, recommended Congress—"the use of the Bible being so universal, and its importance so great, to direct the Committee of Commerce to import, at the expense of Congress, 20,000 English Bibles from Holland, Scotland, or elsewhere, into the different ports of the States in the Union;" and Congress ordered the importation!

In 1781, "when, from the circumstances of the war, an English Bible could not be imported, and no opinion could be formed how long the obstruction might continue, the subject of printing the Bible was again presented to Congress, and by them referred to a committee of three. This committee reported in 1782, recommending to Congress an edition printed by Robert Aiken, of Philadelphia. Whereupon it was Resolved, That the United States, in Congress assembled, highly approve of the pious and laudable undertaking, as subservient to the interests of religion, and being satisfied of the care and accuracy in the execution of the work, recommend this edition of the Bible to the inhabitants of the United States.

How interesting is such a history of one of the earliest impressions of the Holy Bible in English, in these United States. What moral sublimity in the fact, as it stands imperishably filed in the archives of our national council, in the records of the Congress of 1782. What an act this, considered in reference to the dealings of God in our behalf at the time of our nation's perils! A fact which should be remembered, and told to every child and every young man in the nation, at a day when many of the rulers, and the ruled too, would fain despise the book their fathers, nay, the chief men of the nation, honored.



## THE BRIDE OF THE SUN.

Dedicated to Mrs. E. C. KINNEY,\* as a tribute to that "joy forever" which springs from the sweet harmonies of a pure heart and lofty intellect.

BY HON. ELLIS LEWIS.

I'm the child of the Sun, and I love to gaze  
On the light of his smile, and float in his blaze.  
In contentment I soar, an æronaut gay,  
My wings richly gilt with his glittering ray;  
Nor, like Phæton, desire to take from my sire  
The reins that he holds o'er his coursers of fire;  
Unhallowed ambition's the perilous sin  
That has ruin'd bright angels and maidens and men.

My mother was virtuous, and humble in mein,  
And modestly dwelt in her bower of green;  
She was pure as the new driven snow in the field,  
And armed with sharp weapons her virtue to shield;  
Each suitor admired her green dress with its frills,  
But each stood aloof from her porcupine quills;  
No lover desired to embrace such a bride,  
To receive, with her kiss, a thorn in the side;  
A virtuous wife, it is true, is a crown,  
But a crown, lined with thorns, is a valueless boon.  
Her power to repel and her purity's charm  
Gained friends by the score and protected from harm;  
A nation to mark her the pride of the age,  
Emblazon'd her form on the herald's bright page:  
The emblem of Scotland, she waves in the air  
Her signals of caution, that all may beware.

But the Sun, as he went on his morning walk,  
Was pleased with the maiden, and lingered to talk;  
She was flattered to see that a sovereign so great  
Humble rustics should note, in his regal estate;  
He came to her bower in rich blazes of gold,  
As Jupiter came to the maiden of old;  
He kissed her, in raptures, and e'en kissed the ground  
Where she stood, as he moved in his daily round;  
She used every art to display her plain charms,  
Till her waist was encircled at last in his arms!  
She yielded consent, and the twain were soon one!  
THE RUSTIC OF EARTH BECAME BRIDE OF THE SUN!

The fruits of the union were soon to be seen  
In buddings of promise, encircled with green;  
In time they put forth their magnificent rays,  
That rival'd in beauty their father's bright blaze.  
She was proud of his love, and looked with disdain  
On the neighboring blossoms that grew on the plain;  
But an envious Violet that stood by her side,  
(Determined to punish her scorn and her pride,)  
Had observed that the Sun, ever absent all night,  
Left the *Thistle* to weep till the morning's light,  
And to make her complaints to her truant lord,  
Each morn, when he came, with a kiss and a word  
To dry up her tears and to cheer her fond heart;  
Unfaithful, each evening again to depart:  
"Proud thing," said the Violet, "you make a vain show,  
Like moats in a sunbeam you flutter and glow,  
And forget that, like them, you would never be seen  
But for tinsel you wear from the Sun's rich sheen;



For me, I regard not his smile or his glare ;  
 Though humble I may be, I'm valued and rare,  
 Because, like the *Crocus*, I wait not his glow,  
 But laugh amid diamonds and pearl-drops of snow.  
 But why do we see you so often alone ?  
 You're deserted again--your husband has gone  
 On his nightly round, fairer maidens to woo ;  
 His heart is with others far more than with you.  
 Every night, when he leaves you, he goes to delight  
 The daughters of far distant climes with his light ;  
 Every bud, every flower that blooms upon earth  
 Attracts his regard as he promenades forth  
 Amid richest perfumes of Araby's gales,  
 Or with the gay beauties of India's vales ;  
 And lo ! every morning that brings his return  
 Brings joy to a myriad of others that mourn,  
 Like yourself, his desertion, each vainly supposing  
 Her bosom alone was his place of reposing ;  
 The early *Convolvulus*, over your head,  
 Is robbed of her charms ere his smile is displayed  
 To the eye of his wife, as she waits the hour  
 For his daily embrace, in her shady bower.  
 The *Primrose*, that hides thro' the day from his sight,  
 Is a prude—I have watched and have seen it each night.  
 She waits till the shades of the twilight shall blind,  
 Then, catching his glances that linger behind,  
 She comes forth, in fragrance and beautiful dress,  
 To win from your husband his parting caress.  
 The *Sunflower* and *Lily* receive his fond kiss,—  
 The sweet blushing *Lilac* enjoys the same bliss  
 Before he thinks proper to give you a call ;  
 THE FAVORS YOU BOAST OF ARE COMMON TO ALL."

The *Thistle* was grieved ; as she heard the sad tale  
 Her lot in deep anguish was heard to bewail ;  
 The dream of ambition had blinded her eyes  
 To the sin of seeking a mate in the skies ;  
 She hung down her head as she mournfully said—  
 " Rustic maidens should never with royalty wed ;  
 The pride which impels them beyond their own class  
 Brings ruin and shame to each light-headed lass."

The plumes that she flaunted so high in the air,  
 Hung down and turned gray as she sank in despair.  
 As Minerva sprang up from the head of great Jove,  
 With wisdom, to prove her descent from above,  
 A progeny came from the capsules that died  
 On the stalk of the vain and deserted bride,  
 With wings ready fitted to soar to the sky,  
 And bathe in the stream of sunlight on high.  
 I am one of that brood—a zephyr I love  
 Now wafts me along to his mansions above ;  
 My form and my wings have established *my* birth  
 Above the fair daughters that dwell upon earth ;  
 But the tale I've told is a lesson to show  
 That others should seek proper husbands below ;  
 Each one should remember the fitness of things,  
 That maidens and men cannot fly without wings.

\* Mrs. KINNEY is distinguished as the author of many beautiful and valuable productions in prose and poetry, and is the wife of Mr. W. B. Kinney, the able editor of the Newark Daily Advertiser ; at present American Consul at Sardinia.



## FEMALE EDUCATION.

BY THE EDITOR.

We believe we are not mistaken in saying, that the idea prevails more or less in all communities, that the male portion of the family should be more extensively educated than the female. It is difficult to see the reason of this, or its justice. Why should this difference be made? True, if we value education by dollars and cents, if it is only to be attained because it can be used in transacting business, then, as the male portion of the community comes more in contact with the world in a business way, there may be this reason why their education should be more extensive. But this is a low view indeed. Education has for its object, not merely to make us expert in business, but to raise us as human beings in the scale of excellence. Its object is not to gather wealth, but to gather knowledge—to polish the mind—to draw out its powers, and in every way to elevate us as intelligent and immortal creatures. If this be its object, what reason can be assigned why families should give more heed to the education of their male, than of their female, members? Certainly none.

We do not mean that females should be educated in the same departments of knowledge in every respect, because they are designed to fill a different sphere in life; but their education, in those things which have a tendency to fit them for their own sphere, should be just as extensive and thorough. The sphere in which they move, the duties which they fulfill, are just as important to the general interest of society as that of the other sex—yea, more so, if there be any difference. They move in the more quiet retreats of society—they are to grace social life in its inner circles; but, for that very reason, move more responsibly, just as the more delicate features of a picture are the more difficult to draw—a small blemish there is a great one.—Their influences upon social life is, like the dew, silent but refreshing, and, like the dew, indispensable to those delicate tendrils by which the thousand cords of social life are beautifully hung together. Say not that mental refinement is not necessary to this priestess of the inner sphere of social life. Yes, if any thing, the more necessary, as the part she is required to act is the more delicate and difficult.

It must be a matter of sincere joy to every friend of education, that the old neglect of female education, if we may not even say the old prejudices against it, are fast passing away.



Female Seminaries are everywhere springing up, affording their excellent facilities to all who will embrace them. It must be so: Christianity giveth light. In a land where its elevating principles are honored, an impulse will be given to education. It destroys the base distinctions which heathenism has always made between the sexes; it raises females to their rights; not indeed does it make them politicians or rulers of the land, but rulers of man's rougher nature, and queens in the blessed kingdom of home.

Though it is a great advantage to a female, to have the opportunity of attending a Female Seminary, yet this is not absolutely necessary to true cultivation of mind. Indeed it is sometimes abused so as to become an actual injury. In some cases it begets the foolish notion that, returning from boarding school, they have "completed their education." In many cases it begets the smallest, and the most ridiculous kind of vanity. A little French, and a little of every thing else, including a large share of pride, is, in too many cases the groundwork upon which is to be built a useful life! Music—that blessed medium of social and religious joys—how is it degraded in many of our boarding schools. Marches, and waltzes, and hammerings, that remind us for all the world of the "crackling of thorns under a pot." Do we speak against music as a part of female education? No, no. It ought to have a prominent place in every home and heart; it ought to be a thousand times more cultivated than it is. But let it be music for the social and religious affections. Let Napoleons, and Hanibals, and Taylors, with human butcheries and fields of blood, alone. Why should our hearts be hardened, and the associations of our families corrupted by calling up the hell-like fury of battle fields by the aid of marches. And as to waltzes, there is just as much music in them for the heart, as there is in the sound of one sawing boards in the garret. Let the music of the social circle be social in its pure and heavenly sense.

We are aware that these abuses are not necessarily connected with boarding school education; but we do say that they are by far too often associated with it. We love those institutions, and wish them success; and for that very reason, we would aid in correcting the bad impression which is made in regard to them, by such defects as those mentioned.

What we desire to say more particularly is, that there may be solid cultivation of mind where the opportunities of a boarding school education have not been enjoyed. Self-culture is within the reach of young ladies as well as of young men. In-



deed, in many cases, they have more command of time for reading and study. We know some instances of females who, in the midst of great disadvantages, became intelligent to a high degree, by dint of diligence and perseverance in reading and study. This is worthy of all praise and imitation. It could be done by many, and no doubt would be, if its advantages were properly appreciated. In order to succeed in self-culture, time must be carefully husbanded, difficulties must be resolutely met, and "never despair," must be the motto. The path is open to all; true, it is somewhat steep and difficult of ascent, but every step spreads the joyful prospect wider around us, and it ends at last on a blessed eminence, as a full reward for all our toil.

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#### FOOL'S CAP PAPER.

It is well known that Charles I., of England, granted numerous monopolies for the support of his government. Among others was the privilege of manufacturing paper. The water mark on the finer sort of paper was the royal arms of England. The consumption of this article was great, at this time, and large fortunes were made by those who had purchased the exclusive right to make and vend it. This, among other monopolies, was set aside by the parliament that brought Charles to the scaffold, and by way of showing their contempt for the king they ordered the royal arms to be taken from the paper, and a fool, with his cap and bells, to be substituted. This was done in 1649. And I have seen old Manuscripts, written before that period and 1660, bearing a distinct water mark, a fool wearing the dress he is described as appearing in and about the courts of the British Monarchs. Cromwell, when secure in his power, changed the water mark by substituting a dragon grasping in his hand arrows of fire, and afterwards by putting his own coat of arms in its place. When Charles II. came to the throne he restored the royal arms on paper and enlarged the size of the sheet. It is now more than 175 years since the fool's cap and bells were taken from paper, but still, paper of the size which the rump Parliament ordered for their journals, bears the name of the water mark then ordered as an indignity to Charles.



## PARENTAL RESPONSIBILITY.

There seems to be imbedded in the constitution of Society, a never-ceasing, unchanging law, which is constantly exerting a secret though powerful influence upon us, which, in a measure, determines our destiny here, as well as that in the world to come. It matters not whether we may be able to bring this out so as to be clearly seen and handled, so as to be believed; for there are many things hid to us, which are, nevertheless, real, and in which we steadily believe; this we will assume, hoping, however, that it will become clear as we advance. There is unquestionably a great want of reflection on this point, its importance is not considered, and the awful consequences it involves not distinctly seen. It would, no doubt, startle many a parent, should he be told that he carries the eternal destiny of his children in his hands. The parent is *responsible* for his children. This has been felt to be the case in every age of the world.

There is a saying among a certain class of individuals, let the child grow up till it arrives to years of accountability, and then let it determine for itself in religious matters. This maxim we regard as infidel at bottom, and dangerous in the extreme; and it is calculated to work more favorably and powerfully for the cause of Satan and Sin than any other agency, and aims directly at the overthrow of vital, old-fashioned Christianity. It is not Christian; it is only saying, let it serve the world first, and then turn and serve God. The pious Christian, however, can never permit a child thus to be reared, but trains it from the very start for heaven and for glory.

God created man in his image, endowed him with intelligence and will, and is, alone, of all God's creation, capable of Freedom. The world in which he is placed is governed according to strict, moral principles, so that its very constitution is favorable to virtue and detrimental to vice and immorality. Even should he not be able clearly to see this, it is still true; and men may arrange themselves in order, and set it at defiance, it never ceases or deigns to notice such opposition, but, like a mighty tornado, rushes forward, crushing everything opposing it. So God governs the world, and we may believe that it causes pain (if we may use the expression) to our Heavenly Father; yet, notwithstanding this, he sweeps them off, and hurries them into the retribution awaiting them, in the world to come. This stands as a fact, to the proof of which we will not now advert.



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But a very interesting question presents itself. Why is it that so many are opposing this unalterable law, and do not fall in with it? Is it because God has so willed it? Most certainly not, but because the infidelity in which they had been raised had such an influence on them as to bring them to it.

The world is not lawless—its constitution is in the very element of law, and every thing connected with the world is administered on these principles. How can we then unfold our nature, or how can we be brought into contact with this law, so that we may choose or reject it? This we do in Society, which reflects the Universal Reason. In order to reach the end proposed in our creation, God has instituted and appointed three orders, in which our human life is to complete itself, which carry powers peculiar to themselves, in their own constitution;—these are, the Family, the State, and the Church. It is to the first that we have reference here.

The constitution of the Family is one of divine origin, having power lodged in it which is mighty and powerful in its consequences and effects. It is a school in which the young are to be trained for virtue, “for this” as Bishop Butler observes, “is the law of our nature,”—the Family then should be educational, and must be so, if it be healthy and sound. The education must be conducted on the strictest moral principles, and must be commenced as soon as the child begins to live. The law of the family commences to exert an unseen, though powerful influence on the child from its very infancy, according to which it is moulded and fashioned. Under this influence or law it will grow up, and in the world live accordingly. If the law of the family is healthful, the child will grow up accordingly. The child should be so reared and trained, as to grow up *in the family*, and enter the Church, where all its responsibilities would be assumed. It is precisely on this account that so many sell their glorious privileges, their spiritual birth-right, because their religious training has been so defective, and they were never brought to see their principles and duties. This the family should be capable of doing—the power is lodged in its constitution, and woe to that family neglecting or disregarding it. It is here also that we see the force and propriety of the principle as established by Paul, 1 Cor. 7, 14, viz: “that the faith or piety of either husband or wife, as the case might be, even in the absence of Christian principle or profession in the other party, secured the privileges of the church to their offspring;” and from this, also, we may infer that it would be manifestly absurd and meaningless for infidel parents to dedi-

cate their offspring to God, seeing that no faith was exercised on the part of either parent. In that case they could not grow up in the Lord; though this may seem startling, it is nevertheless true. Let us take a few examples to illustrate this point. Take the infidel family; look at its offspring, and say, do they not grow up under infidel influence, and unless circumstances are changed, do they not grow up infidels? The history of such families answers in the affirmative. Take, for example, the family of vice and immorality, drunkenness and dissipation, and what is the case there? The same uncontrollable influence is exerting its withering, blasting power on them. Unless the relations of that family are changed, and other influences are brought to bear upon them, they must necessarily be plunged into the same awful gulf as the parents.

There is no use to quarrel or find fault with God's law on this point. It is fixed, and unless we so accustom ourselves to it, it will sweep us off, regardless of the consequences. It is our duty and our privilege to conform to it, every thing we need for it is in reach, and should be improved. And are these examples not sufficient to show that the family does really carry a law in its constitution, which has power to consign the subject of it to everlasting despair, if he remains at enmity with it? And what will be the astonishment in the end, when it shall be made clear that the parents carried a law in their own hands, which proved a deadly weapon to themselves as well as their offspring! There is something terrible in the very thought—something that should make us tremble, and quake, in view of the awful responsibility! To think that parents carry the destinies of immortal spirits in their hands!—O, christian parent, how should it humble you, and force you to a throne of grace, beseeching God to so order the affairs of your family, that every thing should conduce to his glory, that the children, God in mercy gave, might grow up as trees unto God, and be in due time firmly planted in the House of the Lord.

If this were felt and properly laid to heart and attended to, what a blessed state of things would we not behold. Then should we not find so many of the young straying off, far out into the world, feeding upon the husks of the land,—then would we see vice and immorality recede from the world and hide their shameful heads, and every where righteousness would abound—then should our prisons and almshouses be empty, and the temples of the Most High thronged at every returning Lord's day, and holy hands would then be lifted unto Him.

S. W.

DO YOU KEEP A DIARY?

BY THE EDITOR.

"I keep a diary," said a young man lately to us, while speaking of self-culture. This is a good idea; having ourselves pursued this practice for a long time, and experienced the benefit of it, we would most earnestly recommend it to all our young friends. Note down something every day. No matter how trifling it may seem, it will be profitable to you at the time, and very interesting afterwards. Note the books you read.—The subjects on which you have been thinking during the day. The occurrences around you. Where you were, and what you did. Even the weather. In short, any thing and every thing you can think of, give it a local habitation on paper. What benefit will it be to you?

1. It will induce you every evening to review the affairs of the day. Thus you will call yourself to an account. If you have been idle, or wicked, it will bring it to your mind, that you may be penitent, and make good resolutions for the future.

2. It will impress upon your memory passing events and subjects on which you have read and thought. We always remember that better which we have written down. Especially by reading over, from time to time, what we have written, we keep our past life fresh in our recollection.

3. It enables us to refer back to events and things which it may be of great advantage to us to know; and which otherwise we could not remember. Even if we have not noted down the exact thing which we wish to recall, still we may have noted some thing with which it stands in such connection as enables us to fix its date. We have found our diary of vast advantage many times in fixing the date of past events.

4. It keeps your hand in the habit of writing; and enables you to practice in putting your thoughts to paper. Thus you will be practicing in composition. No one knows, till he tries, what an advantage it is to a young person to write some every day. Adopt the good old motto: "Not a day without a line."

5. It will be very interesting to you in after life; and even to those who come after you. How interesting must it be to a man in old age, if God permits him to get old, to read over the daily acts, events and thoughts of his youth. How interesting, also, to those friends into whose hands it may fall, after we are dead. What would you give for such a record of the daily acts and thoughts of your great-grand-father! I believe I

would be willing to live on dry bread for six months for such a treasure.

Keep a diary, then, young man, young lady. Begin to-day. Get a large roll of paper, or a blank book, for that purpose.—Lay it in your chamber, by the side of ink and pen, and give no sleep to your eyelids till you have noted down the events of the day. No difference how good or how badly it is done; only do it as well as you can. Write down, in a natural way, just as you would tell it to a friend. Do not forget to put the date to it. This is of great importance.

NO SHAME TO BE POOR.

To be poor is of itself no disgrace. There is on the part of some a sensitiveness on this point which is not at all to their praise. Some are ashamed to be called or considered poor; and even when they profess themselves poor to others, they do it not sincerely, and would feel themselves insulted should some one else say in earnest that they are poor. There is at the bottom of this a secret pride, and lack of genuine humility, and a desire to be something different from what the true circumstances of the case warrant, which deserves reproof and correction. A real Christian heart will not be ashamed of his condition in this respect, and will have no desire to hide it from the public eye. It is not our condition that gives us character in the eyes of God, to whom the rich and the poor are both alike, and it should not be an occasion of shame in the eyes of men.

The reason why such as are really poor are ashamed to be called or considered such, may be either because they have not sufficient christian humility to own it, or because they have brought their poverty upon themselves by some misconduct of their own.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—A Persian Poet has left us this beautiful thought:—

“Thee, on thy mother’s knees a new born-child
In tears we saw when all around thee smiled;
So live, that sinking in thy last long sleep,
Smiles may be thine when all around thee weep.”

BEAUTY.

Beauty, says Lord Kaimes, is a dangerous property, tending to corrupt the mind of a wife, though it soon loses its influence over the husband. A figure agreeable and engaging, which inspires affection without the ebriety of love, is a much safer choice. The graces lose not their influence like beauty. At the end of thirty years, a virtuous woman, who makes an agreeable companion, charms her husband more than at first. The comparison of love to fire holds good in one respect, that the fiercer it burns the sooner it is extinguished.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

Mr. MURRAY has again laid upon our table some samples from his Mammoth Book Store :

THE PRACTICAL CHURCH MEMBER : being a guide to the principles and practice of the Congregational Churches of New England. By John Mitchel.

This book gives, in a small space, a good deal of information on the subject of which it treats. We do not endorse his views.

APOSTLES DOCTRINE AND FELLOWSHIP : Five Sermons. By the Rt. Rev. L. Silliman Ives, D.D. L.L.D.

These Sermons are founded on Acts 2: 37—42; his style is good, and his ideas are clearly expressed. The doctrine is that of the church to which the author belongs—the Episcopal. Though we believe this book is not generally considered overly orthodox in that denomination.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AS DISPLAYED IN THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF ST. PAUL. By the author of "Christian Retirement."

This is a good book.—We will no doubt confer a favor upon many by mentioning that Mr. Murray has a very large stock of Sabbath School Books on hand from the Sabbath School Union, and from other publication Societies—Schools are furnished at city prices.

THE EXCELSIOR VISITOR :

This is the name of a beautiful Quarto, published monthly by the Excelsior Society of Wittenberg College in Ohio. We look with favor on every enterprise which seeks to awaken interest in the subject of general education among the young. May the Visitor live long, and spread widely.

A notice of Dr. MAYER's history of the German Reformed Church will appear in our next number. In the meantime our thanks to Rev. E. HEINER for a copy of it.

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[NO. 8.

THE HOLY SABBATH.

BY THE EDITOR.

Is there a time when moments flow,
More peacefully than all beside?
It is of all the times below,
A Sabbath eve in summer tide.

There is a great difference in Sabbath-keeping in different parts of the world. This is owing to various causes; the ideas they have of the Sabbath; the degree of religious cultivation they have reached; and the general habits of the people in other respects. Thus in some countries this holy day is kept for holy purposes, while in others it is almost entirely lost, and the very intention of it forgotten.

In Scotland there is yet a Sabbath. It is better observed there, than in any other country in Europe. The reason for this is no doubt to be found in the strict religious habits which have characterized the Scotch mind since "days lang syne."

In Germany there is a great looseness of thought, feeling and habit in reference to the Sabbath,—especially in its principal cities. In all places on Sabbath afternoons in summer time, the avenues of towns and villages, places of public resort, and gardens or parks of pleasure in the suburbs of towns, are thronged with crowds, seeking pastime, company, and amusement. The day is regarded as partly a day of religious instruction and public worship, but partly also a social festival, and day of pleasure. It is not a slander what is frequently said, that the forenoon is spent in church, the afternoon and evening, in dancing, card playing, wine drinking, smoking and parties of pleasure. The truth of this is confirmed by the most intelligent travelers.

In Poland and Russia it is still worse. In Warsaw, the capital of Poland, says one, there is on Sunday, music and parade in the streets by the Russian military, and in the saloons luxury and sport.

In Austria the picture of Sabbath desecration is darker still. A visitor says of Vienna, the capital: "In the summer, especially on Sunday afternoon, you find here a motley throng of carriages, riders, and walkers, out of the whole Viennese population, so that you can scarcely move for swarming humanity. You see the most striking contrasts of men from foreign countries—Turks in their national costume, Greeks, Spaniards, Jews, Hungarians, Italians, who deal in cheese. Everywhere you hear music—hand-organs, military music and harps."

The Sabbaths of Constantinople and Athens are similar to those of the Austrian capitol. The Sabbaths of France, Spain and Italy are no better. Infidelity and degenerate religion have robbed these devoted nations of their Bibles and their Sabbaths, and as a consequence also of their prosperity and glory.

In our own country there is also a great difference in the observance of the Sabbath, owing in a great measure to the views and habits which prevail in those countries from which the different parts of this country were at first settled. Thus in New England we find the strict Scotch ideas and habits in relation to the Sabbath. In the South, French and Spanish emigration and influence have gone far to blot out Scriptural reverence for the Sabbath. In the West the combined but contradictory influences of *all kinds* of habits have been deplorably felt.

In many of the larger cities, and larger towns, the influence of German Rationalism is fast drinking out the very life-blood of this holy institution. We give a specimen which may be taken as a true type of the manner this day is kept in other places. "There are three German pleasure-gardens in Cincinnati, one of which receives several hundred dollars each Sabbath, simply for tickets of admission. In these gardens they drink and gamble all day, especially in the afternoons. Even the German Theatre is occupied every Sabbath, from 2 o'clock (after morning service) until late at night, by the socialities of a "humoristic coffee party." Of these Sabbath afternoon coffee parties, hear a German paper:

"Mr. Strasser, the director of the Theatre, deserves great credit for having started this noble enterprise, and we give him our hearty thanks in the name of the whole German population. The tedious American Sunday will now become to us what it should be, a day of recreation and pleasure, and we shall feel ourselves transplanted into our Father-land. We felt most agreeably disappointed when we found the Theatre crowded with ladies and gentlemen, in spite of the stormy and

rainy weather. The ladies and gentlemen vied with each other in producing pleasure by music, singing, and dramatic efforts; the drinks and catables were also of the best kind. *Hurrah for New Germany!*"

Sad picture indeed! And what is worse than all, is the fact, that such things are tolerated—that there is not sufficient strength of public opinion to enforce the law, or to put the blush upon such outrages on all the better feelings of our nature.

In Pennsylvania itself there is a great difference in the observance of the Sabbath. The holy day is much more sacredly kept in the middle portions of the State, than it is farther East. The quietude which reigns in the towns and villages in the Middle of Pennsylvania contrasts most favorably with the direct opposite of all this in the Eastern counties. A traveller marks the difference at once. One who is a resident in the middle of the State opens his eyes with perfect astonishment when he sees in the towns of Eastern Pennsylvania, oyster cellars, bear houses, ice cream shops, &c., all open and thronged on the Sabbath, especially in the evening. To all this must be added the practice of Sabbath visiting as prominent in this part of the State; true this practice prevails more or less in all places, but far more in the Eastern portion of the State than elsewhere.

As an illustration of the loose ideas which prevail in regard to the sanctity of the Sabbath in that portion of the State, we need but mention that the Railroad Bridge near Lancaster city, lately burnt down, was rebuilt in part on the Sabbath. Hundreds flocked out, and became spectators of this scene of public Sabbath desecration, thus lending it their countenance. The speed with which the enterprise was carried on was praised;—there seemed however but little sympathy with that God whose honor was thus outraged, and whose law was thus boldly despised and tread upon, in the face of the moral sense of a christian community.

We do not suppose that this is any worse than cases which might be mentioned of similar open sin against the Sabbath in some other places; but sure we are that there are communities where the moral sense is strong enough effectually to put the blush on any such attempt. It is but fair to say that many mourned in secret over this shameful outrage, which has fixed a blot upon the community in which it has been tolerated.—Every man is responsible for his own influence in the community in which he lives; and hence we desire that this shall stand

as our testimony against this act of public shame and sin.

What perhaps more than all has promoted Sabbath breaking is, no doubt, the example of the General and State Governments. No wonder that reverence for this holy day fades from the minds of many citizens, when the Government carries its mails—when the States keep their canals and railroads open, and thus hold out an inducement to Sabbath desecration to their own officers and citizens. The worst feature of the matter is the hypocrisy which it involves; the Government has made laws guarding the sanctity of this day, and yet violates it itself, in the face of its own laws! Oh! tell it not in Gath.—We rejoice, however, that from all quarters the moral sense of the law is beginning to speak out, and to call for a reformation in regard to this point; and we trust the day is not far off when our great nation will wash its hands from this sin; and when no more tumult and noise, made by the permission of Government, will disturb the Sabbatic quietude which shall reign over every hill and vale of our happy land.

We have referred to these general Sabbath desecrations by way of calling attention to the evil, since this must ever be the first step towards the remedy. When it is once deeply felt that an evil exists, it will not only stir us up to seek a remedy, but will itself suggest to us in which direction the remedy lies. The pulpit, in this as in other points pertaining to the general interests of morality and religion, must cry out against the evil, and lead off towards the remedy. One plain, pungent, and fearless sermon may do infinite execution in a community where this evil prevails. In the Sabbath School, too, much can be done to imbue the minds of the rising generation with reverence for this holy day; and, to go still further back, parents in the family circle hold an influence by which they are able to crush this evil in its very germ. Let each one of us defend our own post, and the enemy must finally be beaten back in confusion and shame.

P. S.—A WARNING.—Since the above was written, and no longer ago than last Sabbath, two men were killed on the Rail Road between Philadelphia and Hollidaysburg; both connected with the Sunday work of running the cars. Is not this a warning? We do not know what was the religious character of these unfortunate men in other respects; but we do know that they were Sabbath-breakers, and that they lost their lives *in the very act*. Their actions said: We will *not* remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy; we will labor six days *and the*

seventh also, for why should we listen to the law of *the Lord our God!*

“It only happened so.” “It might have happened on another day.” So says the world. We answer, yes, it happened so. How? On Sunday, while the fated ones were defying the God of Heaven! Certainly there is no comfort in this reflection. It might also have happened on some other day; but then it would not have cut down the victims in the act of rebellion and transgression. Who would wish to die, while his hand is stretched out in bold defiance against God and his law?—May God, in mercy, save all our readers from such a death! Death is solemn under any circumstances, but a thousand-fold more so in a case like this.

“It happened.” So it did; but nothing happens without God’s will or permission, not even the falling of a sparrow or a hair; much less does a man come to his end except where He says, “Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther.” We ask, when one comes to so awful an end, in the very act of defying God’s law, does it not look more like a judgment than anything else? It must be remembered that God has nowhere promised to protect us when we are *out of the path of duty*; much less has he promised to do so, while we are *in the very act of sinful disobedience*. The moment we step over his law, and aside of the path of duty, that moment his protecting providence ceases to follow us—then we go upon our own responsibility, and can cast no reflections upon that justice which cuts us down.

Can there be a bolder and more daring defiance of high heaven than that practiced by those who roll the long train of cars through the quiet country under the fierce blaze of a Sabbath sun; telling to all along the line: Who is the Lord that we should hearken to his law? And no less bold is the position of those who are sitting in the inside of the car; the very speed at which they dash along seems to increase the horror of the spectacle. It makes ones hair rise in terror at the very sight of such high-handed daring, on the part of puny creatures against the God who made us all. Oh, Thou merciful, but insulted Majesty in the Heavens!—Thou dost look calmly on, while Thy law and will are thus set at defiance, and while Thine honor is trampled under the feet of man, “whose breath is in his nostrils?” Nay, though Thou tarry long, yet at times Thou dost send quick judgments from Thy throne, like those which we have here recorded, in order to show to the dwellers on the earth that Thou still reignest among the armies of Heaven and among the children of men.

He that hath ears to hear, let him hear. Let the Sabbath-breaking traveller benefit by this sudden dispensation of justice. And let him remember that He "who toucheth the hills and the smoke," and who breaks rebellious nations "as potter's vessels are broken," can easily dash a train of Sabbath-breaking passengers to pieces.

STILL ANOTHER VICTIM.—Last Sabbath, another Sabbath-breaker on the same railroad was struck from the platform of the car by a tree-top which the storm had thrown down beside the track on the previous night. One of his legs was severed from him, and one of his arms smashed. His life is despaired of. Has an insulted God grown weary of these outrages?—Let Sabbath travelers look out. "He that, being often reprov- ed hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."—Prov. 29. 1.

WHERE IS THAT YOUNG MAN?

OR, THE SCENE CLOSED.

BY REV. S. H. REID.

It will be recollected by the readers of the Guardian that a few months ago the writer presented to their notice a scene which came under his observation under the following caption :

"Who is that Young Man? or, a Scene in Real Life."

In the latter part of that sketch the following paragraph occurred:—

"By and by we shall hear of a change; but, alas! what a change. The body will give up. The abused soul will take its flight. The grave will open its gaping jaws; and 'then cometh the end.' All that will be said will be, *young G. is dead!*"

I must confess that when I penned the above I did not feel myself to be a Prophet: nor did I expect that my prophecy was so soon to be fulfilled. That this, however, is the case, let the following additional sketch reveal:

I was sitting, a short time ago, at my door, reading a paper, when a youthful friend drew nigh and sat down at my side.—Having exchanged salutations, he quickly enquired,

"Did you hear of young G.'s death?"

"What young G.," said I.

"Young G., of B. He died this morning early."

“Is it the son of old Mr. ———, to whom you now refer?” was my second anxious inquiry.

“Yes, sir,” said he, with a sad and mournful look. “He is the man. Sad fact indeed, and especially when we look at the manner of his life and the circumstances under which he has been so suddenly cut off?”

“Will you please detail those circumstances to me?” was my next very anxious request.

“Well,” said he, “the history of the case is about this. You recollect that this young man for several years past, has been using the intoxicating cup very freely. At some times he became really mad under its exciting influences. Latterly, however, he had been more limited in his indulgences in this respect, until within the last few weeks. Having been crossed a little in some of his plans and pleasures, he determined again to resort to the cup, and not cease until he had run his race and *ended his life*. And now we hear that his determination has been carried out. He has accomplished his end, and poor fellow, *he is gone!*”

What a painful story was this for our ears? How sadly did I call to mind his bloated and miserable appearance, a few months ago, when I enquired of a friend: “Who is that young man?” And now, thought I, I may very properly, perhaps, enquire, *Where is that young man?* Yes! his course is run—his cup is empty—his intoxicating pleasures are past; and now, *where is that young man?* Where is his fortune—his money? It was his lot, in this world, to be well provided for in this respect. Indeed, a fortune was secured and settled upon him. He knew no wants but what were abundantly supplied. He had every gratification which a youthful and varied taste could desire. Indeed, the fulness was so great here that, no doubt, it formed one means to his ruin, and *proved* to be a leading curse. Would he have had less, perhaps he would have prized it more. Would he have had nothing at all laid up for him, it is quite likely that he would have come to a better end. But where is his fortune? Much of it, no doubt, is in the pockets of that popular gentry, known in these days by the very fascinating title of “Rum-sellers!” And while *he* has gone to give in his dread account at the awful bar, *they*, quite likely, are faring sumptuously upon the price of his degraded body and his ruined soul. *But where are his talents?* It was remarked by the informant of his death, that he was one of the most talented and promising young men of his day. He had a mind of no common order; and this had been dicip-

lined by a regular course of literary training. He had excellent facilities and tact for the transaction of business; and it was generally thought that, would he have pursued the proper course, he might have rapidly travelled the road to fortune and to fame. But, alas! it is all over now. His abased mind, like a dimly burning taper, has at last gone out. His talents have perished; lost to himself—lost to the world, and *lost forever!*

But where is the soul? Oh, my God! I know that Thou art merciful! and Thy mercy extends to the vilest of sinners!—But Thou art also *just*; and Thy word has declared, and does now declare, “*that no drunkard shall enter the kingdom of Heaven.*” And where, then, in this case, is the poor soul?—We leave this with Thee, and satisfy our minds with this question: “Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?”

And thus the scene has closed. The end has come. And another victim to the cup has passed away. It gives me pain to contemplate it—it makes my heart sick. The way of transgressors is hard. He that will live a sinful life must meet a sinners doom. And, what a doom!

But will this call be heard? Will this stroke alarm? Will the votaries of the cup feel the force of this case, and forever abandon their guilty practices? Would that it were so. But I fear many will say, “poor fellow!” He was clever, and kind, and generous! The greatest injury he did was to himself!—But how few will take warning, and flee his doom. A few months at furthest will suffice to dissipate the terror which such scenes produce, and then another and another will hurry on to share the same fate and meet the same end.

But, young man, will you—I ask you solemnly—*will you?* I see you occasionally with the cup in your hand. You indulge somewhat, though, as you think, moderately. You take a drink with a companion, lest by a refusal you might insult him, and thus confirm your friendship over the bowl! But will you stop here? Can you say, thus far and no farther? Dangerous experiment!—a trial that has ruined many a youth, and damned many a soul. O, sir, *stop!* Take warning from what you know. Trust not in human resolution and strength; these have failed with thousands, and they will prove too weak with you. Think of your character—think of your parents and friends—think of your future state—think of your *soul!* and then *touch not, taste not, handle not!*

Is not the seducer more guilty than the seduced? Is not the tempter worse than the tempted? If so, is not he *who makes another drunk* more guilty before God and man than the drunkard himself?

CHAPTER II.

THOUGHTS UPON THE QUESTIONS:

How does it come that woman is regarded by many people as of an order inferior to man? and how, by means of christianity, she may be elevated to her proper rank?

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN ADOLF AND ANNA.

TRANSLATED BY REV. DR. B. C. WOLFE.

Adolf and Anna had spent an evening pleasantly in the society of some friends. The company was made up of persons of different ages and both sexes. Besides several elderly gentlemen, of intelligence and mature judgments, with their wives, there were, also, present some unmarried ladies and gentlemen of Anna's acquaintance. Her father and mother were also present. It was his opinion, that mixed society and intercourse with aged and experienced persons were of great advantage to young people in forming their manners and correcting their views of the world; whilst, at the same time, those more advanced in life were also benefitted, in learning to moderate their gravity, and to guard against the reserve and severity of manners, which increasing years and constant attention to business frequently produce.

We may readily suppose that in such society the time was not spent in empty tea-table chat. The events of the day, religion, the arts and sciences, and the progress of civilization in the world, were made the subjects of discussion. In the free conversation which took place, the ladies and young gentlemen bore a part; and the former received many agreeable tokens of the affectionate regard and high estimation in which they were held. Whilst the young ladies were careful to avoid every thing like affectation and vanity, the gentlemen were also free from those flatteries and formal courtly attentions which so often corrupt the social life of young people. In retiring from the pleasant circle in which the evening had been spent, every lady carried with her the impression, that she had been treated with becoming respect, and had enjoyed an intelligent treat.

Her feelings thus attuned, Anna reminded her husband, upon their return, of his promise to tell her how it came, that woman has been so greatly oppressed and degraded by man, although both sexes were of equal dignity at first.

Adolf affectionately remarked: If I am to meet this ques-

tion fully, I will have to resort to many things in the history of religion and the civilization of the world, that will be likely to prejudice your mind very much against my sex, and especially against philosophers and priests. It will be better, then, to confine myself to the difficulty in your mind, which gave rise to the enquiry. This will lead us to the mutual transgression of the sexes in violating the holy ordinance of God, and throw the blame, not on the one sex alone, but making it appear the fault of both.

I am quite anxious to know what you mean by this, replied Anna; it seems to me that the sole ground of my complaint is to be found in the usurpation and tyranny of man; and I will be thankful to be enabled to form a more correct judgment, and to see that some share of the blame rests, also, upon woman. This knowledge—as is the case with all self-knowledge—must, as I think, be of advantage to my sex in furnishing the means by which they may be re-established in the dignity they derived from their Creator.

What you say is perfectly correct, rejoined Adolf. I find the key to the solution of the difficulty involved in your question in those very words of Scripture, which have just afforded so much relief and comfort to your mind—in the truth, that “God created man, male and female, after his own image;” and that he pronounced the benediction, “Be fruitful, and multiply, and have dominion over the earth,” equally upon both sexes. Unfortunately, however, the very thing most important and honorable to mankind, as expressed in these words of paternal love, is overlooked, and another view, presented in the fact that we have been made capable of enjoying the blessing implied in them, is the one exclusively taken. Thus, in our bodily organizations for the fulfilment of the first part of this creative benediction, it was intended that enjoyment should be connected with it; and men soon sought this more than they did the object of the Creator in conferring it; and the blame of this the sexes must share between them. Man looks upon the charms and beauty of woman as the means of contributing to his pleasures; and woman herself, from natural inclination and desire, seeks to please man. In this way it comes that her higher appointment and significance are cast more and more into the shade, and that she becomes dependent upon him. It is a part of the punishment of her inordinate desire of seeking the full gratification of her passions, of wishing to be as God, that the “desire of the woman should be to her husband, and that he should rule over her.” The more we give way to our natu-

ral inclinations the more the relation between the two sexes is regarded as the means of enjoyment, and that marriage is stripped of its sacredness, as a divine institution, the more will woman be degraded. (Gen. 4: 25) So long as a mother, at the birth of a son, was accustomed to exclaim, "The Lord has given me another seed in the place of Abel;" so long as an Abram was found complaining, "O Lord! thou hast given me no seed;" so long as an Abraham sent his faithful Eleizer to seek a wife for his son, among the daughters of his own kindred, and his trust-worthy servant prayed that God would give him to know by some sign which of the daughters of the land was appointed to be the wife of the son of his master; and that simplicity, gentleness, affability and hospitality were regarded as proof of the spirit which would bless his master's house; and so long as it could be said that Isaac, after the death of his mother, was comforted in the affections of a pure, faithful and devoted wife—so long the condition of woman could not be bad. But as soon as sensual desire began to influence the choice and regulate the connexion, then, already, the degradation of the gentler sex, upon which God had impressed the image of his own, unsullied love, was commenced; and the more woman yielded herself, unresistingly, to her natural desires, the more she lost her share of authority over the things of the world. Man, her superior in strength, was always ready to assume the whole dominion himself, and woman was left to content herself with ministering to the gratification of his passions and pride.

My dear husband, rejoined Anna, in that which you here assert you seem to throw the blame of our fall upon the Creator himself, inasmuch as he connected the attainment of his object with enjoyment and the gratification of those natural propensities, whose mysterious power bears my sex so irresistibly onward to their humiliation, because amongst the more cultivated and refined, these propensities are not exhibited in their open and undisguised nature, but are veiled in the drapery of love. I am inclined, therefore, still to seek the ground of my complaint in the wrong committed by man, in abusing his superior strength. In addition to this, there are nations in which wives and mothers are held in becoming estimation; although the authority of the divine ordinance in other respects, is pretty nearly extinct.

I do not deny usurpation on the part of man, answered Adolf; but I would justify his Creator. He planned our natural propensities and the mysterious bias of the heart in their

proper order, and sanctified them in marriage; and it is only when their sanctity is maintained, that the female sex retain their true dignity and rights. I here mean true marriage, the union of one man and one woman, for the whole end of family life. It is true the characters and prevailing habits of some people also serve to secure to woman her proper estimation.—Amongst warlike nations, who regarded it as desirable to have brave sons and accomplished wives, able to take care of the family at home, whilst the men were fighting for these fatherland and firesides abroad, and held it to be an honor to raise up good citizens, every way qualified to serve the State; there, too, the women maintained their rank. Nevertheless, it is marriage, justly appreciated, that has always availed most to this end. Where this natural institution, indicated already to be the will of God, by the relative number of male and female births, is kept up, and yet, at the same time, so changed, that the man is permitted, either from inclination or ability in the way of wealth, to have more than one wife, there the moral worth and significance of woman must be held in slight estimation; she is no longer the queen of the household. It is only in the maintenance of this divine ordinance in its purity, that the equality of the sexes, proclaimed in the words of eternal truth, can be preserved. We will err greatly if we suffer ourselves, by any vain imagination or idealistic views of life, to be duped into the notion that woman is to be benefitted, and the purity of the physical union of the two sexes elevated and improved, by making it to be the free result of sympathy and mutual attraction, or of the reciprocal feeling that they are substantially one, which must come to an end whenever this feeling subsides.

Most assuredly will this lowering of marriage to a momentary alliance of desire, or love, or extatic joy, or whatever you may please to call it, be the most effectual means of obscuring the image of God in the soul of woman, but also of utterly subverting the gracious design of the Creator in the benedictions pronounced upon the new-created race of man. By the difference of the sexes, and by marriage as a divine institution, I may say, by means of this union of the two in one, there is clearly indicated the part which each has in the benediction. Their enjoyments and duties, their rights and obligations are properly defined; and in those all embracing words of the Creator, ordering all things in wisdom and love for both, the sphere of each is pointed out, in which their respective resemblances to God may be developed, and in which, again, each, in common with, and as the complement of the other may exhibit those graces

combined as a whole. It is only in this divine constitution, that the welfare of the whole race of mankind, the prosperity of the state, the family and the nation can be firmly established.

I understand you, my dear husband, or at least I think I do, replied Anna, interrupting him with warmth. According to your representation of the case, in this union of the two sexes, with a view to one and the same object, the rights and duties of each individual are carefully set forth. The man, as the father and stronger member of the family, will, very naturally, in the exercise of his authority as ruler, acquire something of supremacy, and it will be his duty to employ it prudently for the protection and welfare of the household, in his particular department of activity. In all this it will be the part of the wife, also, to be a help meet to her husband, and with careful hand to distribute the proceeds of his industry and labor, so as to promote the good of the whole family. Thus the sphere of his exertions affords him opportunity and demands at his hand, that the image of the supporting, cheering, beneficent, everywhere superintending and inexhaustible love of God, be continually exhibited in his conduct, so that the divine image, which, in the other half of our race must ever appear imperfect, may in this way be complete. I can comprehend now how you account for the defacement of the divine image, by the violation of this holy ordinance. I wish, therefore, very much, that this truth was more generally known and clearly seen. But I hear and read of theories which threaten utterly to subvert this divine institution on the one hand, arrayed in all the beauties of fiction, they are represented as the true poetry of life; and on the other as the most refined religious speculations.

Let this give you no concern, my dear, rejoined the husband. There have ever been those who have found fault with the wisdom of God, and invented theories and dogmas of their own, by which they have uniformly degraded the race in precisely the proportion they expected to elevate it. It is not long since, that in a circle of friends, we spoke of a new school, which makes the human race itself to be God, with no other end in view, however, but to eat and drink, and to make our physical existence in this world comfortable and happy.

Such aberrations may do harm, and lead many astray for a time; but the divine truth and wisdom revealed to us already in the construction of the visible universe and the government of men, will always be recognized. The female sex, as well as humanity at large, is greatly indebted to Christianity. It has elevated us, not to the rank of God, but to that of God's chil-

dren ; and in the christian wife the image of the Divine Love shines forth most beautifully.

Then we may venture to place the foundation of woman's future welfare in pure Christianity, remarked Anna, most cheerfully acquiescing in the views expressed by her husband.

Certainly, he replied, affectionately pressing her hand. In its proper conception it is the true light of the world, and Christ will forever remain "the way, the truth, and the life." The more his word and spirit pervade and sanctify the various relations of life and the whole conduct of men, the happier will be the effects of Christianity, even in this world. The further the efforts of the present day to correct the existing evils in social life depart from the spirit of Christianity, the more certainly will they result in nothing but confusion and harm. The more that a false and infidel spirit of worldly wisdom succeeds in securing for itself a general appreciation, the more deplorable will be the condition of woman, in every aspect. Females have great reason to pray God that this may never come to pass ; for the more that faith in a future retribution subsides, and the more that the enjoyment of this life is made the end of all our efforts, the more will your sex be in danger of being reduced to the deepest degradations. It is to Christianity that you are indebted for the acknowledgment of your proper worth. It has sanctified marriage anew, and your appointment to be mother is honored and held up to high esteem, in the grace bestowed upon a pure and immaculate member of your sex, in that she was counted worthy, in a most mysterious manner, to bear under her heart, and to develope and nurture the corporeal veil in which the Son of God, the Saviour of our race, was to reveal himself. I will here just allude to something which will, perhaps, provoke many to smile ; but I confess that I never can think of the appearance of a pure and sinless being amongst men, except in the way of a miracle ; and it appears to me that it is only in this way that the appointment of woman to the maternal office can be restored to its original innocency and the holy will of God, seeing it, too, became subject to the curse brought upon our race by sin. I am not ashamed to admit that, in regard to this point I am behind the illumination of the age, which can see no mystery in the incarnation of the Savior, without a surrender of our reason. In the sphere of the creative power of God, there may be laws at work, of which we have no conception.

But the course of our discussions had well nigh led us into a wide digression from our subject. Still, my last remark may

serve to illustrate the truth, that woman must lose in her just appreciation, the moment her proper station is not regarded in the light of Christianity.

I would be sorry if you had not made this digression, my dear, said Anna. It has very much cheered and strengthened me in my grateful acknowledgments to God for what, in his goodness, he has done for my sex; and I am thankful to God, also, for the fulfilment of your promise.

RUINOUS TENDENCY OF SUPERFICIAL VIEWS.

BY REV. J. L. R.

The vast importance of correct views cannot be too deeply felt. Upon the views we hold, depend evidently, to a great extent, our course of conduct and action. Even the tranquility of our mind and the state of our feelings are greatly affected by them. What sight is to the traveler through a strange country and over dangerous roads, that the eye of mind—our views—is to every sojourner to another world. How much our safety and happiness depend on good vision. And as the eye of the mind is superior to that of the body, so our true well-being is conditioned the more, by its sound and healthy state. This sentiment is evidently included in the Saviour's teachings as found in Matthew's Gospel, (chapt. 6: 22. 23.): "The light of the body is the eye: If therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light: But if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. If, therefore, the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!" The single eye must not only *steadily* aim at the proper object, but the aim must also be a *correct* one. We must not merely aim to get to heaven, but we must also walk in the ways of *truth*, lest we fail. Many strive to enter, and shall not be able, because they strive not according to truth. The evil eye—the false views—is the occasion of that "great darkness."

A circumstance from real life illustrates these sentiments.—Some ten or more years ago, the stage-coach running between H. and G. one day contained four passengers: an elderly and a young woman, and two young men. After passing through a small village, the matron spoke of it as being a religious place; and this gave rise to a conversation on the subject of religion in a general way, between her and one of the young

men, with whom she seemed to be somewhat acquainted. She was pretty well acquainted with religious truth, and freely avowed her faith in it; whilst the young man just as freely expressed his unbelief. The Bible, he said, contained many errors and could not be proved to be true. He tried to make a show of some learning, and the best the good old lady could do, was, to shudder at his wicked notions and lament over his dangerous condition; not being prepared to argue successfully with her infidel opponent.

At a proper opportunity the other young man, who had long remained a hearer, took open sides with the old lady, and soon the conversation was limited to the two young men. At first the infidel feigned astonishment, that the new opponent should believe in the Bible, and if possible, would have persuaded all his travelling companions, that scarcely any body in the world believed in religion any longer. He said, he was enlightened by reading books written against the Bible, in which it was shown, that it was full of errors, &c. His main argument rested on the assertion, that the Bible, pretending to be the oldest book, could not be true; for it was not first written in the Latin language, and yet that was the oldest—yea, the first language in the world! It was so deficient even, he said, that it had no words for the Sun and Moon: it merely called them lights in the description of Creation, in the first chapter of Genesis, whilst the Latin had words for these luminaries. This was with him an overwhelming argument. For if the Latin is the oldest language, and has words by which to denominate Sun and Moon—the Bible not containing these words, must be a spurious book.

On being told, in reply, that the Hebrew and Greek languages were older than the Latin, and that the world had existed some thousand years before the Roman or Latin letters were known, he had nothing to oppose to this information, but what he had read in some books written against the Bible; and those books he believed rather than any others, or whatever might be told him. Not being able, however, to convert his fellow-travellers to his false notions, he advised them to read the books written “against religion,” and he was sure they would forsake their faith. To this it was proposed, whether it would not be more fair and candid to read what is written in defence of Christianity also; and that only then a man could feel fully satisfied of having done all in his power to find the truth. To this he could not object, and yet owned he had not done so; but was satisfied his views were correct.

Why was this young man an infidel? Evidently because of his superficial views in matters of religion. He had read books full of false assertions concerning the Bible; books full of falsehoods and misrepresentations concerning the inspired Volume. These his depraved heart led him to believe implicitly. Without examining the books written in defence of the Bible, he settled down apparently satisfied with his erroneous views. How great and unpardonable his ignorance was, is manifest from his blunders in the case of the Latin language. But such like ignorance is generally at the bottom of all unbelief. This, by the way, is shown very convincingly in "Nelson's Cause and Cure of Infidelity," a book which none can read without benefit.

How ruinous are these superficial views. Thousands have shipwrecked body and soul by adopting them; and thousands more are on the way to ruin because of them. All religious restraints are disdainfully thrown aside, and by living wicked and debauched lives, many are brought to an untimely end.—
"Broad is the road that leadeth to destruction. J. L. R.

ORIGIN OF VARIOUS PLANTS.

Wheat was brought from the central table land of Thibet, where its representative yet exists as a grass, with small mealy seeds.

Rye exists wild in Siberia.

Oats wild in North Africa.

Barley exists in the mountains of Himmaleh.

Millet, one species is a native of India, another of Egypt and Abyssinia.

Maize was brought from America.

Canary Seed, from the Canary Islands.

Rice from South Africa, whence it was taken to India, and thence to Europe and America.

Peas are of an unknown origin.

Lentil grows wild on the shore of the Mediterranean.

Vetches are natives of Germany.

Chick-Pea was brought from the South of Europe.

Every bird has wings to soar; and, therefore, would find it hard to creep into the earth. But man, with angelic powers to rise, loves to creep downwards! Shame on him!

OUR HOUSEHOLD JEWELS.

BY LILIAN MAY.

OUR EMILY.

OH! how we loved her gentle name,
 So innocent and dear;
 But now there's sadness in the sound,
 That makes us shrink with fear.
 We'll never hear that voice again,
 Which rang so loud and free,
 For death hath hush'd the merry laugh
 Of our dear Emily!

Her song of glee we'll hear no more,
 Nor see her tripping by;
 There's silence in our home to-night—
 Death's angel hath been nigh;
 Her loving eyes are closed and dim,
 Their light we'll never see;
 Oh! she hath sunk to her dreamless sleep—
 Our loving Emily!

Within the grave-yard's silent gloom,
 Near by the elm tree's shade,
 Where the harvest-moon looks dimly down
 Our darling's lowly laid;
 And there she'll rest fore'er and aye,
 Unto eternity!
 Oh! she's not lost, but gone before—
 Our angel, Emily!

OUR LIZZIE.

Another of our household band
 Hath wander'd from our side;
 She, with the gentle eye of blue—
 The pallid cheek—hath died,
 And in the damp and moulding grave
 Our Lizzie lowly lies;
 The death-frost nipped our bursting bud,
 To bloom in Paradise.

The glim'ring spark of our household lamp
 Hath flicker'd and died away,—
 The fondest and the brightest hopes
 Of earth seem loath to stay;
 But she hath gone to Heav'n to meet
 Her sister Emily,—
 Those golden climes—those happy shores
 Of Immortality.

We know our darling Lizzie's gone
 To that bright home in the skies,
 Where eternal praises never cease,
 And incense ever rise.
 To our Father's house our Lizzie went,
 To the regions of the blest;
 "Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest."

OUR WILLIE.

WE have a darling still at home,
 A gentle, loving boy;
 No grief hangs low'ring on his brow,
 Nor darkness o'er his joy;
 His eye of black is ever by,
 His form is ever near,
 His merry voice is full of glee—
 Our household's only cheer.

Oh! when our wo was keen and sore,
 And our loved were hush'd and still,
 We knew our Father had taken them,
 Nor repin'd we at his will;
 But in our griefs we thanked him much,
 A form yet by us came—
 A loving, winsome boy he is—
 Wee Willie is his name.

Oh! Father, spare our boy to us,
 If 'tis Thy gracious will,
 And o'er his pathway hover close,
 And keep him from all ill;
 But oh, if him Thou yet shouldst call
 To where our lov'd have gone,—
 Our Lizzie and our Emily,—
 May our trust in Thee be strong.

OUR BIRD.

ANOTHER bird hath nestled close,
 Amongst our household band—
 A bird, I ween, from Paradise,
 Given by our Father's hand;
 We thank Thee, Father, for Thy gift—
 This gift of holy love—
 Oh, make it meet on earth below,
 To live with Thee above!

A blessing of priceless value—
 A jewel rich and rare—
 A boon from heav'n, but far more fit
 To bud and blossom there;
 Oh, Father! save it from the scorn
 And temptings of this world;
 May Thy kind Word be its delight,
 Be its truths to it unfurl'd.

Oh! teach us so to nourish it—
 To bring it up for Thee,
 That when it leaves this world of ours,
 Thy glory it may see!
 With Willie and our Bird at home,
 Our griefs are hush'd amain;
 The vacant seats of our lone hearth
 Are all filled up again.

Every flower is a Divine thought, embodied for man.

PLAYING ON THE SURFACE.

BY THE EDITOR.

There is nothing more true and more significant than the common phrase, "This is a great country." In nothing is our country greater than in its everlasting restlessness. "Give, give," "News, news!" is the horse-leech cry. Daily papers are getting far too tardy to satisfy the restlessness of the thousands who have nothing to do. We would not be surprised if we should soon hear of tri-dailies, so that the "news" may be read after every meal. We begin to live all in the Present; the Past is old, and as for the Future, "who knows what shall be after us." Thoughts do not live long enough in the mind to gather associations, and, consequently, feelings have no force beyond their present use. Wit is wisdom, news is knowledge, and "what next" is almost the only inquiry. The waters are growing shallow, and no wonder that the sea of social life shows its breakers. Superficiality is becoming daily more thread-bare in all departments of life. In trade articles are made to last a day; in politics men's principles are praised for their present use; the pursuit of literature is turned into a game of "catch penny;" education is a matter of "six lessons without a master;" and friendships are got up for an evening party.—All is hurry—off, and away.

No wonder that imposition is the order of the day. Every one feels himself at liberty to make capital for himself out of the floating chaos in the best way he can. Is not humbug the Diana "which all the world worshipeth?" and is not, therefore, he who can get up a new one a public benefactor? But what is a humbug? Spirits of Barnum and Tom Thumb! will we not be anathematized if we express the opinion that it extends its reign from the world-moving Barnum down to the harlequin of a company of bar-room rowdies—from the Swedish Nightingale down to the music-grinders at the corners of the street.—It must be remembered that there are "catch millions" as well as "catch pennies!"—the Jenny speculation belongs to the first.

We know full well that in expressing this opinion we come in contact with many connoisseurs, who speak learnedly of the "ethical feature of this phenomenon," and of the "refining effect produced upon the nation by this ideal of music," and so on. But we ask, now that the last song has died away, was there anything in the movement, and is there anything so permanent in the effects it has left behind, as to justify the ex-

pense of millions? With the exception of the charities bestowed, is there anything in what the excitement has left behind that has left the nation better? It was an "exhibition" on a large scale, but nothing more than an exhibition still; and the light has fled with the meteor from which it blazed forth. The "show" is gone, and so are millions of money, and millions of precious moments of time. It afforded a fine harvest of parlor talk, and newspaper paragraphs, and a good out-let for many a \$5, which should have been given to a toiling family next door! The bubble has burst—would that it had been only a bubble!

What next? Must not the great public have some news-god to worship? Lo! he comes. Has not the proposed innovation in female costume attracted the gaping crowd from the rivers to the ends of the earth? Is not this the *great* subject now—besides "*the weather?*" It has opened the way for many an indelicate remark. The matter thus far has been alluded to in such a half earnest and half jest style, that many still look upon it with waiting indecision. It has thus far been treated at least half in joke; but it is not unlikely that this great country may yet be seriously agitated with this great question of dress, for is it not time that the question should be discussed, whether we should *advance* to the taste and civilization of the Turks?

But seriously, we have no fears that any such innovation will find favor with the quiet, sober, and virtuous part of the community. This simply because no solid arguments can be produced in its favor. What more graceful and modest can be imagined than the present costume of Ladies; especially when its flounces and excrescences are taken away. We opine that if the ridiculous additions, which fashion has imposed upon the common costume, were taken away, the arguments which are founded upon its burthensomeness would have no ground. If there is oppression and inconvenience about it, it has resulted from the encumbrances of restless fashion, and from nothing else. In its simple and most beautiful style, it is easy and graceful. No one dreamed of its oppressiveness before the new idea was conceived.

Our intention, however, is not to argue either for or against this proposed costume, but merely to refer to it as an evidence of the restlessness of the age; and to show how easy it is for the populace to be moved by *little things*.

"See, ocean into tempest wrought
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly!"

The restlessness and fondness of news which characterizes this age will seriously affect its progress in refinement and general intelligence. News is not knowledge, and change is not always progress. Our love of sight-seeing, shows, exhibitions, and popular transient amusements, is a sign of our childishness; for this is the taste of children. It must be confessed that much of our social restlessness is occasioned by these things. The simplest show draws upon itself the talk of the community while it lasts. And why? Simply because it is news, news! Thus the mind is not suffered to be quiet long enough to look at any grave matter. The soul is fed on husks; and the mind and heart are starved with the empty vapor of small, passing events. In the midst of this restlessness how can the great problem of life and the greater problem of eternity be duly solved?

Do we speak against activity and progress? No. But we want a deeper activity, a more steady and thoughtful progress. We want the active wisdom, "which is heard in quiet more than the cry of him that ruleth among fools." We want gentle showers and silent dew, rather than deluges and torrents, only to be followed by sterility. Let fondness for novelties and exhibitions yield to a sober taste for the cultivation of mind and heart. Let thirst for daily news be turned into thirst for daily knowledge. Let the thousand insignificant things which absorb the Present fade before the mighty Past and the glorious Future; then our sails will be weighed by a proper ballast, and many of our restless rockings will pass away.

NOT TOO OLD TO BEGIN.

When ZWINGLE, the Swiss Reformer, was 38 years of age he commenced making himself master of the Greek language, and he ceased not until he was familiar with all the standard writers in that tongue. This he did in order that he might have access to the Scriptures in the original. After this, he also mastered the Hebrew, that difficult language; at a time, too, when helps to such studies were not the hundredth part as plenty as they are now. All this he did amid an almost incredible multitude of labors and duties as a Minister. Certainly this is an example that should encourage such whose early advantages for study were lost. We are never too old to "take another step." What has been done may be done again when backed by the firm purpose, and the high resolve.

WHO IS DEAD?

Hark! the village bell is tolling:
One—two—three. Ah! who is dead?

Who is dead? O what a heart-rending and solemn question is this; and yet how often does it greet our too indifferent and heedless ears. Listen to the solemn and heavy pealing of yonder church-bell. What does its melancholy music mean?—Ah! it announces to you, thoughtless mortal, the departure of an immortal soul, just relieved from its earthly tenement, winging its flight upwards to yonder Judgment Seat, before which we must all shortly appear, to give an account for the deeds done in the body. Behold how pale and death-like every face appears—how solemn every eye looks, while one and another asks the mournful and portentous question: Who is dead?—Is it, perchance, an aged pilgrim, weary and worn by the sorrows and cares of life,

“Wrinkled with time,
And hoary with the dust of years,”

tottering and trembling on the brink of life, leaning on his time-worn staff, as he rapidly hastens on to the bourne from which none ever returned, looking forward to death as the only relief of his earthly sufferings. Happy man! thy sufferings are ended! thy nights of sorrows are over, and may thy weary limbs rest undisturbed in the grave, until the resurrection morn, when the Archangel's trumpet shall wake the slumberers under ground!

Who is dead? again sounds in our ears. Is it, perhaps, a smiling infant; one that had just lighted upon this land of sorrow—the first-born of its parents, suddenly torn from its mother's breast by death's cold, icy and resistless hand? O thou grim Monarch, thou King of Terrors, what hast thou done?

“Ah! too soon, with unholy hand,
You snatched this infant to your dreary land,
Like some fair rose-bud, plucked from mortal sight
Ere all its beauties open into light.”

How couldst thou cause the warm and tender hearts of yonder weeping parents to bleed thus? But

“Cease, fond parents! cease your wailings wild,
Nor mourn forever your departed child!
Her youthful beauties and her form so fair
Deserved a dwelling in the realms of air.
The *Lord*, not death, hath borne your child away.

Again the mournful question, Who is dead? we hear. Is it a friend, dear, beloved; may be the only friend on earth in whom we could confide, a friend indeed—tried, precious? Ah! 'tis ever so, and thus

“Must friends and kindred droop and die,
And helpers be withdrawn.”

But there is a friend above, the brightest and the best. The Friend of the friendless, the Father of the fatherless and the Husband of the widow.

“The friend of sinners—yet 'tis He,
With garments dyed on Calvary!”

Who is dead? A stranger, and wayfaring man; one who has come from a far country—perhaps from beyond the pathless ocean—homeless, houseless and friendless, to die, a stranger among strangers, without a friend to soothe his sorrows, soften his dying pillow, or close his sightless eyes. How sad! Oh, how painful the thought! yet how frequent the occurrence.

Once more we ask, Who is dead? Is it a tender-hearted and affectionate parent, suddenly and prematurely torn from helpless and unprovided children? or is it, perhaps, an only child—a beloved daughter, an obedient son—“the son of a widow?” Is it a kind brother, a dear sister, a husband or wife? Death, under whatever circumstance it may occur, is always a solemn and momentous event; the expiring breath, the sobs and tears of the bereft friends, the shroud and winding sheet, the coffin, the tolling bell, the opening tomb, the solemnly moving procession, all—all conspire to render death one of the most solemn and mournful events in the history of man; but when it enters the little family circle and selects for its victim a dear friend, a husband or wife, a brother or sister, a parent or child, then it becomes a thousand times more so.

Yet again the question, Who is dead? comes back to us with renewed interest and solemnity. Is it a *saint* or a *sinner*?—A Christian who has finished his work, ended his conflict, fought the good fight of faith, obtained the victory, and who has been long, like Simeon of old, ready to depart in peace; and, like Paul, desired to be absent from the body in order to be present with the Lord.

“Happy soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below;
Go, by angel bands attended,
To thy blessed Jesus go!”

Though we feel thy loss—though our hearts have been made to bleed at every pore—though many and briny have been the

tears that we have shed because thou art "gone to thy long home;" yet

"We will not deplore thee,
Since God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian and Guide;
He gave *thee*, he took *thee*, and he will restore *thee*,
Where death has no sting since the Saviour hath died."

Who is dead? A sinner. O, awful thought! A *sinner* dead! An un-baptized, unrepented and unpardoned sinner dead! Ushered into the awful presence of a justly offended and holy God! Truly hath the poet said,

"Death! tis a melancholy day
To those who have no God;
When the poor soul is forced away
To seek her last abode."

But the thing is impossible, all have a God, and it is this that makes death dreadful to the impenitent and unbelieving. "For it is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." And how is it with thee,

"O child of the dust! whose numbered hours
Are stealing fast away,
Whose sins are unrepented of,
Go shrive thee quick and pray,
For the hour will come, or soon or late,
When thou must leave this scene;
When all that *is* to thee shall *be*,
As if it *ne'er had been*."

Art thou ready and prepared for that great and awful change that soon awaits thee? Death is in the land, cutting down its thousands on our right hand and our left. While we are sitting and writing these few thoughts the whole air seems to ring with the knell of—Who is dead? Ay! even as this question is written—even as this question is read, many slip from the stage of life, and descend to dust and worms. A thousand hearts may have been made to bleed and writhe with agony and pain over departed kindred and friends.

Oh, may we, when we are called to pass through the dark valley and shadows of death, be ready to go in peace, and

Oft as the bell with solemn toll,
Speaks the departure of a soul;
May each one ask himself, Am I
Prepared, should I be called to die? E. H. H.

Let me die the death of the righteous; and let my last end be like his.—Numbers XXIII. 10.

RISING IN THE WORLD.

BY THE EDITOR.

In a previous number of the *Guardian*, we gave some instances of persons who rose to eminence and usefulness from obscurity and poverty, by their own exertions. These were taken from a work entitled, "Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties." We would advise our young friends to possess themselves of that excellent work. It makes up two volumes of the "Family Library," and is quite cheap. We continue to give some more encouraging instances from the same source.

The celebrated Italian poet METASTASIO was the son of a common mechanic, and used, when a little boy, to sing his extemporaneous verses about the streets. The father of HAYDN, the great music composer, was a wheelwright, and filled also the humble occupation of sexton, while his mother was at the same time a servant in the establishment of a neighboring nobleman.

The parents of Dr. JOHN PRIDEAUX, who afterward rose to be Bishop of Worcester, were in such poor circumstances, that they were with difficulty able to keep him at school till he had learned to read and write; and he obtained the rest of his education by walking on foot to Oxford, and getting employed, in the first instance, as assistant in the kitchen of Exeter College, in which society he remained till he gradually made his way to a fellowship. Dr. Prideaux is author of the celebrated work, "Prideaux's Connections," which is a history of the times between the last Prophets of the Old Testament and the advent of Christ—a common text book in Theological Seminaries. LINNÆUS, the founder of the science of botany, although the son of the clergyman of a small village in Sweden, was for some time apprenticed to a shoemaker; and was only rescued from his humble employment by accidentally meeting one day a physician named Rothman, who, having entered into conversation with him, was so much struck with his intelligence, that he sent him to the university. The famous BEN JONSON worked for some time as a bricklayer or mason; "and let not them blush," says Fuller, speaking of this circumstance in his "English Worthies," with his usual amusing, but often expressive quaintness, "let not them blush that have, but those that have not, a lawful calling. He helped in the building of the new structure of Lincoln's Inn, when, having a trowel in his hand, he had a book in his pocket."

PETER RAMUS, one of the most celebrated writers and in-

trepid thinkers of the seventeenth century, was employed in his childhood as a shepherd, and obtained his education by serving as a lackey in the college of Navarre.

The celebrated JOHN HUNTER, one of the greatest anatomists that ever lived, scarcely received any education whatever until he was twenty years old. He was born in the year 1728, in Lanarkshire; and being the youngest of a family of ten, and the child of his father's old age, would seem to have been brought up with the most foolish and unfortunate indulgence. When he was only ten years old his father died; and under the charge of his mother it is probable that he was left to act as he chose, with still less restraint than ever. Such was his aversion at this time to anything like regular application, that it was with no small difficulty, we are told, he had been taught even the elements of reading and writing; while an attempt that was made to give him some knowledge of Latin, was, after a short space, abandoned altogether. Thus he grew up, spending his time merely in country amusements, and for many years without even thinking, as it would appear, of any profession by which he might earn a living. It was, however, found necessary at last that something should be determined upon in regard to this point; for the family estate, such as it was, had gone to his eldest brother, and the father had made no provision for maintaining John any longer in idleness. So, destitute as he was of all literary acquirements, there was no other resource for him except some business that would give employment to his hands rather than his head; and, one of his sisters having married a cabinet-maker or carpenter in Glasgow, it was resolved he should be bound apprentice to his brother-in-law. With this person, accordingly, he continued for some time, learning to make chairs and tables; and this probably might have been for life the employment of the genius that afterward distinguished itself so greatly in one of the most important walks of philosophic discovery, but for circumstances which, at the time when they occurred, were doubtless deemed unfortunate. His master failed, and John was left without any obvious means of pursuing even the humble line of life in which he had set out. He was at this time in the twentieth year of his age. His elder brother, William, afterward the celebrated Dr. Hunter, had very recently settled as a medical practitioner in London, but had already begun to distinguish himself as a lecturer and anatomical demonstrator. To him John determined to address himself. The rumour of the one brother's success and growing reputation had probably, even before this time, awakened some-

thing of ambition in the other, with a wish to escape from the obscure fortune to which he seemed destined. John now wrote to his brother, offering him his services as an assistant in his dissecting-room, and intimating that, if this proposal should not be accepted, he meant to enlist in the army. Fortunately for science, his letter was answered in the way he wished. On his brother's invitation, he set out for the metropolis. He was now put to work in the way he had requested to be employed. His brother, we are informed by Sir Everard Home, his first and best biographer, gave him an arm to dissect, so as to display the muscles, with directions how it should be done; and the performance of the pupil, even in his commencing essay, greatly exceeded the expectations of his instructor. The doctor then put into his hands another arm, in which all the arteries were infected, and these, as well as the muscles, were to be exposed and preserved. So satisfied was Dr. Hunter with his brother's performance of this task, that he assured him he would in time become an excellent anatomist, and would not want employment. Perhaps, although we do not find it so stated by any of his biographers, he may have felt an advantage, in making these preparations, in the habits of manual dexterity acquired during his apprenticeship to his first business.

So rapid, at all events, was the progress which he made in the study of anatomy, that he had not been a year in London when he was considered by his brother as qualified to teach others, and was attended accordingly by a class of his own.—His talents, and the patronage of his brother together, brought him now every day more and more into notice. It does not belong to our purpose to trace the progress of his success after this point. We may merely observe, that long before his death he had placed himself, by universal acknowledgement, at the head of living anatomists, and was regarded, indeed, as having done more for surgery and physiology than any other investigator of these branches of science that had ever existed.

With all his powers, however, this wonderful man never entirely overcame the disadvantages entailed upon him by the neglect in which he had been allowed to spend his early years. He continued to the end of his life an awkward, though by no means an unpractised writer; but he felt his literary deficiencies chiefly as a lecturer, the capacity in which his more regularly educated brother so greatly excelled. If these were penalties, however, which he had to pay for what was not so much his fault as that of others, the eminence to which he attained in spite of them is only the more demonstrative of his ex-

traordinary natural powers and his determined perseverance.

We do not quote these names as those of individuals, the single or chief peculiarity in whose history is, that they commenced life in a low station and ended it in a high or a higher one. We bring them forward to show that neither knowledge, nor any of the advantages which naturally flow from it, are the exclusive inheritance of those who have been enabled to devote themselves entirely to its acquisition from their youth upward. Their example also shows that many of those impediments which, in ordinary cases, altogether prevent the pursuit of knowledge, are impediments only to the indolent or unaspiring, who make, in truth, their poverty or their low station bear the blame which ought properly to be laid upon their own irresolution or indifference. It was not wealth or ease which these noble enthusiasts sought; it was the bondage and degradation of ignorance alone from which they panted to emancipate themselves. All they wanted was an opportunity of acquiring that knowledge which *might* lift them to a higher station in society, but which would certainly elevate their moral and intellectual being, and afford to them inexhaustible gratifications, such as no wealth, no station, no worldly circumstances whatever could confer.

From these noble examples we learn several lessons.

1. No one need be discouraged from making an effort to educate himself because his early education has been neglected. Hunter had received almost no education at all before he was twenty years of age!

2. We see in the case of Hunter that an aversion to study in early life is no evidence that there is no talent there. It is a common idea, but a false one, that there is no use in hoping for literary success where there is not an *early* taste for learning. Taste can be cultivated. Indeed it has been very common, that great men discovered no zeal for knowledge whatever in their early years. We could give many instances of this, but will refer only to Patrick Henry, Walter Scott, and Professor Heyne, all of which in their early years were distinguished for their laziness and aversion to study. The sleeping lion is a lion still; let him be awakened and all will see it. It would be strange indeed if love for knowledge could not be cultivated as well as every other taste.

3. We see in the case of Hunter, that the neglect of the mind's cultivation in youth will be a source of painful disadvantage in after life even if eminence is attained. This Hunter

felt. Let our young friends learn from his experience to make good use of the advantages of their youthful years. From twelve years to twenty-five is the golden period; most of our readers are still in the midst of this season of promise. Happy are they who know how to use it for their future advantage and happiness.

CONVERSATION WITH A YOUNG TRAVELER.

What a variety of characters and dispositions are brought together in the public packet or stage coach—often a real heterogeneous mass. The conversation, with all its variety, is often insipid, frequently disgusting, and sometimes insufferable.—Some are bold enough to advocate their infidel principles in a mixed society; teaching that at death man is changed into another animal, may be a horse, stag, or even a swine, and if he happens to be born in South America, into a monkey. Of course, then, there will be no future reward or punishment. This idea is too preposterous to the readers of the Guardian to need any refutation here. To this rule there are, however, some exceptions. Betimes an opportunity occurs to spend an hour very pleasantly; and in a manner not unworthy intelligent beings. Here we may meet with an ancient soldier of the cross; in real service under the great King. If we too are in the service of that King, and are young, we may learn much of interest, and much that will be of vast importance unto us in after years from this old veteran. He relates the different engagements in which he was; his conflicts with the enemy, his toils and trials, his sufferings and privations—his perils by sea and by land. “Through much tribulation ye must enter into the kingdom of heaven.” After he was done relating the history of his warfare, he brings us in full view of the celestial city, and speaks of the glorious mansions prepared for him by the King; and not only for him, but all who are faithful in His service. He speaks of that city in this wise: “Its glories beam upon me, its breezes fan me, its odors are wafted to me, its sounds strike my ears, and its spirit is breathed into my heart. Nothing separates me from it but the river of death, which now appears but as an insignificant rill, that may be crossed at a single step, whenever God shall give permission.”

Some years ago one of our stage-coaches was filled with a company which never could have been drawn together by nat-

ural choice. In this company was a genteel looking young man, of social temper, and in many respects agreeable, of affable manners, with a considerable store of information. In early life he had entered into military service; had been in real service—had traveled much—saw much of the world, and showed by his deportment, that he was not a stranger to the society of gentlemen. He had, however, an egregious fault, too common among military men. Did I say military? Yes, but not only military; for the same fault prevails to an alarming extent among our young men in cities, towns, and country, who consider themselves young men of fine habits, good manners, in a word, gentlemen in every sense of that term. His fault was too absurd to find advocates among refined society, among men of good sense; he swore profanely, which is a heaven-daring sin—black as pandemonium itself; and one from which gentlemen will shrink back with horror.

As the coach was moving along, we came to the appointed place to change horses, during which time a gentleman who sat at his side, took him by the arm, and requested his company in a short walk. After they had got sufficiently far not to be overheard, the former remarked,

“Although I have not the honor of your acquaintance, I perceive, sir, that your habits and feelings are those of a gentleman, and that nothing can be more repugnant to your wishes, than giving unnecessary pain to any of your company.”

He looked astonished, and replied,

“Most certainly, sir! I hope I have committed no offence of that sort.”

“You will pardon me,” remarked the other, “for pointing out an instance in which you have not altogether avoided it.”

“Sir, I shall be much your debtor for so friendly an act: upon my honor, I cannot conjecture in what I have transgressed.”

“If you, sir,” continued the former, “had a very dear friend, to whom you were under unspeakable obligations, should you not be deeply wounded by any disrespect to him, or even by hearing his name introduced and used with a frequency of repetition and a levity of air incompatible with the regard due to his character?”

“Undoubtedly; and I should not permit it! But I know not that I am chargeable with indecorum to any of your friends.”

“Sir, my God is my best friend, to whom I am under infinite obligations. I think you must recollect that you have very

frequently, since we have commenced our journey, taken His name in vain. This has given to me, and to others of the company, excruciating pain."

"Sir," answered he, with much emphasis, "I have done wrong. I confess the impropriety. I am ashamed of a practice which I am sensible has no excuse; but I have imperceptibly fallen into it, and I really swear without being conscious that I do so. I will endeavor to abstain from it in future; and as you are next me in the seat, I shall thank you to touch my elbow as often as I trespass."

This was agreed upon: the horn sounded, and the travelers took their seats, and were again moving along, engaged in conversation as before.

In the space of some miles the young officer's elbow was jogged every once in awhile. He would color as a matter of course, but bowed, and received the hint all in good humor; and in a few miles more overcome his propensity to swearing, and not an oath was heard from him for the rest of the distance which was the greater part.

A change had taken place; and after reflecting some time, he turned to his admonisher and accosted him thus:

"You are a clergyman, I presume, sir?"

"I am considered as such."

He paused; and then indicated his disbelief in divine revelation, and invited conversation on that subject. Here ended their conversation on profanity.

How many of our young men have fallen into this awful habit. As already said, it exists not only among soldiers, but among many others. It has even found its way into the church, and we are sometimes pained to hear members profaning the name of God. Where is that man who respects himself, as he ought, that will swear? We look for it sometimes among stage drivers and hostlers (because they are often from the lower class), but to hear a church member swear is enough to make the blood run cold in every vein. A gentleman will not be guilty of it, to say nothing about Christians. It always indicates a low state of breeding—cannot help but lower the individual who is guilty of such indecorous conduct in the estimation of all good men. How important, then, that every profane swearer should have some one at his elbow to jog him at every offence.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

HISTORY OF THE GERMAN REFORMED CHURCH. By Prof. Lewis Mayer, D.D. With a memoir of his life, by Rev. Elias Heiner, A. M. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co., 1851. pp. 461,

Dr. Mayer was a self-made man. After having received an ordinary English and German education in the Schools of Lancaster, Pa., he commenced secular business in Frederick, Md. "Having a taste much better suited to *books* than *business*, he did not succeed to any considerable extent. His mind was chiefly occupied with reading and study." Here is the key to all that follows. The spark was in him, and he fanned it into a flame. What then?—the story is soon told. He became a christian first, then a Minister—a Professor of Theology—an Author! and has left a name behind him—

"Footsteps in the sands of time:
Footsteps that perhaps another,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Hear it, young men!--excellence, usefulness, eminence and honor, are the rewards of perseverance in the cultivation of your minds. By his own exertions, by the proper use of leisure hours, even while engaged in secular business, he laid the foundation of his fame. Here is a lesson--an example for you.

Lives of great men all remind us
We may make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Footsteps in the sand of time.

Of the history itself we can say nothing *critical*; that belongs to the Reviews. It is well gotten up, the style is pure and more than ordinarily clear. The narrative is easy and interesting; and the connection has a charm to draw the reader on. The Memoir is brief, but full, and prepares the mind to enter upon the reading of the book with interest in the Author. We hope this book will be widely circulated. No one will rise from its reading without knowing (and this is no small consideration in this land of ours) that there is a small difference between *Dutch* and *German*--that *German Reformed* does not *exactly* mean *Dutch Calvinist*--and that *German Presbyterian* is not quite a literal translation of the word *Reformirt*!

Why are not trashy and putrid novels laid aside, and pure histories like this put in their place? They are more interesting. They are instructive; stimulating to the mind, and a thousand fold better for the heart. Let a young gentleman or lady spend his or her leisure for three years in reading history, and they will become an ornament to society--have lovelier faces, brighter eyes and purer hearts, than those who feed upon the hot-bed plants of Noveldom.

We forgot to mention that the venerable Author of this Work died two years ago. He was engaged upon it for many years, but did not live to see it in print. His plan includes several more volumes, the materials of which are all collected, and much of it is written. We are glad to know that it is to be finished by another hand; thus the history will be brought down to the present time. The published volume is, however, in itself complete so far as it goes.

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[NO. 9.

CHARITY.

A PARAPHRASE.

BY LILIAN MAY.

Night kissed the fair young rose of spring,
As it softly bent to sleep ;
Stars shone in glory bright and gazed
From out the azure deep,
While on its blushing bosom hung
The dew-drops light as air,
A-watching o'er its slumbers sweet
With fond and loving care.

The morning came ; with breezes soft
Unto the young rose spoke,
As light they caught the dewy gem,
It smiling, joyous woke ;
And gently it danced to and fro,
With vigor and with glee,
In loveliness of health and strength,
And heavenly purity.

The ardent sun-god's ray then came,
And blighted when it fell ;
Then fainted 'neath its angry glow,
The young rose in the dell :
Deserted and heart-broken now
The rose droop'd in despair,
Thus doom'd in all its loveliness
Alone to perish there.

The gentle breeze, that wand'ring far,
Had gambol'd o'er the sea ;
Now home-ward push'd the bounding bark
In all its joy and glee,
And over hill and dale, she swept,
By cottage and by rill ;
She glided along by the mountain stream
And turn'd the old stone mill.

She sooth'd the frame of the weary one,
And fann'd the fever'd brow,
She frisk'd with childhood's innocent curls,
And gave their cheeks a glow ;
Thus tripping along on errands sweet
Of mercy and of love,
Reminding one of a fairer home,
Of a Land of Light above.

She saw the young rose in her wo,
And bending kiss'd her brow, [dew,
Then bathing her head with showers of
She whisper'd faint and low :
The rose reviv'd ; with gratitude
Gave the breeze a smiling look,
Who hurried by on fairy wings—
Her gentle way she took.

Tho' now perform'd, her gen'rous task
Was not without reward ;
The rose her richest fragrance
Upon her wings had pour'd :
Now gladness fill'd the merry heart
Of the kind and loving breeze,
Far happier tripped she thro' the flowers,
And sang thro' the forest trees.

Thus CHARITY is like the breeze
That from the drooping flow'r
Sweet fragrance gathers, which it sooth'd
In its forsaken hour,
Unconsciously reaping a reward
For its kindness and its love ;
Which on the heart steals like perfume
Wafted from realms above.

HEAVENLY AND EARTHLY HOPE.

Reflected on the lake, I love
To see the stars of evening glow ;
So tranquil in the heaven above,
So restless in the wave below.

Thus heavenly hope is all serene ;
But earthly hope how bright so e'er,
Still flutters o'er the changing scene,
As falso, as fleeting, as 'tis fair !

THE TRUE PATH TO HONOR.

AN ARABIAN ALLEGORY FROM STILLING'S HEIMWEH.

BY THE EDITOR.

On the north side of the Kingdom of Yemen, rises a large mountain, stretching from the west toward south through this Kingdom, and is called Gebel El Ared. In a sunny valley of this mountain range there once lived a Hermit, who was much noted for his benevolent deeds, and the holiness of his life. Was any one sick, or in any other way in want of help, he was sure to find help and comfort from *Cassem*. He lived in a large cave, which had always been known as the abode of a mighty and benevolent spirit which was regarded and honored as the Guardian Spirit of all Southern Arabia. Hence it was generally believed that *Cassem* stood in a confidential relation with this spirit, and that he received all his wonderful knowledge and power from it.

Only two day's journey from the foot of the mountain El Ared lies the village of Sadaa, where at the same time there lived a poor peasant, who supported his wife and large family of children with much difficulty and many pains; on which account he was known by no other name than poor Jachsep. As soon as he awoke in the morning, he, with his whole family, prayed earnestly to the great God for his blessing, and for his daily bread; and never did he close his eyes in sleep in the evening, without having first rendered thanks to the Sovereign of all, for the enjoyments of the past day, and heartily commending himself and his family to His care and protection.

Among the children of Jachsep there was a boy of twelve years of age named Manzuel, who seemed a lad of peculiar promise; in the morning and evening, when his father had finished his prayers, he went into a secret place and prayed yet a while for himself. He always obeyed his father; and when his father was absent he took charge of the family, although he was not the oldest son. Jachsep and his wife loved their Manzuel greatly, and as they beheld how gradually one great talent after the other developed itself, they felt as complacent as we may imagine a matronly turkey would feel, were she possessed with reason, when, unknown to herself she had hatched out an eagle with her brood; at first she does not recognize her noble eagle, but regards it as one of her own kind; but as gradually his bill grows curved and strong, and his eyes enlarge

and flash with fire, she begins to manifest surprise, and to regard her wonderful child with silent reverence. At times the father struts up to him with swollen look and erected feathers, cackling a kind of defiance into his face, to inspire him with fear; but the little eagle swells up with majesty, and darts such lightning looks from his sun-like eyes, that the turkey drops his small feathery wheels like a fan, and walks humbly away.

What will yet come out of this boy?—this was the question which the parents often revolved in their own minds, but they could come to no conclusion. After a while even the neighbors of Jachsep, and the prominent men of the village, saw that God must evidently have designed Manzuel for something great. In order that nothing might be neglected in the education of Manzuel, his father was advised to take his son and visit the holy Hermit, Cassem, to ascertain from him what he should do that the calls of his destiny might be properly met.

Jachsep obeyed. Early one morning, he took a small present, such as in his limited circumstances he could afford, and placed it, together with victuals enough for several days, upon an ass, took his boy with him, and journeyed towards the mountain where the Hermit dwelt.

The next day towards evening they came to the cave of Cassem. Here upon the green sward which was spread out before the cave, where many palm trees, from the fruit of which the holy man sustained himself, waived their branches in the breeze, and a crystal stream which he had directed that way, flowed softly and in a meandering way, through among the roots of the trees, the pilgrims halted. The venerable Hermit sat in the evening sun at the entrance of his cave, and with that peaceful dignity which is characteristic of a great and good man, he looked out towards the coming pilgrims.

After Jachsep had greeted him reverently, and laid his present at his feet, he began to reveal to him the burden and desire of his heart. Cassem listened to him with thoughtfulness and attention, and when he was done, the hermit invited him to remain with him over night, and ascertain what God had determined in regard to his son. Both the pilgrims were then led into a tent by the side of the rock where they rested themselves from their journey, and were refreshed by sleep till the morning.

Scarcely had the morning star twinkled over the tops of the trees, when Cassem came into Jachsep's tent to call him and his son. He brought them first into his cave where he refresh-

ed them with a very costly drink; then he led the way into the deep interior of the cave, and bade them follow him.

After they had passed through various dark labyrinthian passages, they emerged at length out of the mountain on the other side upon a spacious green, encircled with many high trees of various kinds. Just before them, some hundred paces distant, towards the east, they saw a steep hill, on the top of which stood a magnificent Temple, in which was a throne upon which however no one sat. Over hill, temple, and throne, dawned out upon them a bright and happy morning.

After the eyes of Jachsep and Manzuel had for a while revelled with the highest joy over this glorious scene, Cassem pointed them to a youth which a respectable looking man was leading out from one side. He directed the attention of the youth to the Temple and the Throne, and asked him: "Do you wish to ascend that Throne?" Joyfully the youth threw his clothes to a side, and answered, YES! Well, said the man, fly then along this path towards the temple. Then he stood and gazed after him.

Now all looked how the youth courageously began to climb the steep. He had gone but a short distance when a strong and furious Lion sprang bellowing out of the wood toward the youth, raising his paws in defiance; at the same time he was beset on the other side by armed men, who threatened to receive him with the edge of their swords. Now the youth turned, ran back to his guide, and said, with tears, "Father, I would rather pasture my peaceful herds than ascend that throne; only let me return to my tent!" The guide heard him with sorrowful countenance, and then accompanied him back again whence they had come.

Cassem asked Manzuel: "Boy! how are you pleased with that youth?"

"Not at all," answered the son of Jachsep; "one thing, however, makes me glad—that he has left the throne vacant for me!"

The Hermit cast a significant look towards Jachsep, and said, "Well, we will see. Now look towards the other side." They looked in that direction, and behold! a strong young man, armed from head to foot, with a naked sword in his hand, also led by a guide, advanced towards the path which led up to the Temple. At the word of his guide he started alone, with a strong and firm step towards the Throne. The Lion came, he contended with him, and put him to flight. Courageous warriors stepped into his path before him, but he fought

his way through; over corpses he bounded away towards the temple, and all who stood in his way to hinder him were either bound, wounded, or killed. Covered with blood, he sprang at length upon the Throne; there he sat in the pride of his victory, and gazed with inward satisfaction from his height on all below.

The Hermit turned towards Manzuel with a look of earnest inquiry, and said, "What do you say of this conquerer?"

The boy cast his eyes weeping towards the earth, and was silent; after a while he raised his eyes and said, "He may keep the throne!—with the blood of my fellow men I will not purchase a throne, even if I should never have any."

Cassem looked with a smile of approbation towards Manzuel, and said, "Well, then, observe farther, my son!"

Not long had the conquerer been seated upon his throne, rejoicing in his greatness and honor, when suddenly the morning sky was darkened, and a heavy thunder-storm loomed up behind the hill; it thundered and lightened fearfully; the storm raged furiously in the woods, and the earth trembled, so that the temple was shaken. Of a sudden the lightning struck him who sat upon the throne; he tumbled from it, and was dragged away by several persons, who cast him headlong down over the edge of the rocks! Now the throne was empty again, and Manzuel said, "He has received his just reward."

After the storm and thunder had ceased, and only some clouds yet covered the heavens, Cassem directed the attention of Jachsep and his son to another youth, who, led by a venerable old man, was approaching along side of the rocks behind them. Often did the young man make a pause, and conversed with the old man, as if he were very anxious to learn of him, and to draw out the secrets of his heart. They still drew nearer, and at length they, too, cast significant looks towards the throne and the temple. After the old man had exhorted and encouraged his pupil to enter upon the path which led to it, the youth started forward with slow and firm step. He too was met by the bellowing Lion, but the youth stood on firm foot and awaited his approach; and as the furious beast, with open jaws erected itself with an air of defiance before him, he commenced fondling and caressing him, and stroked his mane; this gradually softened down the Lion, and he at length lay down at his feet!

Now the youth proceeded on his way, and the lion walked by his side. He had not gone far till he was met by a host of armed men, who were ready to fall upon him; he stood firm

and looked at them, and the lion turned towards them a fearful face, as if he would protect the youth. The armed men meanwhile surveyed the youth with careful eyes; at length they knew him, and one of them cried out, "Is not this the wise and excellent shepherd, to whom our whole land owes many debts of gratitude?—he has protected our herds against robbers and wild beasts; he clothed the naked and fed the hungry; he received the poor youth to his protection rather than the rich; when all counsel failed then he advised wisely, and whosoever followed his directions fared well. Brethren! let him be our King!—no one but he deserves the throne!"—Then they showed him reverence, and withdrew again into the woods.

Manly, and accompanied by the lion, the youth kept on ascending, till he arrived at the foot of the hill upon which stood the temple and the throne.

But here opens another scene!

Instead of rising fully to the throne, he turned calmly around, and gazed for a while into the distance. At length he extended his hand and cried, "He who approaches yonder is more worthy to sit upon the throne than I am!" Jachsep and Manzuel looked behind them, and behold! another youth, led by the hand of his guide approached the path which led to the Throne. He, too, was met by the armed men, but when they recognized him they said, "He, too, is worthy of the throne," and drew back into the woods again. This second youth drew up to the one at the foot of the throne, and as they met, they greeted, embraced, and kissed each other in the most affectionate manner. Meanwhile, several very respectable looking men came forth from the Temple towards the youths; the most prominent one among them called both the youths, invited them up, and addressed them thus:

"You are both worthy of the throne, but only one can possess it. Now it is the will of the great God, that one of you shall die for the Fatherland, and the other shall possess the throne!—each of you can now choose for himself."

While these youths stood and looked at each other, Cassem asked Manzuel what he would choose. Manzuel answered the Hermit: "A throne in Paradise is more glorious and permanent than this one—I choose death for our Fatherland!" Cassem embraced and kissed the boy, and Jachsep wept tears of joy.

By this time the young men at the hill had also chosen; the first one chose to die. Then the other answered: "I have not

courage and disinterestedness enough to choose death, and I am also not worthy to sit upon the throne and rule." With looks of triumphant joy, the men took the first of the youths, and placed him upon the throne, and the other they made his Vizier.

Now, Cassem led Jachsep and Manzuel again into the cave. As they were starting back, Mañzuel said with tears: "Now the throne is occupied!" The Hermit smiled and said:—"There are yet other thrones besides this."

Before he sent Jachsep and his son away from his cave, he said to the father of Manzuel: "Listen, my brother, keep your son humble, and entrust him to the pious men of Sadaa, who are engaged in teaching well-disposed youths wisdom and virtue; Providence will guide him, he needs not my directions. Jachsep returned to his home, and practised upon Cassem's instructions. Manzuel increased, with his years, in knowledge and in true piety, so that he was soon universally known as a pattern of excellence for all young men.

His fame sounded abroad, and reached at length the ears of IMAN MANSOR, the king of Zemen; he sent to Sadaa and had Manzuel brought to his Court. Here he conducted himself with so much wisdom, that all highly honored him, and even the King himself loved him to such an extent, that he kept him constantly in his presence, and solicited his counsel in the affairs of the Kingdom.

Now, as it would be, Iman Mansor had no son, but only one daughter, which, together with his throne, he designed to give to whatever youth should be considered the wisest and most noble, and who would actually prove himself to be such. To this end, the King had collected to his Court a considerable number of promising young men, in order to prove them, and thus to select for himself a son-in-law and an heir to his throne. Among all of them, however, there was only one who seemed a real rival to the son of Jachsep. Fartach, a young Arabian, out of the royal city Sana, was so like him in virtue and wisdom that the King found it impossible to choose between them.—The noblemen of the Court advised him to visit Cassem, the Hermit, to get his advice on the matter. Iman Mansor took this advice, and, accompanied by several of his confidential friends, he went to the mountain El Ared, and to the cave of the holy man. Cassem saw Iman Mansor approach in the distance, and his quick eye recognized him. He went accordingly to meet the King, received him with reverence before the grove of palm trees, led him into his cave, and asked wherein he could serve

him? The King laid his matter before him, and asked him to decide this difficult case. Now the Hermit remembered the son of Jachsep. King of the faithful, said the holy man, God give you the worthiest of all men as a husband for your daughter, and an heir to your throne! and as I doubt not your clear eye has discovered the two most excellent among all, my advice is that you put these two to the following trial:—Put on a sad countenance, order a general fast throughout your whole kingdom, and issue a proclamation that God is so displeased with the sins of your people, that he calls for the most excellent youth in the kingdom as an offering of atonement. Then call these two youths, together with all the noblemen and the whole Court, before you at your throne, and say to the two young men that one must die for the people, and the other shall have your daughter to wife, and become heir of your throne. The one who shall choose to die as an offering for the people, he is the worthiest.

You are right! answered Iman Mansor; and after he had given him a royal present, with which he might bless the poor, he returned again to his royal city, Sana.

Now Iman Mansor hastened to institute the trial; he ordered a rigid fast and season of penitence, for three days, and proceeded in every respect as he had been advised by the Hermit. On the third day in the evening as the King sat upon his throne, with all the noblemen of his Court and kingdom around him, he called the two young men;—they came and stood at some distance opposite the throne.

Draw nigh to me, my sons! said Iman Mansor kindly, and stand in my presence. Every one was filled with anxiety to know what this new scene should mean; for the King had charged his confidential friends, upon pain of death, not to reveal the least of the Hermit's counsel.

As they now stood, with all eyes attracted towards them in love and good will, the King proceeded: Hear me my sons; an offended Deity, has decided that one of you shall die as an atonement for the sins of the kingdom, and the other shall be the husband of my daughter, and the heir of my throne; but one of you is as dear to me as the other; choose, then, between yourselves.

Iman Mansor paused, and the people were all attention.

Fartach was in the highest degree stunned and perplexed at this proposition; but Manzuel was not, for he remembered the sight which he had formerly seen at the mountain behind the cave of Cassem. With a peaceful and serene countenance he addressed his friend Fartach thus: my brother, you are older

and have been longer than I in the King's service, decide first what you will do. Fartach, with a sad and downcast heart said: Most mighty Iman Mansor! I cannot choose; do you decide yourself, or let the decision be made by lot! The King answered: Neither I nor a lot can decide upon this offering, it must be made by a free will. What do you say Manzuel?

Great King of the faithful, answered the son of Jachsep, in my boyhood my father led me to the hermit Cassem, to receive his counsel in regard to my education; the hermit showed me in a vision a Throne and a Temple, which different youths were endeavoring to ascend. The first one fled away from the danger that met him: the second made his way to it through blood and death: the third sought to attain it by wisdom and virtue. As still a fourth one came who also was worthy to possess the throne, the same trial was laid before them which you have now laid before us; inasmuch as I now judge that, to him who would choose to die for the kingdom, you would give your daughter and your throne, I would act very unjustly, and sin against this my friend by choosing to become the Offering—if then you find Fartach more worthy of your gifts than me, your will be done. I desire nothing more than still farther to serve you and your kingdom.

With joyful surprise, the King now related the whole history of his visit to the mountain El Ared, together with the counsel of Cassem, and then asked his noblemen and all present which of the two youths was most worthy.

All with clear united voice cried out for Manzuel, being struck with his honesty, faithfulness, and conscientiousness; even Fartach joined in with the rest, throwing his arms around Manzuel and exclaiming: you exceed me in virtue and true nobility, as far as the heavens are above the earth, grant me only the honor and happiness to remain your friend. Manzuel vowed him eternal faithfulness.

Now the son of Jachsep became the son-in-law of Iman Mansor, and his successor on the throne of Zemen; and even to this day the name of Iman Manzuel is held in blessed remembrance!

Do you see, beloved Theophilus! how piety and wisdom can lead from the sheep-fold to the throne! and how an honest, humble, and unassuming life is the path to excellence, usefulness, and honor? Seest thou the path?—then walk firmly and humbly in it. There are yet many thrones of honor for the worthy.

CANTIQUE DE VETERAN.

FROM THE FRENCH.

I.

How long—how long, with fears distress,
 Wilt Thou, so *low*, behold me bro't?
 How long—how long, with guilt opprest,
 Me, must I see, by Thee forget?
 O why incessant—God severe—
 Thine eye, *thus*, from me dost thou turn?
 Oh! art Thou not a Father dear—
 The sweetest hope of them that mourn?

II.

By night—by day—I Thee implore,
 Appease my troubled heart in me;
 Speak peace, O God—my soul restore,
 O Lord, no longer angry be;
 And deign, my wretched heart to cheer,
 On me a gracious eye to turn;
 Oh! Thou art still a Father dear—
 The sweetest hope of them that mourn?

LEWISBURG, Pa., August, 1851.

III.

Now near the tomb—my body cold—
 Death seizes on my senses sure;
 O Lord, thy pardoning grace unfold
 Unto an OLD MAN sad and poor!
 My soul doth hope in Christ—so near—
 In heaven shall *faith* to vision turn;
 O Lord! Thou art a Father dear—
 The sweetest hope of them that mourn!

IV.

Blest he, who in the Lord doth die—
 His soul redeemed the Saviour by;
 He resteth—freed from all his pains;
 From all his sorrows he released—
 From all his woes and labors eased—
 From all his foes, and from his chains!
 To Heaven his works do him succeed,
 When Christ shall make him blest indeed!

X. Y. Z.

A SOLEMN QUESTION TO YOU!

BY THE EDITOR.

A question to you whose eye now rests on this page. A solemn question. A question that you ought now to answer. A question that will once come home to your heart under circumstances much more solemn than those which now surround you.

Are you a christian?

Perhaps you are rich, but riches will take wings and fly away, if not before, at the hour of death. Perhaps you are honored, but the memory of the wicked shall not. Perhaps you are happy, but will it last when you give up the ghost!—Perhaps you are young, strong and healthy, but “what is your life? it is even a vapor, that appeareth for a while, and then vanisheth away.”

Are you a christian?

This is the great question. What is life without peace in God? All its promises and treasures are vain. All the pursuits, without piety, are as when one chaseth a bubble. The great end of life is to live for eternity. Eternity! Oh, dreadful, glorious word! It is glorious to those who enter through

the gate into the city. It is dreadful to such as remain forever without.

What to be banished from his sight,
And yet forbid to die!

Are you a christian?

You may be. God, Christ, the Spirit and angels, desire you to be. It was the prayer of your sainted mother that you might be. Your conscience often tells you, that you ought to be. But are you a christian.

Perhaps you are a professor of religion. But that is not the question. Judas was one, but he went "to his own place." Esau was one, but he sold his birth-right, and afterwards found no place for repentance, though he sought it with tears! Demas was one, but he forsook Christ, having loved this present world. Indeed, many shall say in that day, We have eaten and drunken in thy presence, to whom he will say, I know you not! They are not all really Israel who are Abraham's children. So then you may be a professor of religion, and yet not be a christian.

Are you a christian?

Are you so really in the sight of Him who searcheth the heart and trieth the veins. If not, resolve to be, pray to be; use the means that are intended to make you a christian. Time flies. Do it now. Behold the judge is at the door! What you do, do quickly. Soon the harvest will be past, and the summer of life ended.

Are you a christian?

Do not lay down the book before you have answered this question to your own soul. It may be your last warning.

Since the first part of this article was written many have gone to their reward, in a world where there is no change of condition. Without a moment's warning, you may be summoned before your Judge. Oh! are you a christian? The eye of God is upon you! He speaks. Do not cast his plea from you. "Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth!"

Are you a christian?

NOVEL READING

1. Produces insanity in many cases.
2. Wastes much precious time.
3. Hardens and sours the heart.
4. Leads to disappointment and sorrow.
5. Produces an aversion to the exercise of religious affections.

 THE LOVELINESS OF CHRIST.

“He is altogether lovely.”—Sol. Song, 5; 16.

The person alluded to in this significant expression is Christ. To the earnest charge of the Church to the daughters of Jerusalem, that if they “find her beloved,” they should tell Him that she was “sick of love,” they replied with sarcastic tone, “What is thy Beloved more than another belovd, O thou fairest among women? What is thy Beloved more than another beloved, that thou dost so charge us?” With the deep fervency of a heart overcome by love, she answers, “My Beloved is *white* and *ruddy*, the chief among ten thousands. His head is as the most fine gold; his *mouth* is most sweet, yea; he is altogether lovely. This is *my* Beloved, and this is my Friend, O daughters of Jerusalem!” Thus when the sorrowful inquiring penitent exclaims, “O that I knew where I might find Him! that I might even come to his seat,” the scorning world may answer, “Wherefore is thy God better than our gods? He hath a Devil! Can anything *good* come out of Nazareth? Is not this the *Carpenter’s* son? Away with him!” But the answer of that penitent is like that of the Church in substance, “He is precious; yea, he loved the people, he is the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley, a friend that sticketh closer than a brother; yea, he is altogether lovely.”

But, in the language of Jesus to the Pharisees, “What think *ye* of Christ?” Is he “precious”—“altogether lovely”—to you? Do you value him, seek him, love him, obey him, as such? That he is altogether lovely, no one who has experienced the joys of his salvation will deny. All such will exclaim of him:

“O the rich depths of love divine,
Of bliss a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call Thee mine:
I cannot wish for more.”

“Come to my bosom, thou *best* gift of Heaven,—best friend of man!”

But for the sake of those who realize him not as altogether lovely, it shall be the burden of this article to prove him such and to show wherein he is lovely.

1. He is altogether lovely in comparison with all other reputed gods. Compare the Saviour and his religion with the gods and religion of Heathenism. Let the 30,000 gods of Greek and Roman Mythology, let the rivers of blood shed to glut the

rapacity of some cruel deity, let the painful pilgrimages of whole armies of devotees to the shrine of their idolatry, be compared with the spirit, nature and religion of the Son of God, and into what insignificance does the former dwindle before the latter! The most uncomely feature of the former is that it was all a *deception and a lie*. All was but the figment of a distorted imagination, the heathen derives neither honor nor happiness from his intercourse with his gods, no loveliness or truth adorned their ephemeral and imaginary existence,—the devotee was clad in the same disgusting character, and inspired with the same dastardly spirit as his god. Look at the principal gods,—the highest seat in the Olympian Senate is occupied by an incestuous Jupiter: the gods around him are dependent on his word; Mars is blood-thirsty, Mercury thievish, and Venus voluptuous—all seek to infuse in their followers the same sensual, dishonest, and cruel spirit. Solon represents the gods as being envious of the happiness of men; hence the blood of their votaries streamed forth to appease their wrath. The attribute *love* does not belong either to the gods or religion of Heathenism. When we now compare such deities and such religion, a religion of cruel and immoral rites, making gods of everything, with temples devoted to the sacrifice of chastity, with human blood flowing upon its altars,—gods who outrage nature by beastly amours and brutalize humanity by vices which cause the heart to shudder,—when we compare such with Jesus and his religion,—a savior who includes in his person true divinity and true humanity, with all their essential and concomitant attributes,—a religion which calls for the love and devotion of a holy and regenerate heart, with supreme love to God as a Father, a Protector and Savior, with gratitude for his benefits, trust in his mercy, reverence for his authority and patient submission to his laws, holding out as reward for all this—happiness upon earth, and eternal life and glory in Heaven: In the light of this comparative view of the Saviour, with what full conviction can we exclaim, “He is altogether lovely!” “Whom have I in Heaven but Thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee:” for Thou maketh the “wilderness and solitary places to bud and blossom as the rose.”

But the sinner, even in this land of Gospel light, has gods, and he worships them in preference to Christ; his religion is the worship of his adopted gods. Shall we institute a comparison between those and the Saviour? Is his devotion at earthly shrines—his consecrations to Mammon—his sensual pleasures,

sordid treasures and empty honors, more lovely than the consecrations of the Christian at the Altar of Heaven? Are the objects of his supreme affection more lovely than the hero of Calvary—the saviour of a ruined world? Methinks the native force of unimpaired reason would point with unwavering decision to the infinite loveliness and the resultant felicity of the latter. But

II. He is altogether lovely in himself.

Under this head we shall speak of his nature and person, of his character and office, and of the religion of which he is the author. *And first*, He is altogether lovely in his *nature and person*. We determine the loveliness of an object not merely by the coincidence of its outward appearance with our views of the lovely, but more especially by the satisfaction which its native, internal attributes afford our inherent consciousness of what is essential to the conceptions of the lovely. Thus, in our view of the nature and persons—if they have any—of the gods of the Heathen, we found our greatest contempt of them to proceed from the fact that their nature and persons were wholly inadequate to the essential conception of God,—hence their utter want of loveliness. Now by this same test let us see whether Christ, in his nature and person, meets our consciousness of the essential features of the lovely; if so, he must to us be altogether lovely. What then is his nature—his person? The former is two-fold—the complete human and the divine; and the latter is the product of the harmonious union of the former; he possessed a perfect Divinity, was God, he and the Father being one; and an unfallen humanity, being like unto us, sin excepted; and hence his nature was endowed with all those infinite and holy attributes which belong to the divine nature on the one hand, and with all those lofty and refined features of primitive human nature, on the other; hence possessed of all that is lovely in the natural and spiritual world—in Heaven or upon earth. The same may be said of his *person*. He is the God-man, “the word made flesh.” Does not the conception of such a person bring before our moral sight all the inherent attributes of perfect loveliness? Unlike the gods of the Heathen, some of which rise no higher than the lizzard, the calf or the onion, the person of Christ rises not only superior to the native dignity of man, but includes all that is lovely in the adorable Trinity.

But he is altogether lovely in his official and private character. He is Prophet, Priest and King. Hence in his office as Saviour he carries with him the wisdom of prophecy, the holi-

ness and consecration of sacrifice, and the dignity, power, and glory of sovereignty. As a Prophet, he is "the light of the world"—"the day-spring from on high"—"the sun of righteousness." As a Priest, he gives himself a sacrifice, "without spot or blemish, holy and acceptable to God," for the redemption of a perishing world. As a King, he is the Prince of peace, ruling over us, guiding us by the still waters of life, and making us co-heirs with him to an everlasting inheritance. Hence all the loveliness attached to these relations belongs to him. The same may be said of his private social character. He is a friend that "sticketh closer than a brother." Sympathy for ruined man absorbed all his thoughts and became the grand impelling principle of his life. He was ever touched with a feeling of our infirmities; his sympathy for us was more than mere feeling; it produced self-denial, unspeakable suffering, infinite grace. Such was the extent of his love towards unworthy man, that he willingly, gladly laid down his life for us, and endured the unutterable agonies of the cross without a murmur. In all his trials and sorrows he breathed the tenderest emotions for those whom he loved. Like the sun that pours his splendor over countless millions, and irradiates every orb that revolves around him, so his sympathy extends to every heart, and casts a lovely calm over the gloom of life and the solitude of the grave. His bosom was the sanctuary of others' sorrows. He possessed a heart in which every tender and ennobling feeling found a home. Though himself destitute of even the necessities of life, without the consolations of a friend or the joys of a home, a lone wanderer through life, despised by the world, and forsaken by "his own;" yet for them he weeps, for the world he dies, for his enemies he prays. To the poor, the sick, the forlorn, and heavy laden, he is a benefactor, a physician, a friend, and a rest. He pours the balsam of Heaven into the bleeding heart; watches the sleepless agonies of death, and irradiates our expiring moments with the light of a promised immortality.

When he comes in contact with suffering humanity; when the heart, bursting with pungent agonies, seeks comfort through his sympathy, then it is that the depth and tenderness of his love are evinced by the readiness with which he administers the needed aid: Does he mingle with the blind, the lame and the deaf? their eyes are opened, their ears are unstopped, they are at once made whole. Does the penitent woman come up behind him for aid? no sooner is she known than she feels the joys of pardoned sin. Does a Mary sit at his feet, wash them with her

tears, and wipe them with her silken tresses? the "good part" she has thus chosen is made good unto her as an everlasting inheritance. Does he bend over the couch of the sick and dying and the dead? He stays the cold hand of death, and warms into life the fluid that froze in the heart. Does he stand over the grave of his friend Lazarus? He sheds upon it the tears of tenderest sympathy, and restores him to his disconsolate friends.—Does his aged mother gaze upon him while he languishes upon "the accursed tree?" He forgets his pangs, and appoints John her protector, "woman, behold thy son!" And even when hanging upon the cross, when his enemies thought he could no longer fulfil his mission of mercy upon earth,

"He poured salvation on a wretch,
That languished at his side."

Thus we see him throughout life lovely in all his feelings and in all his acts as a personal and private friend: Not even did his enemies escape his kindness: amid their bitterest persecution he sought every opportunity to do them good:

Assail'd by scandal and the tongue of strife,
His only answer was a blameless life;
And he that forg'd, and he that threw the dart,
Had each a *brother's interest in his heart.*"

But his loveliness shines brightest through the *agonies of the Cross!* Oh, if we wish to see Him *altogether* lovely we must take our seat as an humble penitent at the foot of the Cross: there every feature of his love stands forth to view:

"The Cross! oh, ravishment and bliss—
How grateful even its anguish is:
Its bitterness how sweet!
There every sense, and all the mind,
In all her faculties refined,
Taste happiness complete."

But who can conceive or describe the agonies of the Cross? The light that streams from it bewilders the soul. We can dwell with comparative calmness upon the first pages of sacred history: we can with some degree of pride muse over those pages which bear the record of our creation; we love to read the vivid descriptions of Paradise; we can even read the tragic scene of the fall and its consequent misery and degradation without many deep emotions of horror and of shame; we can study the records of God's retributions and denunciations against iniquity,—of the prophecies of a coming Saviour who shall take upon himself the iniquity of us all, without either

fearful apprehensions or lively gratitude: we can go to Bethlehem to admire and condemn the obscure birth of the Savior, and study his onward progress through opposition and sorrow, —pick up the hallowed truths which fell from his lips, without either sympathy or improvement: We can go with Him to Gethsemane, where in the midnight hour, he mused over the sufferings that were to follow, till the crimson sweat of his soul's agony gushed from every pore, stood in thick drops upon his brow, and fell in heavy clods to the ground, and there we can admire his self-sacrifice and dismiss the tragic scene with but a single tear: we can go with him to Pilate's hall, and read of his stripes, his betrayal, his mocking, and the unjust sentence that was passed upon him; yea, we can behold him as he wends his way up the hill of Golgotha, groaning and borne down beneath the ponderous cross; and with self-possession, pity his doom and frown upon the black stain which this malicious treatment brought upon humanity: But when we come to gaze upon the accursed tree, when we witness the bloody scenes of Calvary; when we hear the victim of the world's curse proclaimed the mighty conqueror, and when we learn that his curse was our blessing, his death was our life, that the sins which he bore were our sins, that the stripes which lacerated his back were the healing balm for our wounds; oh, it is then that man becomes overwhelmed with the mighty force that blazes upon his astonished sight: it is then that the mind becomes bewildered with the mysterious depths of redeeming love. Who can for a moment gaze and not be overcome with wonder, love and praise upon Jesus in dying agonies, "who, his own self, bore our sins, in his own body, on the tree; that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness.

"The Sun beheld it—no, the shocking scene
Drove back his chariot; midnight veiled his face:
Not such as this, not such as nature makes:
A midnight Nature shuddered to behold
A midnight new!—a dread eclipse (without
Opposing spheres) from her Creator's frown!
Sun! didst thou fly thy Maker's pain? or start
At the enormous load of human guilt
Which bowed his blessed head, overwhelmed his cross,
Made groan the centre, burst earth's marble womb
With pangs, strange pangs! delivered of her dead?
Hell howled; and Heaven that hour let fall a tear;
Heaven wept, that man might smile! Heaven bled
That man might never die!"

Sinner, raise your eyes to yonder bloody scene; see you not

that spectacle over which angels weep? hear you not those cries of anguish that mingle with the sound of ruffian laughter and cruel mockery? Tell me, who is it that hangs there,—that groans, bleeds and dies there.

“Is this the *Infinite*? 'Tis He,
My Saviour and my God!”

Yes, 'tis He whom you daily crucify afresh and put to an open shame. And *why* hangs he there? Why does he bleed and die there? For you!

“For you these pangs his soul assail,
For you this death is borne;
Your sins gave sharpness to the nail,
And pointed every thorn.”

Yes, ungrateful sinner, your sins pierced him; he carried them in his bosom; they tore his bleeding heart into pieces, and hung their agonizing victim on the accursed tree. There he hangs, a spectacle to laughing men—to weeping angels.—Shameful sight! And can you gaze upon it without emotions of gratitude and love? Can you see no *loveliness* in the voluntary sufferings and death which He there endured for you? Does no unspeakable charm for you linger around the spot upon which he bought you with his precious blood? Have you no heart to admire and appreciate an act of disinterested love, which secures for you a new creation, a title and meetness for Heaven, a “joy unspeakable and full of glory?” And with your eyes thus chained to that spectacle which exhibits the most complete view of Heaven's unmerited mercy and love, and can you not feel the truth and utter the beautiful language of the poet:

“On Calvary's hill my mourning eye discerns,
With faith's clear view, that spectacle, which wipes
Each tear away, and bids the heart exult.
There hangs the *Love of God*! there hangs of man
The *Ransomed*—there the *Merit*—there the *Cure*
Of human griefs—the Way, the Truth, the Life!”

And if such be the love and loveliness of Christ; if he is your ransom, your merit, your cure, the way, truth and life; should you not prefer Him above your chief joy? Should you not return that love, reflect that loveliness, employ that remedy? Can you pass by Calvary, and gaze upon the wondrous sight, and still remain unmoved? Have you no tears of sympathy, and gratitude? Will you despise his efforts to save you? Will you rush through his blood, amid his solicitations, to your eternal ruin?

“Wilt thou let Him bleed in vain,
Still to death thy Lord pursue;
Open all his wounds again,
And the shameful cross renew?”

Oh, remember that his cross is the centre of all your hopes and interests beyond time; it is your only support—your only enduring heritage; apart from it all things fade in their loveliness; there is no true glory, wealth or pleasure for man which does not begin and end at the cross. Will you take it up and follow Christ? You who are in the sweet morning of life, think not that the religion of Jesus will blast your hopes of future happiness; think not that early piety will crush the rising energies of your nature and nip the fair buds of promise: No! Your devotion to Christ, the consecration of your heart to Him who is “altogether lovely,” will give eternal freshness and beauty to all the ennobling features of youth: the bud of *piety* knows no fading in your heart, and death but opens it in eternal bloom. It is the most lovely of all human features, because it is the growth in the heart of Him who is “altogether lovely.” It is beautiful and lovely, whether it opens itself in the heart of childhood, or expands in the bosom of youth—whether it sheds its light upon the soul of manhood, or ripens upon the silvered brow of age. No chilly frost or burning sun can blight its beauty; it never fades, but will ever bloom in its loveliness while eternity shall last. Oh, then, seek this immortal plant—pluck this golden bud from the crimsoned soil of Calvary, and nourish it forever in your bosom. But do it *now*, while you have time and opportunity. “All things are now ready.” With open arms the Saviour is ready to receive you. None are rejected; there is “enough and to spare:”

“Room in the Saviour’s bleeding heart,
There *love* and *pity* meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.”

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THE GRAVE.

There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found:
They softly lie, and sweetly sleep—
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the wintry sky,
No more disturbs their calm repose
Than summer evenings latest sigh,
That shuts the rose!

TEMPTATIONS.

There are many temptations in the world to which people, yea, even good and well meaning people, are exposed. These come not from God, "For God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man;" nor are they intended for our real good and the happiness of our souls; but they come from the adversaries of God, and the enemies of our salvation, and have for their object nothing less than the ruin of the whole man—soul and body. The adversaries of God and the enemies of our souls are our own sinful and corrupt nature, sinful and wicked people by whom we are surrounded, and Satan, who, as a well skilled practitioner in this art, has a thousand ways and forms to present temptations in the most fascinating and successful manner. By these tempters men of every grade, of every relation, and of every class, as well as of every profession, and of every age, are tempted in a greater or less degree. Even the young, to whom this article is more particularly addressed, do not escape their attacks.

These are yet in the prime of life, full of vigor and activity, and, with but few exceptions, in blooming health, in which they can employ their minds, and spend their time, to the real advantage of both civil and religious society, by performing the duties obligatory upon them, toward God, toward themselves, and their fellow men.

These, too, (namely, the young,) are also, comparatively speaking, in their innocence, just passing, or have passed, from innocent childhood to blooming youth; or from blooming youth into the sphere of young men and young women. At this period of life they are, as we have said, comparatively speaking, in their innocence, for "The lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life," have not yet twined around them the cords of sin and snares of unrighteousness. Especially is this the case with such as have been blessed with christian parents, for christian parents always feel the responsibility of raising their offspring in a proper and Christian-like manner; and faithful to their solemn duty, they dedicate them in their earliest infancy to the triune God by their pious prayers, and use all the means of grace to preserve them from evil, to imbue them with a spirit of virtue, righteousness and vital godliness, and to implant such principles into their souls that will raise them to that true dignity for which they were called into existence by our kind Creator, and enable them to become useful members of society. If, after such training, and with truly noble

and christian principles implanted into their minds, all temptations could be removed and withheld, very few, we have reason to believe, would be led astray from the path of virtue and holiness.

It is here, too, when these principles are infusing, or have just been infused, into the youthful mind, that the time has come, when the world and society claims their intercourse, and they come forth from parental care, to a more public life, in which they are to put to practice what they hitherto have learned from their parents, or those in authority over them.

Here, too, is the eventful crisis which determines with thousands and thousands their weal or woe for time and eternity.—If, in this period of life, they continue in the right way, in the good old path that leads to happiness and heaven, their minds become more firm and steadfast in the things of God, and better qualified to resist surrounding evils, and to quench the fiery darts of the wicked one. Satan, the great adversary of God and our salvation, being well aware of this, and apprehensive that these souls might forever escape his hands, and his hellish designs, to make them his wretched companions in the Bottomless Pit, be eternally frustrated, seizes the time and opportunity in which he is most likely to succeed, namely: the time of youth, in which their minds are more wavering and unsettled. He knows, too, that if their minds can be drawn away from God and heavenly things at this time, and they be led to spend their youthful years in his service, that they are not so apt to leave his ranks in after life; for the habits acquired in youth will mostly stick till old age; and if in middle or old age people break loose from them, it is generally not because they feel an aversion to them, but because their constitutions and bodily strength compels them to desist. If Satan, therefore, can lead young people astray—if, by his temptations and ingenuity, he can induce them to acquire sinful habits, and to entertain worldly and impious thoughts and feelings, he feels himself pretty certain of final success.

By these temptations they become more and more estranged from God and their Saviour, Jesus Christ—the chains of sin around them become stronger and stronger, and in course of time they become so completely captivated by Satan and sin, that it is difficult to liberate themselves from its captivity, even if they wish so to do. The greatest difficulty, however, in tearing loose from Satan and his ranks, in middle-life or old age, consists in unwillingness to undertake the task. So fully do they become inured in the love of forbidden ways, and so

much carnal pleasure do they see and anticipate in the course they have pursued, that all the inducements of God's holy word, as well as the knockings and wooing of the holy Spirit at their hearts, are of no effect. Hence, an irreligious and wayward course will be persisted in, in which they assit to fill up the ranks of the wicked, and hasten themselves and others to the portals of hell and destruction. Of all this, the enemy of God and our souls is well aware. He, therefore, makes it his chief business to mislead the young by all kinds of temptations and allurements, and in this way to enlist them into his service, and seeks to secure them for his kingdom of darkness at the earliest and most appropriate time he can find.

These temptations and allurements are many and various, and are, as the apostle says, presented to the youthful mind "through the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life." "The lust of the flesh," as mentioned by the inspired man of God, is a deep and rapid stream of temptations, poured in upon the soul, and is sweeping millions and millions into the gulf of black despair. Unchaste and impure thoughts and feelings are stirred up in the mind, fostered in the heart, and then by Satan, through his emissaries, an opportunity is afforded to put into practice what the heart entertains. Thus thousands and thousands have been robbed of their innocence, honor and good character, and have been brought to ruin in body and soul. For with many it is the case, that if they have yielded to these temptations, and disgrace their character, they endeavor to hit upon some other crime, to conceal the first: or for shame-sake withdraw from decent society, to lead a dissolute and contemptible life; and in this way seek to cover one shameful action, with another one more shameful still, or take their refuge in such places and habits as decency forbids us to name. In this way many an amiable young man and young woman has been forever lost to all good society, and also to the kingdom of God. And who knows, my dear young reader, where these impure and unchaste thoughts and passions may carry you if you entertain and foster them in your heart? Who can tell where the stream of sad and soul-degrading consequences with which they are accompanied, will stop? If, therefore, you are tempted in this way, withstand the temptations; withstand them by directing your mind to the Saviour, Jesus Christ, in prayer to assist you to overcome. Think that it is the great adversary of God and your soul who is here, and is trying his skill in ruining your body and soul for time and eternity.

Another kind of temptation is, "The lusts of the eye." And

who is able to trace all these in their various ramifications?—The Devil is leading young people upon a high mountain, as it were, showing them in their imaginations, all the kingdoms of the world and their glory, and promises to give as much thereof as their hearts may desire, if they fall down and worship him. The homage he requires is not a tearing loose from the world and its vanities; not a crucifying of the flesh and all its lusts, but a cleaving to the world, a living as the world lives, and a musing on and striving after the things of time and sense.—Just put away, the Tempter will say, these religious notions, feelings and restrictions. Why should the heart be sad, and the mind gloomy? And why should you deny to your soul the joy and pleasure this world can afford? Just study the world, and find out in what you can enjoy it the most, and I will guarantee success. Look at the riches, the honor, the fame and enjoyments the world can give; how beautiful they shine, and how bright the prospects of working yourself in possession of them all.

By holding out before their eyes, these and similar things, thousands who have commenced to run well, are induced like Eve in the Garden, to stand and look on for a little while: and whilst doing so, the Prince of darkness is busily engaged in operating upon their minds and feelings, to stir up the thought: How good it must be to taste the sweets of this life, and to enjoy the pleasures I see. Filled with such thoughts and views, they are soon ready to leave the right, the good old way, to launch into the world, in one of its thousands ways that are opening before them, to enjoy what they have seen, and to realize the happiness they anticipate.

Let me tell you however, my dear young friend, that true and lasting happiness and enjoyment are not to be found in the things of this world. It is true, the devil and the world will promise you much: but they can give nothing, that is of real warmth to the soul. All the joy and pleasure they can afford, are but imaginary and momentary, and will leave a sharp sting behind. Be on your guard then: Watch and pray that you enter not into temptation.

There is however another channel of temptations, in which as many, and perhaps more than in any other way, are floating down to endless perdition. It is "the pride of life." In this trap, namely with pride, we may safely say, many a minister of the Gospel, judge on the bench, jurist at the bar, merchant behind the counter, mechanic in the shop, farmer in the field, wife and mother in the house, as well as the young, the thought-

less and the giddy of every class and sex are caught and urged to prepare for a great, an awful, and eternal fall, from which there is no recovery.

This stream sweeps not only the immoral, the contemptible and impolite, whose minds are wrought to such a pitch, that they do not regard either God or man: but also the moral, the polite, the amiable, and fashionable, of the higher as well as of the middle and lower classes of people. Yes, it takes not only such who make no pretension to christianity, and have no regard for the salvation of their souls: but also many professors of religion, and such as inquire with the rich young man in the Gospel; "Good master, what good thing shall I do, that I may have everlasting life." Many an one, will sit Sabbath after Sabbath in the house of God, under the droppings of the sanctuary, and with every returning communion season approach the Table of the Lord, that is moving along with the fashionable and the gay in the broad road to hell, as fast as time can bear them on.

Look, therefore, into your own heart and upon your own conduct; examine yourself well, and see whether there is any pride within you. If there is, banish it from your mind as soon as possible, and walk in humility and lowliness of heart before your God. If yet free from this sin, then remember the Tempter will sooner or later come and try your humility in some other way. But withstand—yes, withstand him manfully, in the power of God, and by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and he will flee from you, and leave your soul unhurt.

May God be with you, with all his rich, spiritual blessings, is the wish and prayer of your sincere friend in the Lord.

PARADISE, NORTH'D CO., PA.

D. G.

DANCING IS NOT REFINEMENT.

Childhood has its own loveliness and grace, which none of the borrowed tricks of art can improve. It would be better to send the dancing-master to the child, than the child to the master. The graces of youth and of maturer life are cultivated by intercourse with polished Christian society. It is refinement of feeling that produces genuine refinement of manner. It depends not upon the turn of the foot, its seat is in the heart, its revelation is the word of unpretending kindness, the act of soul-deep courtesy.

BEHIND THE AGE.

BY THE EDITOR.

With an old Geography of 1745, published in Germany, which we found on an old garret, we have amused ourselves richly. It is only fifteen years since we studied Geography, and we have frequently felt ourselves behind the age even in that short time, and have often been gently corrected in our boundaries and statistics, by some children who have thumbed the Atlas of later date; but surely if those who studied this geography were now alive they would feel as if the world had run away from them. Moreover, the man who wrote the book gives evidence that he was not himself *on the ground*. We fear some of our young readers will smile, at some of this learned man's *grand* mistakes.

In that part of the book which treats on America, we find the following information:

"This land lies towards the west, and truly so far that ships must sail at least 800 miles till they get there!" Louisiana is a province that lies by the side of Virginia!"—"Virginia lies by the side of Florida! Out of this Province the Europeans get the celebrated Virginia Tobacco."—"New Jersey, formerly called New Sweden, lies by the side of Virginia!"—"New Holland, now New York, lies *on the other side* of Maryland!" Get your atlas!

Though this is old, yet it will be new to those who have just "finished their education." It is evident that Louisiana is no more by the side of Florida; and Virginia has since showed strong "affinity for the north." New Jersey and Virginia have also dissolved partnership; and the German Geographer would have to look *in a curve* around the globe the other way before he could say in truth that New York lies on the other side of Maryland!

Let this remind us that there is progress around us, and that we ought to keep our eyes open, so that the world does not soon leave us behind—out of sight. We cannot stereotype our ideas, and then content ourselves to tell them over by rote.—If we do, we must not feel vexed if our children should smile at our simplicity. No; let us plant our feet firmly upon the Past, then battle in the earnest Present, and keep up with the glorious Future.

CHAPTER III.

THE WISDOM AND LOVE OF GOD,

In the destiny of Woman as expressed in Gen. 2: 18.

TRANSLATED BY REV. DR. B. C. WOLFE.

Anna had already an opportunity at home, in her father's house, of seeing how much of all that really contributes to the dignity and happiness of woman, was bound up in the destiny, which God himself, according to the testimony of the Bible, had appointed her. The wisdom and love, contained in those remarkable words, "It is not good for man to be alone; I will make an help-meet for him," were there fully revealed to her mind. Although God, in his goodness, had blessed the family with wealth, she saw her mother give her attention daily to every part of the household, so that nothing was overlooked, or unprovided for. In her solicitude to be useful, she sought also to assist her husband in his particular sphere, attending to many little things that would have taken up much of his precious time. Never, however, did her mother appear so truly amiable and excellent, as when, with self-sacrificing devotion, she gave herself to the care and education of her children; or sought by the sprightliness of her disposition to enliven the leisure hours of their father, and by her tender sympathy and kindness to chase away the clouds of care, which the business of life sometimes casts upon the brow. Thus, the picture of her mother, ever present to the mind of the observant daughter, was that of an angel of comfort and joy to the family; and the full realization of the divine object, contemplated in the mutual participation of the sexes in the blessing pronounced upon the first human pair in Paradise, gave to woman, in her estimation, a dignity superior to anything she could expect to enjoy in any other condition of life. This condition led her, already before her marriage, to endeavor with all earnestness to understand fully the meaning of those gracious words of the Creator, and to have the clearest possible conception of the whole compass of duties which flow from them. Especially did it appear to her as important for her sex, not only that they should be content, passively, to yield themselves to the station assigned them by their Maker; but that they should comprehend in its depth all that was dignifying and delightful in the connection.

It so happened, in the circle of some intelligent female friends, that she one day heard one of their number complain,

that the great Disposer of all things had assigned an inferior position to woman,—and that she was still more degraded by the selfishness and tyranny of man. In earnest and lively terms, she also remarked, that with the progressive development of humanity, the condition of the sex would be improved and become more free. In the more general acknowledgment of that which is divine, as bound up in the nature of mankind, the right of woman to a share in it, will also be confessed; and released from the prejudices of an earlier and less enlightened age, the sex, all along regarded as the weaker, and placed accordingly under the protection, and at the same time under the dominion of man, will at length attain to their just privileges. As authority for these anticipations, she introduced a writer of the present day, who, it appears, has exhibited great zeal for the elevation of woman from her present degraded state, and has presented some quite new ideas upon the relative condition of the two sexes.

It was Fanny, the Countess of Burgau, who uttered this complaint, and thought she had authority for so doing in the scriptures, which evidently assign to woman a servile position in relation to man. The very words which Moses makes use of, as expressive of the will of the Creator, indicates, as she supposed, this state of submission and inferiority; and reminded her of the mechanic or artist who had a servant at home to perform what he had forgotten or neglected, or thought, according to the lofty notions he had of himself, that it would degrade him to do.

My dear Fanny, asked Anna affectionately, do you mean those words, "I will make for him a help-meet?" Oh, there you proud perverse, little creature, you have done injustice to those glowing words, in having given them a sense entirely too low. The word help-meet means far more than a servant, although it does include the idea of an assistant. No artist would consider the boy that rubs his paints, and prepares his pallet as a help-meet in a production which fills the mind with admiration. Nor would the minister of State, engaged in his responsible duties, honor the clerk who merely transcribes and copies his despatches, with this title. A help-meet is one who takes a part in the whole business, and in the place and name of the principal, when he is absent, is authorized and qualified to attend to it. Thus the Prince may call his minister, who shares with him the whole care of the government, a "help-meet." In this sense, the wife also may be called the help-meet of her husband. She shares with him the whole business of

life—his whole destiny as a man. To this, the words “for him” seem especially to have reference. They show that she is to be “next to, and with him.” They indicate the most confidential and intimate relationship; such as exists between the minister and his prince, or the merchant and his clerk. Thus I find in these words nothing that furnishes any ground of complaint against man. On the contrary, we may console ourselves with the reflection, that we are partners with our husbands in the whole destiny of man, and help-meets for them in fulfilling it, as in like manner they also are for us.

It would all be very well, replied Mam’selle Burgau, if this was always really the case. But in fact, we often see inferiority on the part of woman, and you yourself, my dear Anna, notwithstanding your skilful, and for us, very favorable interpretation of the passage, have not been able to explain it away. You are compelled to acknowledge it, in both the comparisons you have made. The minister still is subordinate to the prince, and the clerk to the merchant; and so the help-meet, so long as marriage continues to be what it now is, will not be obliged long to enquire who is her lord and master. It will be very different with us as regards our state, when once we obtain the liberty, which my author demands for the sex.

Do not, I beseech you, jest upon a subject so intimately connected with the welfare of our whole life, remarked the modest Agatha Blumenstein, interrupting her in her discourse. It will be a very easy matter for us, and with us society at large in every sphere of life, to lose more than we gain in the liberty with which certain poetic spirits, or rather some wild enthusiasts, would invest us. That they might be as free and unrestrained as possible in their enjoyments, they would gladly, as it seems, subvert every existing institution. But even granting that a certain inferiority in woman is not to be denied, can it not be made to contribute to her true welfare, when it is demanded by her smaller measure of strength and skill? We must admit, that, were it not for the assistance, and protection of our husbands, we would often be in a bad case. If this is not to be denied, then we must expect the *protege* to be subordinate to the protector—the person provided for to the individual who provides. This results so necessarily from the nature of the case, that in marriage the relation is precisely reversed the moment the wife is superior in strength and sagacity to her husband. In that case the wife is the head, and the husband plays the part of the subordinate. But does this appear to be desirable? Would you esteem yourself fortunate in having a

husband whose place you would have to take in every thing, if you would keep the house from sinking, and the family from being unprovided for?

Certainly, I would desire no such thing, replied Fanny.— But if it was my lot to be united to such a man, I would try to avoid showing my superiority in a way that would be humiliating to him. I would regard it as due to his honor and mine, so to arrange all things that they would appear to be the result of our joint wills, and that everything took place in perfect harmony, and with equal freedom on the part of each. And do you not think, Agatha, that in this way the relation could be very comfortably sustained?

I could certainly admit it upon the supposition that the wife was possessed of an extraordinary measure of good sense, magnanimity, discretion and kindness, and the husband so much of good natured simplicity, that he would not notice his dependence. But the inferiority, notwithstanding, would still exist, only that the case would be reversed; and if you was able to conceal the poor figure your caricature husband would make in such a course, your respect for him would still be greatly weakened, and there would be too many instances in which your skill and judgment would be severely put to the test. I therefore maintain that the divine appointment is the wisest and best, and that any departure from it can only do harm.

It seems to me, said Anna, that Agatha is perfectly correct. The necessity and propriety of the divine arrangement are strikingly exhibited in domestic life. So soon as the nuptial benediction begins to put forth its blossoms in the family, its welfare demands that some one should appear as its head, and that so clearly and distinctly, that the children and domestics will know at once whose will is to regulate and control its affairs. It is altogether proper that the man, because of his superior physical and intellectual strength, should appear as the head of the family, and yet at the same time, he should carefully see to it that he is acknowledged to be such, out of pure love and affection. In the christian family, all veneration, and respect, and confidence, and love, and all obedience should be the effect of the impression, which the father's conduct and will, and the mother's example, make upon the minds of its members. The mother's example, in this respect, will be especially influential. The more she respects the authority of her husband, the more will it be respected by the children and members of the household. The appearance of submission, which the mother may be pleased to assume, is only a free-will


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offering for the welfare of the family, and far more an act of her free choice, than of subjection. She thus co-operates with her husband in promoting the harmony and happiness of the household, in placing herself intelligently, and with good will, under his authority.

I can readily grant this, said Fanny, not willing just at once to acknowledge herself overcome. If family life is the necessary result of the union of the two sexes, why then the authority of some head may be conducive to domestic comfort. But I very much desire to see the idea, of the freedom of both sexes, illustrated, and to have an answer to the questions, whether the establishment of a family is really included in the destiny of the two sexes; and whether marriage as it now exists, is really so necessary to the welfare of the race, as it is said to be; and whether our sex would not be greatly benefitted under some other arrangement, or by the total abrogation of the institution. I have met with the assertion that marriage is immoral; and indeed a very intelligent writer of our day maintains that it is a curse resting upon mankind that must be removed, if its free development is not to be greatly hindered.

As Fanny gave expression to these words, the venerable Waller entered the parlor, who always enjoyed himself in spending an hour in the society of the female friends of his daughter, and was always welcome, inasmuch as he knew well how to impart animation to their conversation, and was accustomed also to introduce something that was both interesting and instructive.

The sprightly Countess was very much pleased that he had come just at that time. Before him, whom she venerated as she did her own father, she was never reserved. She would not suffer herself to be deprived of the pleasure of handing him his tea, and then placing her chair beside him, she informed him of the topics of their conversation, and proposed to him the questions to which she had given expression when he entered the room.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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### COMMON SCHOOL LIBRARIES.

Some school districts are getting up Libraries in their school houses. What an excellent idea is this! How easy would it be for every school district to procure several hundred volumes of books, to be given out to the scholars. This is common in New York and in the New England States. It wants but some one to start it, and it will be done.



## ELIJAH'S INTERVIEW.

T. CAMPBELL.

On Horeb's rock the prophet stood—  
The Lord before him passed;  
A hurricane in angry mood  
Swept by him strong and fast;  
The forest fell before its force,  
The rocks were shivered in its course;  
God was not in the blast;  
'Twas but the whirlwind of his breath,  
Announcing danger, wreck and death.  
It ceased. The air grew mute—a cloud  
Come, muffling up the sun,  
When, through the mountain, deep and loud  
An earthquake thundered on;  
The frightened eagle sprang in air,  
The wolf ran howling from his lair—  
God was not in the storm;  
'Twas but the rolling of his car,  
The trampling of his steeds from far.  
'Twas still again—and nature stood  
And calmed her ruffled frame;  
When swift from heaven a fiery flood  
To earth devouring came;  
Down to the depth the ocean fled,—  
The sickening sun looked wan and dead;  
Yet God filled not the flame;  
'Twas but the terror of his eye  
That lightened through the troubled sky.  
At last a voice, all still and small,  
Rose sweetly on the ear;  
Yet rose so shrill and clear, that all  
In heaven and earth might hear,  
It spoke of peace, it spoke of love,  
It spoke as angels speak above;  
And God himself was there;  
For O! it was a *father's* voice,  
That bade the trembling heart rejoice.

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Bayle the great Sceptic, says "The Reformed Churches, which forbid dancing, cannot be sufficiently praised for it."—  
Hear that and blush, ye *pious* dancers!



## OUR BOOK TABLE.

POPULAR AMUSEMENTS: A Discourse delivered in the Evangelical Lutheran Church, Winchester, Va. By Rev. C. P. Krauth, A. M.

It seems the Author, in a Sermon, had made some strictures on dancing, circuses, shows, and such-like barbarous and childish things, in which some persons in this land still take delight. This created "no small about that way." In order to cure the uneasiness which so slight an allusion had created, the Rev. Author wisely concluded to give them a full chapter on the subject. This was philosophical. The only way to cure the vociferousness of those unsteady spirits, who are so sensitive when public sins are exposed and condemned, is to bear down stronger. When a wagon rattles, load it more heavily. Like the old man in the spelling-book, "if grass will not do, try what virtue there is in stones;" and, as in that case, it will have the desired effect. This discourse is plain, pungent and excellent. On another page a short extract will be found—we have marked others for future use.

FIRST CATALOGUE OF THE OFFICERS AND STUDENTS OF HEIDELBURG COLLEGE, for the year ending September 3d, 1851.

This is a new Institution, established in the city of Tiffin, Ohio. It seems to open with fair prospects. It has connected with it a number of Departments; and in this respect presents a somewhat original feature. We like the idea. These departments are as follows:

|                                                |   |   |   |   |   |          |
|------------------------------------------------|---|---|---|---|---|----------|
| 1. A Classical Department,                     | - | - | - | - | - | 4 years. |
| 2. A Preparatory Course,                       | - | - | - | - | - | 2 "      |
| 3. A "Teacher's Course," or Normal Department, | - | - | - | - | - | 3 "      |
| 4. A Scientific or English Course,             | - | - | - | - | - | 3 "      |
| 5. A Farmer's Course.                          | - | - | - | - | - | 3 "      |
| 6. A Female Department,                        | - | - | - | - | - |          |
| 6. A Theological Department.                   | - | - | - | - | - | 2½ "     |

All these courses include studies appropriate to their nature.

Total number of Students, 149.

Mr. Wm. Murray has again laid before us specimens from his stock of excellent books. We have said before, and desire to repeat, that Mr. M. keeps decidedly the *purest* stock of Books that we have met in any book store, in any place. Trash is not admitted to his shelves. Some book-sellers, like some rum-sellers, seem to think that it is no sin to them to sell if men are willing to buy; but if the age is to be improved, another sentiment must come to prevail—all men must sanctify their business by making it subservient to that which is good. And nothing certainly more affects society, for evil or for good, than the kind of books that are circulated. Book-sellers have a great responsibility—one bad book sold may pollute a whole neighborhood! We do not, however, intend to write an essay on this subject now, but only designed to announce the following books received from the above Store:

GEMS OF THOUGHT, by Thomas Wood.

SKETCHES OF CHURCH HISTORY, by Rev. James Wharey.

PRACTICE OF CHRISTIAN GRACES, by Rev. W. B. Hawkins.

MODERN INFIDELITY, by Rev. S. M. Schmucker, A. M.

All good books; some from the Boards of several Denominations. Mr. M. keeps the publications of the several Boards on hand, as well as those of the different Sabbath School Unions—all at City prices.



# THE GUARDIAN.

VOL. II.]

OCTOBER, 1851.

[NO. 10.]

## LINES ON FAITH.

(HEB. 11: 1—10.)

Faith! 'tis a precious gift,  
A leading grace I ween—  
The SUM of all we hope or seek,  
The SENSE of things not seen!

By IT the ancient chiefs—  
The faithful and the true,  
When wearied by a thousand griefs,  
And sorrows ever new—  
Each, leaning on this grace,  
A good report obtained;  
And, when their LIFE was fled apace,  
O'er death a triumph gained!

Thro' FAITH we understand  
That—Reason, O how shamed—  
Obedient each to God's command,  
The orb'd worlds were framed;  
And *hence* 'tis truly said,  
That objects far and near,  
Were not as by mechanics made  
Of things which *do appear*!

By FAITH did Abel bring  
A sacrifice *approved*,  
More precious than the gift of Cain,  
Who ne'er his Maker loved;  
By which he likewise gained  
A witness fair and good,  
That HE a righteous man was found,  
With God in favor stood!

By FAITH was Enoch spared  
The cruel pangs of death—  
Translated by the God of Grace,  
Nor yielding up his breath;  
For he—and oh! how blest—  
Had, ere from earth released,  
The cheering witness in his breast,  
His Maker that he pleased!

But when, of FAITH devoid,  
Proud mortals here below  
Approach the God of Holiness,  
'Tis all an empty show;  
For God, without *this* grace,  
We mortals cannot please,  
Since he, who comes to God, must feel  
God is—a God of Peace!

By FAITH did Noah—warned  
Of things not seen as yet,  
And moved by fear—prepare an ark,  
And *so* the danger met;  
By which the wicked world  
Was doomed to endless shame,  
And HE an heir of righteousness  
By faith in God became!

By FAITH, when he was called,  
Did Abraham depart,  
And so the voice of God obeyed  
The man of pious heart;  
Scarce knowing where to go,  
Yet ceased not to believe,  
That HE the bright inheritance  
Should afterward receive!

By FAITH sojourning lone,  
The country he surveyed—  
There dwelt a stranger with his Sons,  
The heirs of Promise made;  
For he a City sought,  
With basis firm and broad,  
Whose BUILDER is the Sovereign Lord,  
The ever-living God!

Faith! 'tis a precious gift,  
A leading grace I ween—  
The SUM of all we hope or seek,  
The SENSE of things not seen!

LEWISBURG, PA., Aug., 1851.

X. Y. Z.



## CHARITY—THE GREATEST OF ALL GRACES.

BY THE EDITOR.

I.—*Charity Suffereth long.* We must not be short, abrupt, or impatient at the insensibility or ingratitude of those for whose good we labor. We must bear long with the weak, the ignorant and the stubborn. If we are repelled, or misused, we must not be beat back or discouraged; we must persevere in doing them good even against their will. If they are high and mighty in their temporal position and advantages, we must bear their independent indifference, and even their contempt, with patience and meekness. If they are low and debased we must hope and labor long for their elevation. We must not suffer the beginnings of provocation or discouragement to enter our hearts.—Our love and labor must not be fitful but steady and persevering, hoping to the end. So does God “endure with much long-suffering the vessels of wrath fitted for destruction.” Rom. IX. 22. This is one of the fruits which the Spirit produces in the renewed heart. Gal. V. 22. So was Timothy exhorted to do: “be instant in season, and out of season; reprove, exhort with all long-suffering.” II Tim. IV. 2.

II.—*Charity is kind.* Kindness is that disposition of heart which delights to contribute to the happiness of others. To be kind we must not be stiff, distant or severe, but tender, gentle, mild, meek and benign in our approaches to others, and in our intercourse with them. We must be inwardly so disposed to do good that the very opportunity of exercising this disposition shall call forth a delightful glow of good nature, which, as it radiates in our looks, words, and actions, inspires the recipient of our favors with joy, and encourages him to approach us. In short, it enables us to fulfill the apostle’s injunctions. “With all lowliness and meekness, with long-suffering, forbearing one another in love.” Eph. 4; 2.

III.—*Charity envieth not.* Envy is to feel uneasiness, mortification and pain at the sight of superior excellence, reputation, or general better fortune in another; hence it leads also to dispositions and acts which lead to an attempt to depress and disparage others, and to the elevation of ourselves at their expense. This is confessedly one of the darkest among the passions. It cannot live, however, in the life and light of charity. Either in the case of our enemies or our friends we must not inwardly repine or grudge at their prosperity or better fortune; for we do not grudge at our own, and the law of love binds us



in this respect to treat them as we do ourselves. Their joy at their own advancement in temporal, intellectual and spiritual blessings must be our joy. Only when, instead of pain, we find a sincere joy in their promotion, are we in the pure sympathy of love with them. This seems a hard saying to our selfish nature, but it is a true one. Who can hear it? Where is the unregenerate man that does not rejoice more at his own prosperity than he does at that of another, and that does not even seek to advance himself indifferent to others, and even at the expense of others? "If ye have bitter envying and strife in your hearts, glory not, and lie not against the truth. This wisdom descendeth not from above, but is earthly, sensual, devilish. For where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work." James 3. 14. 15. 16.

IV.—*Charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.* Vaunting ourselves is to boast; and it manifests in us a desire by our deeds of love to others, to set ourselves out in prominence, in order that we may catch praise. It manifests a disposition to draw upon ourselves the glory which belongs only to God.—This concerns the springs or motives of our acts of love. It requires that they be not done to be seen of men, and praised of men, that our own pride may be fed. The luxury of doing good, and the sense that God is glorified must be our only reward. As the good tree shakes its fruits around it but is not conscious of it, so we must scatter our blessings while even the left hand does not know what the right hand is doing. Not only are we thus forbidden to blow our own trumpet, but not even a feeling of rising pride must be permitted to puff us up. The selfish desire to grow in the estimation and praise of those whom we bless by acts of love, if it has no higher end in view beyond itself, is here condemned as a sin against the law of pure charity. Oh! how we do make spots in all the feasts of our charities by the selfish afterthought of pleasant pride.—Rather ought we to feel humbled that the goodness of God has placed such unworthy creatures as we are, in circumstances where our fellow creatures can draw nigh to us for a blessing. Where the heart is right this will be the first and the deepest feeling that manifests itself. Our rising pride will be changed into pity for the low estate of those who must depend to some extent upon our kindness; and our boasting will be changed into gratitude to God, who not only blesses us, but who does it so richly that we ourselves may become a blessing to others.—What am I, exclaims the devout heart, that being myself dependent upon God, He should so overload me as to make others de-



pendent upon my own kindness ; thus adding to my other mercies that one also which arises from the ability of blessing those of my fellows whom God has seen fit to bless less than myself in order that they might be blest through me.

V.—*Charity doth not behave itself unseemly.* This requires us to shun everything rude and unmannerly in our intercourse with our fellow men. In our acts of benevolence we must not seek to make the recipients of our favor feel that they are dependent. There is a kind of giving which assumes the air and attitude of the herdsman, who is casting ears of corn to his brutes ! This is unseemly. In general, we must treat the persons, characters and feelings of others with courteousness, politeness, tenderness, civility and respect. We must not affect a bluntness that professes to despise the civilities of social life. See an example in the patriarch Abraham, who manifests the greatest politeness and humility towards those who draw towards his door as strangers who sought his hospitality : “When he saw them, he ran to meet them from the tent door, and *bow-ed himself toward the ground*, and said, My Lord, if now I have found favor in thy sight, pass not away, I pray thee, from thy servant : *Let a little water, I pray you, be fetched, and wash your feet, and rest yourselves under the tree : and I will fetch a morsel of bread, and comfort ye your hearts ; after that ye shall pass on : for therefore are ye come to your servant.*” —Gen. 18 : 2—5. So then they had come for a favor, and he knew it : but see what care he takes that they shall not feel it. He speaks to them as though he was the favored one —bows to them for the favor, asks their permission to do for them the very thing which they sought, and prays them not to withdraw until they have received what it is his privilege to give. Here is politeness. Here is a favor bestowed, which leaves room indeed for the feeling of gratitude in the hearts of those who receive the favor, but which tenderly takes away all the pain which is connected with a sense of dependence. He sends them away blest themselves, but feeling at the same time that they have given joy also to him who has blest them.

In our general intercourse the law of charity requires that we do not act unseemingly and out of place from the desire of showing an independent singularity, for this always interferes with the refined harmony of social intercourse. On the other hand, we must not deport ourselves with ridiculous extravagance in our compliments, and not seek to turn the sincere simplicity of social intercourse into overwrought and empty ceremonies. This is just as unseemly, for this turns politeness into a bare



performance. Our manners must be dignified and respectful, but not pompous—simple, but not rude. There is a lovely medium, which they whose hearts are right will find without rules. If sincere love dwell in the heart, it will exercise such a sweet control over all our outward acts, as to conform them to the strictest propriety, without any outward restraint. A heart full of grace is the best preventive against all unseemly behavior. Where there is love in the heart, there will be charity and grace in the act.

VI.—*Charity seeketh not her own.* Charity is the direct opposite of selfishness. We must not be like sponge which always absorbs, but like the sun which always radiates. We must not seek our temporal prosperity in such a manner as will not allow us also to have an equal regard for that of our fellow men. So also in seeking our spiritual welfare, we must have an equal eye on theirs. In our own we must always include the good of others. “Let no man seek his own, but every man another’s. 1 Cor. 10. 24. We are not to “please ourselves”; that is, when the choice is between securing our own pleasure, or the good of others, we are to choose to benefit others rather than please ourselves. “Let every one of us please his neighbor for his good to edification. For even Christ pleased not himself;” and He is our pattern in this as in all other respects. His example is a picture of charity.

“She lays her own advantage by,  
To seek her neighbor’s good :  
So God’s own Son came down to die,  
And bought our lives with blood.”

VI.—*Charity is not easily provoked.* We know that it takes a long time to break our hearts loose from one whom we have ardently loved. We do not easily yield to a separation. Now with the same tenacity must we cleave to all men; though they are ignorant, wayward, rude, ungrateful and even bitter, we must not easily give up the hope of gaining them, and of doing them good. We must not suffer our interest in them to be abated through their provocations.

Love suffers long with patient eye,  
Nor is provoked in haste ;  
She lets the present injury die,  
And long forgets the past.

Not until seven times, but until seventy times seven we must forgive them. In the Savior we have a living embodiment of charity.



“ Oh how benevolent and kind,  
 How mild!--how ready to forgive!  
 Be this the temper of our mind,  
 And this the rule by which we live.”

VIII.—*Charity thinketh no evil.* Our feelings naturally follow our thoughts; if, therefore, we begin to entertain and to revolve in our minds evil thoughts in regard to another, we will soon find that it is sapping the very foundation of our love to him. Evil and suspicious surmises, which perhaps have no other foundation but in our imaginations, will gradually interrupt the flow of our affections, and coldness will ensue. The natural heart is exceedingly prone to this. What we several times think *may* be true, we will next believe *is* true. ‘His motives may be wrong,—his professions may be empty;’—such, and many more thoughts of this kind will soon eat out the life of love where it exists feebly, or keep it out where it has not entered. This all must be avoided; for charity thinketh no evil. We must not invent or devise any evil interpretation in regard to any of the acts of others, “or reason on any particular act or word so as to *infer* evil from it.”

IX.—*Charity rejoiceth not in iniquity.* Do any but devils rejoice in iniquity? Alas! that it were not so. How few persons there are who have not made themselves merry with the sins of others. Of nearly all our public amusements it may in truth be said, that one party sins for the amusement of the rest. What are our theatres, circuses, shows, and all such network of hell, but places where spectators are diverted, not to say polluted, by those who are prostituting their time, talents and souls for gain in the service of such as love to be amused by the iniquity of others. It is the encouragement which such amusements receive which keeps them up in their course of self-ruin; and the example of one spectator is the guiding star of others in the same sin.

But again: do not some persons derive much of what they call their pleasures from the indulgence of their own passions,—envy, malice, revenge, and even clap their hands in joy over the gods of sense and sin, whom they serve. Some are sincerely glad at the downfall of others, whose iniquities have found them out and punished them. Even when their delight in the misfortunes of others is not direct and open, “is it not a frequent case, that persons who have received any kind of injury, and have forborne to avenge themselves, but, perhaps, have left it to God, when evil falls upon the sinner, do console themselves with what appears to them an evidence that God has



*avenged their quarrel*; and do at least secretly rejoice that the man is suffering for his misdeeds. Is not this in some sort "rejoicing in iniquity?" From all such unworthy feelings the law of love requires us to be entirely free.

Besides this, it is required of us to be so faithful to our fellow beings as in no way to encourage evil in them, by a smile of connivance. We must not neglect to reprove and correct their evils and errors out of a false respect to their feelings.—"Open rebuke is better than secret love. Faithful are the wounds of a friend; but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful." Prov. 27: 5, 6. This is a very difficult part of our duty, but faithlessness in it is a sin against the law of love. Though they like not the medicine, though the pain which it causes them may be unpleasant to us, and though we may incur their displeasure by administering it, yet we know it to be for their good, and hence we must not shrink from the duty. "Let the righteous smite me; it shall be a kindness: and let him reprove me: it shall be an excellent oil, which shall not break my head."—Ps. 141: 5.

X.—*Charity rejoiceth in the truth.* God is truth as well as love; to be one with Him in love requires a sacrifice at our hands. We must delight in it though it call us away from worldly pleasure and gain. We must not envy those who are more under its influence than we are ourselves; instead of producing jealousy it must awaken a spirit of zealous imitation. We must labor to the utmost extent of self-denial to spread the truth among others, and rejoice at its progress in the world through any instrumentality which God may see fit to use in publishing it.

Charity requires us to guard against receiving and entertaining false impressions in reference to others, which would have a tendency to hinder our love to them; and if such impressions have been made through the false reports of others, though we have believed them true, it must give us pleasure to receive any light which will remove these false impressions from our minds. In short, we must love truth sincerely, and delight in it supremely; and feel that we have nothing to lose in giving up any error which we may have entertained in reference to others.

XI.—*Charity beareth all things.* This word in the original has the sense of *containing* or *covering up* in our hearts that which would do only evil if made public. This is the sense which evidently belongs to the word in other places. See 1st Cor. 9: 12, and 1 Thess. 3: 1, 5, where the same word is used



It requires us to keep in silence what we know of our neighbor, if revealing it would sink him in the estimation of others, when we are sure that such silence will not expose others to injury. We must in this way, by charity, "cover the multitude of sins," which if uncovered would only beget other evils in endless increase. Sins that are bandied about, always leave a spot on those who handle them, hence they must be covered or concealed. This strongly condemns the conduct of those who take a delight in introducing the mistakes, weaknesses and sins of their fellows into the public talk of the neighborhood, so that evil disposed persons may feed their idle and malicious thoughts upon such uncharitable news. Sometimes this requires great self-denial, for there are cases when our own course of conduct might be relieved from the liability of being suspected as wrong, by the revelation of the hidden acts of others; but the law of charity requires us to bear such inconvenience, and deny ourselves the satisfaction of dispersing any supposed suspicion that may attach to ourselves in order to avert a greater evil from another. This is just what we would ask of others, and therefore we must do even so to them.

XII.—*Charity believeth all things.* Faith must always prevail over suspicion and distrust. We must believe our fellow man to be what he professes and seems, till we are forced by other evidence to change our minds. We must not first suspect him and then try him; but rather we must believe him innocent, and believe every thing which goes to prove him innocent, before we suffer any convictions of his guilt to arise. Our sympathies must be with him rather than with the witnesses. We must put the best possible construction upon his words and actions, and not believe anything that will implicate him except it is clear as truth. Even in civil law this rule of action is recognized; it considers all men innocent until they are proved guilty. Of it is beautifully said,

"She nor desires nor seeks to know,  
The scandals of the time."

Charity weighs everything and gives full force to that which tends to the advantage of the implicated one, and rejoices sincerely if it relieves him of guilt, or in the least leads to an extenuation of his conduct. Charity shuts up the mouth of the accuser and asks for the evidence.

"Malice and rage, those fires of hell,  
She quenches with her tongue;  
Hopes, and believes, and thinks no ill,  
Though she endure the wrong."



XIII.—*Charity hopeth all things.* This is a farther evolution of the idea mentioned. When we are induced by force of evidence to believe evil of others, according to the proof at hand, then we must still hope that there may be a way to explain the matter favorable to the person implicated, that we at present know not of—that there may be reasons for it lying back, which, if known, would tend in some degree to extenuate his guilt. “When there is no place left for *believing good* of a person; then love comes in with its *hope*, when it could not *work* by its *faith*; and it begins immediately to make allowances and excuses, as far as a good conscience can permit; and farther, anticipates the repentance of the transgressor; and his restoration to the good opinion of society.”

In our efforts to do good to others, we must hope for the best; and never suffer ourselves to be beat back with the idea that they are too stubborn, too ignorant, or too far gone, to be reached by our instrumentality. As long as they are out of hell there is hope, and we must attempt all lawful things for their recovery. It is this hope that, under God, will give proper energy to our efforts in their behalf.

XIV.—*Charity endureth all things.* Laboring for the good of others is a work of difficulty. Obstructions rise up before us, and hindrances press in upon us on all sides; but if we live in charity we will be borne up under them all, and always.—This kind of following Christ requires us to *bear* the cross. We must be willing to be made a laughing-stock if need be; we must be willing to be considered “mad,” and “beside ourselves,” “having a devil;” yea, we must be willing to endure “*all things*” for the good of our fellow men. If we shrink back at any scriptural demand which may be made upon our self-denial, we sin against the law of love.

XV.—*Charity never faileth.* It does not end. As it is not limited in *extent*, so also it is not limited in *time*. If it did end it would not be charity, but emotional impulse, a mere vaporing of false zeal. Charity, being but the extension to man of the same cord of love which unites us to God, is steady, constant, persevering and victorious. How can it fail or cease when it bears, believes, hopes and endures *all things*? This spirit we must exhibit. How different is this serene and deathless grace from the feverish and fitful impulses of the natural heart! How different from that inconstant and counterfeit passion which ebbs and flows, rises and falls, lives and dies, according to self-interest and caprice! Like God himself, from whose very essence it proceeds, it sits calmly enthroned above



all that is changeable in the human spirit. Like the Eternal Son, who is its brightest and purest manifestation, it dies, and yet dies not! in the service of man. Like the spirit who brings out of it all other graces, it hovers over a chaotic and fragmentary world, and creates order, harmony and beauty out of the ruins and divisions of sin. Like God's redeeming grace, it descends from heaven, changes man's disordered spirit into its own image, and rises to heaven again to shine where it shone at first.

"This is the grace that keeps her power  
In all the realms above;  
There faith and hope are known no more,  
But Saints for ever love."

### BE HONEST, YOUNG FRIENDS.

A few young men have acted very dishonestly in their dealings with the Guardian—some by removing without either giving notice or paying—some by receiving from 6 to 8 Nos., and then returning it without pay! This, however, applies to only a few; and we would not mention it, were it not that others may be tempted in the same way. We do not care particularly for a few Nos. of the Guardian, and have in many cases freely presented them to friends; but we do not wish that any young man, or old either, should *place the stain of a dishonest act upon his soul*, for the sake of a dollar, or even part of one! We have good subscribers, and do not in the least complain; and we are extremely sorry that but one young person, to whose good the Guardian is devoted, should thus dishonor himself, and be guilty of an act upon which he *must look back with pain*, and to the last day of his life think less of himself on account of it.

### GOOD WE MIGHT DO.

We all might do good, where we often do ill;  
There is always the way, if we have but the will:  
Though it be but a word, kindly breathed or supprest,  
It may guard off some pain, or give peace to some breast.

We all might do good in a thousand small ways—  
In forbearing to flatter, yet yielding due praise;  
In sparing ill humor, reproving wrong done,  
And treating but kindly each heart we have won.

We all might do good, whether lowly or great,  
For the deed is not gauged by the purse or estate;  
If it be but a cup of cold water that's given,  
Like "the widow's two mites," it is something for Heaven.



## CHAPTER III.

## THE WISDOM AND LOVE OF GOD,

In the destiny of Woman as expressed in Gen. 2: 18.

TRANSLATED BY REV. DR. B. C. WOLFE.

[CONCLUDED.]

You have been engaged in the discussion of important subjects, my young friends, remarked the benevolent Waller, in reply to Fanny; and, taking her hand, he immediately added, I am sorry that the literature of the day gives occasion to such good girls as you are to agitate questions of this kind. As the product of a fruitless pursuit of unfounded theories for the improvement of our race, they deserve in themselves no special attention. An enlightened understanding, accustomed to regard human life according to truth, will at once condemn them. But, those who originate and maintain these notions know so well how to present them in plausible and persuasive language, that many persons, unaccustomed to close thinking, especially young people of both sexes, are easily led to regard their eloquent representations as true. It cannot be denied that some of our modern writers have a beautiful style, and a fine command of language. They are able to construct the most pernicious argument, resting upon the falsest premises, and to cover and conceal it with such a deceitful drapery of truth, that the closest thinkers really have trouble in tracing the apparently consequential evolutions of a thought back to its proper ground, and there discern the rotten root from which it has sprung.

This is emphatically true of the new doctrines of marriage, which some of our modern writers are zealously spreading abroad in most deceitful language, in opposition to the views sanctioned by the Church and State. They pervert the proper idea, and they make that, which, according to the appointment of the Creator, has its ground in our corporeal nature, and which in its proper place he has sanctified, to be an act of the revelation of the divine in man. They speak in glowing terms of the divine significance of the union of two beings, brought about by irresistible attraction—to continue as long as the force of this attraction is felt, and to cease, and permit the parties to separate and again be free, as soon as it no longer exists. They never think, however, of enquiring, what is to become of the offspring of such a union. They are to be provided for in some imaginary condition of our race, or



by such means as the accidental circumstances of the case may present. They never think of the family, the State, or the education and perpetuation of mankind in a sacred, orderly way for the good of the whole.

It is a difficult matter, my dear young readers, to speak of these false notions of the day, in the presence of modest young ladies and matrons. An aged gentleman, to whom his hearers look up as possessed of paternal authority, and who, at the same time, will confine himself to the word of God, knowing that they also reverence it as divinely inspired, may still be able to do so, without offending the delicate sensibility of their minds. If you wish it, I will accordingly give you my thoughts upon the questions which Fanny has proposed. Every one expressed her desire to hear them, and Waller, in a kind and paternal tone, remarked:

Believe it, my dear young friends, as the experience of a life spent in wedlock by a man now approaching to hoary age, that marriage, maintained in the sense and spirit enjoined upon us in the Bible, and especially by Christianity, is the very institution, divinely appointed, which contributes most effectually to the true welfare of the parties themselves—to the family which proceeds from it, and to the State at large; and without which, in fact, a happy developement of household and social life is not to be thought of. All that is said against the obligation of the matrimonial contract, and the necessity of continuing to adhere to it whenever formed, even if one party should become alienated in feeling, must be laid not to the fault of God's arrangement, but to the violation of it—to sin. The same may be said of the complaint usually made against unhappy marriages and domestic strife. These have their origin, not in the divine institution, but in forgetting what it requires. God intended to make a help-meet for man, that would stand in the closest connexion with him, and at the same time make out the complement of his being. For this reason the creation of woman is so presented in the Bible, as strikingly to indicate this inwardness of connection and unity of existence, and as no other account of the sex could do. I am satisfied, my young pupils, that in reference to this statement of an inexplicable mystery, you will ask no questions of mere curiosity; but with proper respect for the word of God will seek to enquire no farther than to understand the profound thoughts it contains. In these you will be glad to perceive the high dignity they assign you. Woman was not taken immediately from the earth, as was man. She was taken from the man when he was in a



deep sleep, without his consciousness, or co-operation. As soon as he fixed his eyes upon her, she appeared to him as another self—"bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh." She was called woman because she was taken from the man; and because it expresses her natural feeling of being a part of the man, and of belonging to him—if I may use this language—and of the unity of their existence. This was the will of their Creator, and this will he expressed in those supplementary words: "Therefore shall a man leave his father and mother, and shall cleave unto his own wife, and they shall be one flesh."

The man in his union with the woman, as taken from and still belonging to him, appears at first in his totality, as the bearer of the blessing which God, in his creation, pronounced upon the human race. For this reason, every family takes the name of the father from whom it proceeds, and the mother appears as the proper complement, appointed and necessary to the realization of the benediction. It is in this way that marriage, as a divine institution, acquires that unquestionable character for sacredness and purity, which it never could have had as an unstable connexion, dissolvable at pleasure, and altogether dependent upon temporary attractions for the sake of sensual gratification. Nor is it without a deep meaning that the words which you read in the last verse of the second chapter of Genesis are supplied. Most forcibly were they intended to express the purity and blamelessness of the relation of the sexes in this ordinance, sanctified by their Creator. It is also to be remarked, in regard to this passage, as compared with other passages of the Bible, which speak of the sanctity and innocency of marriage, that it shows the perfect harmony and consistency of the testimony of divine inspiration upon the subject. According to every statement made to us in the Scriptures, there is nothing by any means immoral or impure in the matrimonial connexion, whilst every gratification of sensual desire, arising from the relation of the sexes, without the pale of this ordinance, is represented as defiling the body, which should be the temple of the Lord. Nothing less than a total misconception of the exalted dignity of man's nature, and the attempt to preserve the equilibrium between the flesh and the spirit, and thus remove the causes of humiliation, which so frequently proceed from the infirmities of the flesh, can mislead the apologists for such illicit gratifications, to deny the dualism in man, and by confounding his two natures, the sensual and spiritual, to try to give to the manifestations of the first a sort of æsthetic coloring, and to find in them the expression of



a divine life and of pure enjoyment. But in all this they forget that there lies in the very nature of the divine and spiritual, a perfect freedom from all connexion with the corporeal and carnal; and that we never can attain to the highest stage of moral improvement—never make our nearest possible approach to the divine nature, until we shall be released from the bonds of the flesh. It belongs essentially to that low stage of development upon which we rest in this life, that we shall still continue veiled in the flesh—that according to the divine arrangements, we shall one day be transplanted and exist out of the body, until finally the period of our highest perfection will arrive, when we will be like the angels, and become the children of God. Until then we bear, it is true, according to the spirit, the image of God; but only the image, not the essence. This difference, my young friends, is forgotten in our day, and we thus deify man, when we should much rather be glad and thankful that the divine image is reflected from our spiritual nature. We should never forget that this image is overshadowed and obscured by the earthly veil which is thrown over it. This covering belongs to the world, to our material existence, and carries in it the seeds of death. So long as the present stage of existence continues, this external covering must be renewed in the way appointed for this purpose by the positive ordinance of God. Accordingly, all those desires which spring from the relation of the sexes to each other, belong not to the divine, but to our earthly nature, and are morally pure, only so far as they maintain their harmony with the divine ordinance, and are regarded as the appointed means of fulfilling the divine purpose. Whenever our nature shall have overcome death, and by death shall be advanced to glorification, then will this necessary ordinance, intended for time, the period of our mortal existence, be done away, and the immortal spirit “will neither marry, nor be given in marriage.” During the continuance of that separate state, the difference of the sexes will cease, so far, at least, as in their intellectual and moral character, or in the employment and activity of the sexes, it partakes, in the land of retribution, of any thing that is transitive, changeable and transferrable.

But the very design of the Almighty, in the appointment, as it regards the sexes for the present life, and its relation to the life to come, dispels at once the dream of certain enthusiasts of our day. The product of the union of the two sexes is new beings like ourselves, and these are to be trained and educated for that higher life to which they are called. How is this



to be done, without a connexion concluded on the part of the parents, for the whole period of life? Shall this duty be left to be provided for in some contract which they may be pleased to make when they take it into their minds to separate? What slight security for their education would such an agreement as this afford! Or should the State, or society, as we may prefer to call it, undertake the duty? May we expect to be able, in foundling hospitals, to train an energetic, noble and virtuous generation for the State, and a truly pious people, united in faith and love, for the kingdom of God? Will the State find the means of providing all the child could enjoy in a happy, well-ordered christian family? You are profoundly sensible yourselves, young ladies, how much you owe to the influence of a happy, domestic life. Can you believe that you could have secured the same advantages in any other way?—If we consult history, we will find that family life, founded upon the sanctity of the marriage bond, has ever exerted the most benign influence upon the State and people. Do away with this, and the ruin which now threatens us, wherever the matrimonial tie is loosed, will soon overwhelm us. So utterly false are the arguments in favor of the desirableness of the abrogation of marriage, in its binding force, as at present acknowledged, notwithstanding the eloquence with which they are frequently set forth!

If we would now enter upon the question: what would be gained by the female sex, if marriage should cease to be, what it now is, according to our churchly conceptions; or if an emancipation, as it is called, of the female sex, should ever take place, we would soon be able to detect the delusions which lie at the ground of these silly conceits. It is thought that freedom would thereby be secured. But precisely by means of these temporary connexions, the duration of which is to depend entirely upon the continuance of their sensual inclinations, would woman be made the slave of man's liking or disliking—of his desire or of his loathing. And what would be her condition when once the attractions of youth and beauty were gone, and old age with its infirmities were at hand? What would then supply that fountain of affectionate solicitude and assistance, and of respectful attention, which has its source in marriage, and the associations of the family, sanctified by religion? You may think to impart something of sanctity to the free, unfettered union of the sexes, by a sort of poetic or æsthetic feeling, and in this way to invest it with a divine character. You may veil that which is properly sensual in a poetic drapery,



in order to conceal its low origin, but admitting that there is something real in this covering, will this poetic feeling be so enduring, that it will continue to be affectionate, kind, protective and supporting, even after the sources of its origin and sustenance have failed? Do not, I beseech you, deceive yourselves. The arrangement which the first pages of the Bible presents to us as divine, is assuredly the best for both sexes, and the only one in which the successful development of the social life of mankind is to be thought of at all. Christ has confirmed the arrangement; and if his Holy Spirit, in the language of his disciples, has placed the wife in subjection to her husband, He has nevertheless taken care to provide for her proper freedom and dignity in this, that he has made his own relation to the church, to be a figure of the relation subsisting between the husband and wife, and his love for the church to prefigure the love which they bear one for another. Does the christian church lose anything in having Christ to be its head? Does not the true life of its members consist in this, that with the head they constitute a whole, and are governed by it? And this whole, can it have any other will than that of its head?—Is not the liberty of the head the ground also of the liberty of the whole? If married persons will only regard themselves as belonging to each other, they will, as we may reasonably suppose, have but one will, and in this they will find their true interest to consist. That they try to promote this in one spirit, will be their proper freedom, at the same time, that it must be allowed to each to bring to the accomplishment of this object the free use of the faculties and means which each may personally possess. If, however, you forget those words so full of meaning: “They twain shall be one flesh,” it is perfectly natural that the personality of the one will be very much in the way of that of the other, and will frequently lead to confusion, and alienation and strife. It is only in forgetting the divine sentiments expressed in his creation, that man can bring himself selfishly to abuse his power, in placing woman in a position of subserviency to him, never contemplated in the divine mind, and that woman, necessarily appearing under such treatment, to be disjoined from her husband, must, at the same time, feel herself deprived of her proper liberty; whilst he, also, must wish for still greater independence. If, on the other hand, we continue to maintain that the husband and wife are one, as Christ and his Church are one, and thus can have only one will, and one aim; whilst, at the same time, each is allowed to make a free use of their peculiar faculties and powers, what a



fine field of enlarged activity is here opened to the mind and heart of woman! How much can she do already as daughter in the sphere of the family and social life? And when she is so happy as to become a wife and mother, what a wide field of holy activity extending far beyond the limits of life is here opened up! The Bible, and ancient and modern history, alike teach us how rich have been the results of the influence of good and faithful wives and mothers. The greatest men of earlier and later times would scarcely have become what they were, if their mothers had not contributed their part, in laying the foundation of their future moral and intellectual superiority.

Do you, then, my young friends, desire for your sex a higher position in any other sphere of activity? I think not. You all must acknowledge the wisdom and love of God, in his arrangement revealed to us in the Bible; and Mam'selle Burgan herself, with all her sprightliness of mind, has too much female delicacy and amiability of disposition, not to prefer the happy life of the family, to any other condition of life on earth.

In the light in which you present it, my venerable preceptor, replied Fanny, with a blush, I certainly must desire it above all others. I acknowledge myself convinced, and with you, my dear young friends, bless God that he has made us—not to be mistresses, as is now clear to my mind—but instruments of his most beneficent love to our race.

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### A PICTURE OF THE CIRCUS.

That we may have a complete picture, in a small compass, of the evils produced by these exhibitions, let us recall the history and effects of a single one of them. That great event among the idle and vicious population of our towns, the coming of a circus, is announced some time in advance by great lying handbills, setting forth a thousand attractions for the class they expect to reach. From this hour the excitement constantly grows. There is an increasing spirit of insubordination among the young, an impatience of restraint, an indisposition to attend to their books, or to perform any of their duties. Their minds are absorbed with the question, whether they can go.

When the time comes, the flood-gates of vice are thrown open, and an immense mass of depravity rolls together. Vice and deformity covered with rags, reeking with drunkenness and blasphemy, pour themselves along in numbers, whose existence we had not suspected, and whose lurking places we are hardly



able to assign. It is a grand rally of vagrancy—an opportunity which is given at no other time for the community to see how many must be living on it by begging and theft. The circus is the foul pool in which the leeches of society will be found swimming. The vicious and idle have come to make their appeal to their own class—not to minister to a healthful spirit of innocent mirth but to pander to base appetites. The wit of the ring is always low, often profane and indecent. Often has the arm of the law been called in to protect the most sacred interests of religion and morality from its ribald attacks. These flagitious men must make war upon what they know stands in the way of their gains. The most palliating estimate which can be made of the least offensive part of the spectacle they offer is, that it is ingenuity and agility without object or use—the display of powers which it demands years to acquire, and which are of no service, but tend to degrade and brutalize:

“The bootless labor of the thriftless mind.”

Licentiousness thinly veiled is offered to the minds of the young. The father permits his daughter to be taken where she will hear the vilest trash, and where vulgarity and indecency will be brought before her publicly, a tithe of which uttered in his own house would have caused the instant ejection of the offender.—There sits the daughter ashamed that she is there—feeling that it is no place for a Christian, but trying to keep herself in countenance by discovering professors of religion as thoughtless as herself. There, amidst the boisterous hootings and stampings of a crowd, who show that their own tastes have been suited only too well, sits a man, who, perhaps, has neglected some immediate duty of religion or his family to be present. He has sneaked to the place. He despises himself there—and like a man hastening from some base occupation, he will slink through alleys and by circuitous routes when it is over, to reach his home.

Who dare say that this is a place for a Christian—for a man who has professed to come forth from the world, to take the spotless Saviour as his guide, and who has appeared at his table? But if the Christian who is fortified by principle, and sworn to moral purity—if the minister of God cannot go there without shocking even a godless world—can those go with safety, in whose principles there is nothing to resist—in whose experience there is nothing to guard them from the thronging dangers of the place? Is the Circus the place for an immortal and responsible being—who may be hurried from it to the presence of his God?—*Rev. J. P. Krauth.*



## A BLIND STUDENT.

How often do we hear persons excusing themselves from the cultivation of their minds on the ground of the difficulties in the way.—We hope no one will again make this an excuse after reading the following sketch. Few, under the circumstances would have thought of anything but begging, or going to the poor house; and still fewer would have thought of rising to eminence in the ranks of science. But what will perseverance and industry not do? Let the young, who have two eyes, take a lesson from this wonderful example of the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties.—*Ed. Guardian.*

NICHOLAS SAUNDERSON was born at the village of Thurston, in Yorkshire, in 1682. He was only a year old when he was deprived by smallpox, not only of sight but even of his eyes themselves, which were destroyed by abscess. Yet it was probably to this apparent misfortune that Saunderson chiefly owed both a good education, and the leisure he enjoyed, from his earliest years, for the cultivation of his mind and the acquisition of knowledge. He was sent when very young to a free school at Penniston, in the neighborhood of his native place; and here, notwithstanding the mighty disadvantage under which it would seem that he must have contended with his school-fellows, he soon distinguished himself by his proficiency in Greek and Latin. It is to be regretted that we have no account of the mode of teaching that was adopted by his master in so singular a case, or the manner in which the poor boy contrived to pursue his studies in the absence of that sovereign organ to which the mind is wont to be chiefly indebted for knowledge.—Some one must have read the lesson to him, till his memory, strengthened by the habit and the necessity of exertion, had obtained complete possession of it, and the mind, as it were, had made a book for itself, which it could read without the assistance of the eye. At all events, it is certain that the progress he made in this part of his education was such as is not often equalled, even by those to whom nature has given all the ordinary means of study; for he acquired so great a familiarity with the Greek language, as to be in the habit of having the works written in it read to him, and he following the meaning of the author as if the composition had been in English, while he showed his perfect mastery over the Latin, on many occasions in the course of his life, by both dictating and speaking it with the utmost fluency and command of expression.

On being brought home from school, young Saunderson was



taught arithmetic by his father, and soon evinced as remarkable an aptitude for this new study as he had done for that of the ancient languages. A gentleman residing in the neighborhood of his native village gave him his first lessons in geometry; and he received additional instruction from other individuals, to whose notice his unfortunate situation and rare talents introduced him. But he soon got beyond all his masters, and left the most learned of them without anything more to teach him. He then pursued his studies for some time by himself, needing no other assistance than a good author and some one to read to him. It was in this way he made himself acquainted with the works of the old Greek mathematicians, Euclid, Archimedes, and Diophantus, which he had read to him in the original.

But he was still without a profession, or any apparent resource by which he might support himself through life, although he had already reached his twenty-fourth or twenty-fifth year. His own wish was to go to the University; but the circumstances of his father, who held a place in the excise, did not enable him to gratify this ambition. At last, however, it was resolved that he should proceed to Cambridge, not in the character of a student, but to open classes for teaching mathematics and natural philosophy. Accordingly, in the year 1707, he made his appearance in that University, under the protection of a friend, one of the fellows of Christ's College. That society, with great liberality, immediately allotted him a chamber, admitted him to the use of their library, and gave him every other accommodation they could for the prosecution of his studies. It is to be recorded, likewise, to the honor of the eccentric Whiston, who then held the Lucasian Professorship of Mathematics in the University (a chair in which he had succeeded Sir Isaac Newton, having been appointed at the express recommendation of that great man,) that on Saunderson opening classes to teach the same branches of science upon which he had been in the habit of reading lectures, he not only showed no jealousy of one whom a less generous mind might not unnaturally have regarded as a rival and intruder, but exerted himself, in every way in his power, to promote his success. Saunderson commenced his prelections with Newton's Optics.

The subject itself which Saunderson thus chose, independently of the manner in which he treated it, was well calculated to attract notice, few things seeming at first view more extraordinary than that a man, who had been blind almost from his birth, should be able to explain the phenomena and expound the doctrines of light. The disadvantage under which Saun-



derson laboured here, however, was merely that he did not know experimentally the peculiar nature of the sensations communicated by the organ of vision. There was nothing in this to prevent him from apprehending perfectly the laws of light; that it moves in straight lines; that it falls upon surfaces, and is reflected from them, at equal angles; that it is refracted, or has its course changed, on passing from one medium into another of different density; that rays of different colors are so refracted in different degrees; and the consequences to which these primary laws necessarily lead. He was not, it is true, able to see the rays, or, rather, to experience the sensation which they produce by falling upon the eye; but, knowing their direction, he could conceive them, or represent them by other lines, palpable to the sense of touch, which he did possess.— This latter was the way he generally took to make himself acquainted with any geometrical figure. He had a board, with a great number of holes in it at small and regular distances from each other; and on this he easily formed any diagram he wished to have before him, by merely fixing a few pins in the proper places, and extending a piece of twine over them to represent the lines. In this manner, we are told, he formed his figures more readily than another could with a pen and ink. On the same board he performed his calculations, by means of a very ingenious method of notation which he had contrived. The holes were separated into sets of nine, each set forming a square, having a hole at each corner, another at the middle point of each side, and one in the centre. It is obvious that, in such a figure, one pin placed at the centre might be made to stand in any one of eight different positions, with reference to another pin placed on the boundary line of the square; and each of these positions might represent, either to the eye or to the touch, a particular number, thus affording signs for eight of the digits. Saunderson used to employ a pin with a larger head for the central hole; so that even when it stood alone, it formed a symbol easily distinguishable from any other. Lastly, by using two large-headed pins in one of the positions, instead of one with a large and another with a small head, as usual, he formed a tenth mark, and so obtained representatives for the nine digits and the cipher; all the elementary characters required, as every one knows, in the common system of notation. Here, then, were evidently the means of performing any operation in arithmetic.

In a description of this contrivance which we have from the pen of Mr. Colson, Saunderson's successor at Cambridge, we



are assured that its inventor, in making use of it, "could place and displace his pins with incredible nimbleness and facility, much to the pleasure and surprise of all the beholders. He could even break off in the middle of a calculation, and resume it when he pleased, and could presently know the condition of it by only drawing his fingers gently over the table." But Saunderson was also wont to perform many long operations, both in arithmetic and algebra, solely by his powerful and admirably-disciplined memory. And his mind, after having once got possession of even a very complicated geometrical figure, would, without the aid of any palpable symbols, easily retain a perfect conception of all its parts, and reason upon it, or follow any demonstration of which it might be the subject, as accurately as if he had it all the while under his eye. It occasionally cost him some effort, it was remarked, to imprint upon his mind, in the first instance, a figure unusually intricate; but, when this was once done, all his difficulties were over.—He seems, indeed, to have made use of sensible representations chiefly in explaining the theorems of science to his pupils. In the print prefixed to his Algebra, he is represented discoursing upon the geographical and astronomical circles of the globe by the assistance of an armillary sphere constructed of wood.—His explanations were always remarkable for their simplicity and clearness; qualities which they derived, however, not from any tedious or unnecessary minuteness by which they were characterized, but from the skill and judgment with which he gave prominence to the really important points of his subject, and directed the attention of his hearers to the particulars most concerned in its elucidation.

His ability and success as a teacher continued and augmented that crowded attendance of pupils, which, in the first instance, he had owed perhaps principally to the mere curiosity of the public. Every succeeding University examination afforded additional evidence of the benefit derived from his prelections. His merits, consequently, were not long in being appreciated, both at Cambridge and among scientific men in general. He obtained the acquaintance of Sir Isaac Newton, his veneration for whom was repaid by that illustrious philosopher with so much regard, that when Whiston was expelled from his chair in 1711, Sir Isaac exerted himself with all his influence to obtain the vacant situation for Saunderson. On this occasion, too, the heads of colleges applied to the crown in his behalf, to issue a mandate for conferring upon him the degree of Master of Arts, as a necessary preliminary to his election; and



their request being complied with, he was appointed to the Professorship. From this time Saunderson gave himself up almost entirely to his pupils. Of his future history we need only relate that he married in 1723, and was created Doctor of Laws in 1728, on a visit of George II to the University, on which occasion he delivered a Latin oration of distinguished eloquence. He died in 1739, in the 57th year of his age.

His constant labors as a teacher had left him but little time to prepare any thing for the press. But an able and well-known treatise on Algebra, which he had employed his latter years in compiling, appeared in two volumes quarto the year after his death. With the exception of a work on Fluxions, and a Latin commentary on Sir Isaac Newton's "Principia," which were printed together several years afterward, none of the other papers left by this eminent mathematician have yet been given to the world.

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### LONG WINTER EVENINGS.

The long winter evenings are now commencing. What a pleasant leisure do they afford, especially for the young in the country. Even in towns, night-working is no more so common as it used to be. Were these long evenings employed for the improvement of the mind, as they might be, what splendid results would attend such a course. What acquirements in useful knowledge might be made in the course of a single winter! It is to be regretted that vain amusements are getting to be so common, especially in our larger towns; they have not only a tendency to draw the minds of the young from useful reading, but take away much of their money. Time was when young men could save something of their earnings towards a start in business, but devices to draw it from their pockets in small dribs, have become so constant and numerous as leave no time for any accumulation. But what is even money to one who is ignorant? It brings no satisfaction to the soul. Money remains behind at death, but wisdom, if sanctified, has a glorious history beyond the grave. The right use of leisure time has made many an one wise and great. We once knew a man who made it a rule to turn his attention to some one study each winter, confining himself principally to it; in this way he kept himself from wandering into vague generalities, and gradually extended his studies over different fields of science.—EDITOR.



## MARRIAGE AND MARRIAGE STATE.

Here are crumbs of wisdom for our young friends. They are to be taken one by one, and to be well digested. Every one will answer for a text from which a sermon may be preached to one's self in silence—but the preacher must also be sure to hear for himself, and not forget to make the application. We have taken them from an old odd volume, printed in 1813. ED. GUARDIAN.

A Wise man will choose a wife by his ears, and not by his eyes.

The ancients placed the statue of Venus by the statue of Mercury, to signify that the pleasures of matrimony chiefly consist in the pleasures of conversation.

If you would be happy, have but one woman in your mind; one friend in your bosom; and one faith in your heart.

As *Time* which strengthens *Friendship*, weakens *Love*, therefore man and wife should in their youth so live together as two friends, most cautious of offending each other, that when they grow old, their *Friendship* may improve as *Love* declines.

Men that marry for riches, may sometimes bring to their families insupportable mistresses.

Many marriages prove convenient and useful, but few delightful.

He that marries his superior in either birth or fortune, hath generally as many masters as she hath relations.

He that marrieth where he doth not love, will be apt to love where he doth not marry.

The reason why so few marriages are happy is, because young ladies spend their time in making NETS, and not in making CAGES.

Marriage enlarges the scene of our happiness and misery; the marriage of love is pleasant, the marriage of interest, easy, and a marriage where both meet, happy.

A happy marriage has in it all the pleasures of friendship, all the enjoyments of sense and reason, and indeed all the sweets of life.

Nothing is a greater mark of a degenerate and vicious age, than the common ridicule which passes on in this state of life. It is indeed only happy in those, who can look down with scorn or neglect on the impieties of the times, and tread the paths of life together in a constant, uniform course of virtue.

He that marries for riches is agreeably disappointed, if he meets with a good wife; but that unexpected happiness is seldom his lot.



He who gets a good husband for his daughter, hath gained a son ; and he who meets with a bad one, hath lost a daughter.

THEMISTOCLES being asked, how he would marry his daughter, whether to one of small fortune, but honest, or to one that was rich, but of an ill reputation ? made answer, "I had rather have a man without an estate, than have an estate without a man."

In marriage, prefer the person before wealth, virtue before beauty, and the mind before the body ; then you have a wife, a friend, and a companion.

A gloomy spirit in a husband, will swallow up a cheerful one in his wife.

Husbands are often jealous of their authority, and of consequence of women of wit.

Two persons, of tempers not comparatively bad, may be very unhappy, if they will be both out of humor at one time.

A prudent wife will conquer by yielding.

If the woman who has married a weak man, has but prudence enough to give him consequence before company, she will be able to manage him as she pleases.

The duty of a worthy wife will be founded in principle, not in tameness or servility.

The vices of a husband, call forth the virtues of a wife.

A wife can do no more than her duty by a husband who is not a savage.

There is another will, to which the most happily married woman must resign her own, or break her marriage vow.

The exasperated spirit of a meek man, is more to be apprehended, than the sudden gusts of anger of a passionate one.

A lively woman, who marries a man of inferior understanding, ought to be more careful of restraining her vivacity, than she need to be, if the difference were in his favor.

The woman who depreciates her husband, still more depreciates herself.

The woman who sets out regardless of her husband's displeasure, may make her petulance habitual to him, and live to rejoice in seeing him pleased with her.

If a woman would have the world respect her husband, she must set the example.

A woman cannot more effectually dishonor herself, than by exposing her husband.

When harmony reigns between a wedded pair, their very foibles will make them shine in every eye.

The tender and polite, yet discreet behaviour of a husband



to his wife in public, does as much credit to his own heart, as to her.

A good husband and a good wife are the world to each other.

An husband seldom cares to be convinced by a wife's arguments; the less, if he is jealous of the superiority of her understanding.

Discreet wives have sometimes neither ears nor eyes.

There is a kind of immorality in the public fondness of a married couple.

A man gives consequence to the woman he marries, and finds his own increased in the respect paid to her.

They who marry with convenience, and deal honestly with each other, are most likely to be happy in marriage.

A woman that has not prudence, should not marry a man of less understanding than herself.

A soft man and a saucy woman are best matched for happiness.

A prudent man in his settlement, will not put it out of his power with discretion to engage her gratitude by his generosity.

Those reconciliations between man and wife will be most durable, where the husband makes the advances.

Husbands and wives who live together in good understanding, give to strangers an almost unerring proof of the goodness of their hearts.

It is neither just, nor honest, to marry where there can be no love.

Invectives against marriage, are a reflection upon a man's own ancestors, and are more inexcusable in men of family, than in others.

A happy marriage is the highest state of friendship; it lessens our cares by dividing them, at the same time that it doubles our pleasures by mutual participation.

The duteous child, who to please her parents takes to her arms the man she loaths, makes his bed her grave.

An understanding husband makes a discreet wife; and she a happy husband.

He that weds in haste, repents often at leisure; and he that repents himself of his own act, either is or was a fool by confession.

Love once lost in the wedded state is seldom regained, especially on the side of the husband. In this, the men have greatly the advantage of women, from the superior restraint which custom hath laid on their sex.

Of all actions of a man's life, his marriage does least con-



cern other people, yet of all actions of our life, it is most meddled with by other people.

Expensive fashions and foreign luxury, by multiplying wants, are great obstacles to matrimony.

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## THE FLOWERS ARE DYING!

BY THE EDITOR.

What a difference between a flower in the Spring and a flower in Autumn! How different are our feelings when we behold them. They look so lonely now, as if they knew that they must shortly die. Their short summer-day glories are past, and in a short time they will become the play-things of the autumnal storm! They seem so forsaken, too. Few gaze at them as they did in spring-time, because their beauty has grown old. Few pluck them, because all the sweetness of their perfume has gone. There is a pensiveness in their appearance, which is pleasant only to the mourner. They remind us of the tomb—of the loved who faded like them! They tell us in silent eloquence that an autumn will come over all our earthly joys and hopes. They seem to say to youth and beauty: As a flower of the field so it flourisheth, the wind passeth over it, and it is gone! Hear how the Poet mourns:

'Tis the last rose of summer, left blooming alone;  
All her lovely companions are faded and gone;  
No flower of her kindred, no rose-bud is nigh,  
To reflect back her blushes, or give sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one! to pine on the stem;  
Since the lonely are sleeping, go, sleep thou with them;  
Thus kindly I scatter thy leaves o'er thy bed,  
Where thy mates of the garden lie scentless and dead.

So soon I may follow, when friendships decay,  
And from love's shining circle the gems drop away;  
When true hearts lie withered, and fond ones are flown,  
Oh! who would inhabit this bleak world alone.

How little do we heed the voice of exhortation and warning which speaks to us in every falling leaf and fading flower! We are dying daily, and yet we dream of many days to come.—How different would our feelings be, did we believe that *we* may fade and die even before the flower of autumn which blooms at our feet.



## CHRISTIAN JOY.

My soul was sickened within me, so I sought the dwelling place of Joy;  
And I met it not in laughter—I found it not in wealth or power;  
But I saw it in the pleasant home, where religion smiled upon content,  
And the satisfied ambition of the heart rejoiced in the favor of its God.

*Tupper.*

Infidels are in the habit frequently of representing Christianity as a gloomy religion, which robs its subjects of all joy, making them sullen and morose. If this were true, it would be a strong argument against religion; for man is a social being, endowed with a capacity for enjoyment, and whatever opposes this bent of man's nature must be in a great measure false. But the truth of the matter is just the opposite of all this. No greater libel can be uttered against Christianity than to affirm that it makes a man gloomy and unhappy. Indeed, the Christian religion is emphatically a religion of peace and joy; and it is the only religion that can lay claim to this character. From the first moment it was ushered into the world, it was *GLAD tidings*. That is just what the word Gospel means—*GOOD NEWS!* The angel of the Lord said to the Shepherds who were watching their flocks on the plains of Bethlehem: "Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day, in the City of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."—And the heavenly host sang in strains sublime: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." Was not this a message of joy and peace to guilty, rebel man? Christianity flows forth from the love of the ever-blessed God, and has for its object to lead man to present and eternal happiness.

But whence does the Christian's joy arise? It does not spring from the spirit of frivolity; but from the deepest earnestness and the most heart-felt repentance, and presupposes a state of sorrow and misery. By nature man is a child of wrath; nor has he anything to hope or expect at the hands of God, so long as he continues in this state, but frowns and displeasure, and eternal banishment from his august presence. It is only after the most thorough and genuine repentance that this joy can have place in the soul. Sorrow must precede joy—mourning must precede comfort. All hope and confidence in man, all trust in self, must be entirely given up before we can enter the portals of Christian joy.

But how different from all this is it in regard to the world-



ling's joy. This has its origin in the spirit of frivolity and light-mindedness—not recognizing God as the only fountain of all happiness, nor feeling the necessity of a repentance and self-renunciation—it rests on a *deception*. Under a splendid exterior a poison is concealed—a serpent is hid in the flower that is plucked, which will, sooner or later, strike deep its deadly fangs. There is a veil placed over the eyes of the votaries of pleasure; but the day will come when this veil must be torn away; if not in this life, or in the hour of death, then, certainly, in Eternity. And, oh! how terrible to have the spell of one's joys broken only in hell! Then there will be sorrow and anguish, without a ray of hope or of joy to come. How different is it with godly sorrow. From the bosom of this springs the consciousness of Christian salvation—the consciousness that God rules over us, and the Holy Spirit within us. Now the Christian freely leaves the world and all its empty joys behind, and casts his longing eyes to that better land, even the heavenly Canaan, where Christ dwells, at the right hand of God.

Let us now ask, what is the character of Christian joy? In the first place, it is a *spiritual* joy. In this respect it differs from worldly joy, which is of a sensual character, arising from eating and drinking, and from the gratification of the senses generally. Worldly joy must continually perish, with the circumstances and occasions which gave it birth, and with which it stands inseparably connected.

The Christian does not, like the Anchorite, reject all earthly joy; he can enjoy the beauties of nature—the green fields and the smiling meadows—as well as any one; aye, he is the only person that can enjoy them properly; but then he sees in them the revelation of the goodness of God, something of which the mere worldling has not the slightest apprehension. All earthly joy leads the Christian to God, and serves to call forth his gratitude and praise. On the other hand, earthly enjoyment serves rather to lead the sinner away from God, and make him more indifferent to the claims which He has upon him.

Again, the joy of the Christian is a *heavenly* joy. Worldly joy is connected with the world, and can never rise above it.—The worldling rejoices in the things of the world—its vanities and its pleasures. The Christian has earthly joys too, but then the earth is not their starting-point. His joys come from above, from the father of light; but as heaven is reflected in the earth, so, also, are heavenly joys reflected in earthly joys, and give them their proper character. The Christian looks upon nature in an entirely different light from the worldling. The



worldling substitutes and worships the creature instead of the "Creator, who is God over all, blessed forever." How many are there in our age who worship their gold and silver, their merchandise, their farms, their fine clothing, beauty, talents, &c., and make these their gods? So the ancient Greeks and Romans worshipped the objects of Nature, and, as a consequence, they finally sunk into the lowest debaucheries and the most disgusting vices. So it will ever be—to worship anything save God only *must* sink the soul.

Far otherwise is it with the joy of the child of God who looks upon nature in the light of the Gospel. He feels that in all things he is bound to give thanks to God; that whether he eats or drinks, or whatever he does, he is to do it all to the glory of God. Nature for him is vocal with the praise of God; he sees

"Books in brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

Spring is for him the symbol of the Spring of Joy in Christ.—In the mountains he sees the monuments of God's almighty power, pointing towards heaven, and directing his mind to God as the rock of his Salvation. So with every object in nature—all, all mirror forth to his mind the goodness of God, and expand his heart with gratitude and praise.

Another characteristic of the Christian's joy is the fact that it is *enduring*, whilst worldly joy is transitory—quickly passing away. Christian joy is for all times and all circumstances, and will find its completion only in eternity. It is eternal, as God himself, and lasting as the mind. There, too, it is constantly increasing, whilst worldly joy is ever on the decrease! The Christian's joy is increased according to the measure of faith which he possesses; if his faith be large, his joy will be large too. Amid the storms of adversity and the waters of tribulation, it stands firm and unshaken—death itself cannot move it; but no sooner does tribulation arise than worldly joy takes to itself wings and flies away, because it has no basis on which to rest. That the Christian is able to rejoice in the midst of the most excruciating sufferings is abundantly proved by the history of martyrs in all ages of the Church. Whilst the bloody axe of the executioner was suspended over their heads, or the flaming torch was about to be applied to the combustibles which surrounded their bodies, songs of praise and thanksgiving filled their lips. To them suffering and pain, even death itself, served only as occasions of joy and praise. How differently the sinner meets his death!—how he shudders at this



ghastly enemy! Then he would give millions for a moment of time!

“How shocking must thy summons be, oh death!

To him that is at ease in his possession.”

True, the Christian joy in this life is still imperfect; yet so far as it goes it is a *real* joy. His faith is weak, and, therefore, his joy is often interrupted. Then, too, sin still cleaves to the best of Christians, and where sin is in any degree present our joy must be incomplete. It is the character of sin to mar our peace and happiness. But the time will come when the joy of the Christian will be rendered perfect and complete. In heaven the dross will be removed, and the gold will shine in its native splendor. The joy of the Christian in heaven will immeasurably excel that which he had on earth, because no sorrow can enter there. His body will no longer be racked with pain and disease; he will no longer have to suffer from hunger or thirst, from sickness or want; pinching poverty, fire, pestilence or sword, can find no admittance there. He will not have to weep over the death of friends or relatives—a wife, a brother, a sister, or a beloved child. “And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.” Another reason for the Christian’s perfect happiness in heaven is the absence of sin. Here sin is mixed with all we do; it enters even into our most holy engagements, and is constantly marring our joy.—There sin and all its fearful consequences will be banished forever. No unholy thought or impure desire will there arise in the heart—he will be holy, even as God is holy. No temptations will assail him, either from within or from without.—“There the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.” But the grand reason why the Christian’s joy will be *complete* in heaven is, because God and his Christ are there.—The Christian will see God, face to face, and behold his matchless and resplendent glory. He will, also, see Christ, our “elder brother,” who took upon him our form and became man, like as we are, sin excepted. Oh, will not this be a source of joy! Are we delighted with the presence of an *earthly* friend, and shall we not be much more delighted with the presence of Jesus, our *heavenly* friend? There our communion with the Redeemer will no longer be interrupted; the flow of love between Christ and his people will be constant. The Saints shall be united into one perfect body, of which Christ is the head.—But what mortal tongue can describe the joys of heaven? Even



the pen of inspiration must fail in the task. The Apostle exclaims: "Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of any man, to conceive the things which God has prepared for them that love him." Who would not renounce the "pleasures of sin," which, at best, last only for a season, "for the joys of Heaven?" M. A. S.

LANDISVILLE, PA., Sept., 1851.

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### A NOVELIST DEAD!

"Our city was, on Tuesday morning last, thrown into profound regret by the announcement of the death of James Fennimore Cooper, the popular American Novelist."

The above is from a New York correspondent. In our mind it awakened feelings of regret and pity. A Novelist dead!—What did he live for? Whom did he benefit? How will he account to God for the use of his talents? Did he serve the world in the way God intended he should do? Such like thoughts passed through our mind after reading the above paragraph.

That Novels are, in their general influence, evil, is the judgment of all good men. Even where they are not positively immoral, they are nevertheless evil, in the same way as temperate drinking is evil; they beget a morbid taste; they unfit the mind for more sober and solid reading, and do surely and speedily lead to a taste for such as are corrupting—such as are more highly spiced with that which will tickle excited passions.

In estimating the evil of these publications we must also take into consideration the amount of time spent in reading them. Who can count the precious hours of a precious life—a life which hastens so fast to a close, a life, too, given for nobler purposes?—who can count the hours thus spent in vain, and even worse than in vain? Suppose one of these two-volumed novels to be read by 50,000 persons, each one taking two days for it, it would make an aggregate of 274 years! Thus one man may draw upon his useless productions an amount of precious time, which if put to good use, might be the cause of much joy on earth, and of much praise in heaven. We hesitate not to say, therefore, that he who spends his life in writing Novels, has entirely missed the true end of life, and has left the world worse than he found it. What a melancholy thought is it, that a talented man should thus prostitute his talents to a worse than useless end. Those who can find cause for tears at the close of a life which ends like a vapor, remind us of those women mentioned in the Bible, who "sat weeping for Tammuz!"—[Ed.]



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## THE LAND OF MY CHOICE.

BY PROFESSOR HENGSTENBERG.

[SELECTED.]

A distinguished man in a large city died. During his illness his friends had merely said that he was "a little unwell;" and a few moments before the death-stroke the doctor observed to the nurse, in a decorous whisper, "His appearance does not please me." The man himself had been so completely deceived, as to the fatal nature of his disease, that it was only when he felt the hand of death upon him, that he started, and said, "I believe I am dangerously sick." A moment after, with a sudden horror, the thought thrilled through his soul, "*Thou art dying.*" He struggled for a few moments—then all grew dark, and he sunk into an insensibility, which he supposed to be the commencement of annihilation. His friends stood horror-stricken and stupefied; and now, at length, they ventured to speak of his *death*.

\* \* \* \* \*

The night winds in the lonely church-yard sighed heavily over the fresh grave mound of the departed; and above it, wavering in the moonbeam, a shadowy form seemed slowly and gradually disengaging itself from the earth. It was the soul of the dead, now breaking itself loose from its earthly tenement, as the butterfly frees itself from its withered and useless shell.

"And am I then still living," sighed the departed, "and is there, what I never believed, a life after death? But how cold, how dreary is this solitude? Whither shall I go?" Here the cheerful voices of some travelers, who were passing by the grave yard into the city, struck upon his ears, and stretching his arms towards them, in an imploring tone, he besought them to take him with them into the city; but he perceived that they neither heard nor saw him.

"Ah! I see how it is," he said, "I am no longer able to hold communion with living men. I am forever separated from



the warm and breathing forms with whom I have hitherto lived. Whither then shall I go? Who will guide me in this cold and lonely world which I have entered?"

As he spoke these words an angel form swept downward from the skies and approached him; his figure was glorious, and his face marked with a strong, benevolent, yet somewhat sorrowful expression.

"Son of Adam," said he, "thy connection with life is over. Thy Creator has placed thee in the territory of the spiritual world. To what part of it dost thou desire to be led?"

At first the spirit seemed overawed by this address, but striving to recover himself, he replied—

"You treat me with more consideration than I had reason to expect, in the event of my coming into such a life as this. In my past existence, priests were wont to threaten hell and eternal torments to people of my habits of life and turn of thinking. I am now glad that I could see farther through the subject than they, and that I always treated their threats with contempt. But as you ask me whither I would go, I say, let me remain in this world, where are all the things in which I have ever had any interest."

"You forget," replied the angel, "that you can no longer hold any communion with men, or partake in any of their modes of life and enjoyment."

"Ah! too true," replied the dead, "I should be only a forlorn wanderer among the scenes of former pleasures; and could I reveal myself to my friends I should be only an object of terror. Well, take me then into the better land with you."

"The better land," replied the angel, seriously, "is large and wide. In my Father's house are many mansions. To which of these would you be led!"

"To the most perfect of all, good angel," replied the departed.

"The most perfect," replied the angel, "is where God unveils his face—where Jesus is surrounded by the spirits of the just, made perfect—where praises and hallelujahs to God and the Lamb are continually resounding."

The countenance of the departed expressed a feeling of ill-repressed disgust, as he answered—

"Is there no other place but that, good angel? I never liked to hear about Jesus Christ, and I am sure it would be very repugnant to my feelings to be anywhere in his presence; and as to all this psalm-singing and pietistic jargon, I always had the utmost contempt for it, and do not find the least disposition to conform to it now. But bring me into the society of intellec-



tual men, of philosophers and men of learning."

"There is no learning in this world but the study of God and Jesus, as seen in all the multiplied forms of creation. If it displeases you to hear of Jesus, there is nothing that you can investigate here with any pleasure, for in Him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge, and all things are by him, and for Him, and He is before all things, and by Him all things do consist."

"But then, if I cannot associate with your learned men," replied the departed, "bring me, at least, to the society of artists; for I have spent much of my life in the contemplation of the fine arts, and always found in them the greatest enjoyment. I think I am fitted for company of this sort."

"It is true there is such society here," replied the angel, "but the object of all art is to shadow forth, and express, by new images, the Divine beauty and grandeur, as it appears in all his works; but most of all as it is reflected from the face of Jesus Christ. If you can take an eternal delight in such exercises of the creative power, come with me."

"No, no," replied the dead, angrily, and shrinking back from the touch of the angel, "are these same ideas to haunt me every where? Take me to the society of the polite, the refined, the courteous; to such society, in short, as I have been accustomed to on earth."

"And what is refinement but purity?" replied the angel. "Those whom you seek, are these same ones, who stand with uncovered heart, beneath the eye of God, yet look up to his face without a fear; in whose bosom every passing thought may be read, yet not a blush rise to the cheek, or one shrinking feeling lead them to draw away from God, or each other. If, with unveiled heart, you too can be happy among these, ascend with me."

"For Heaven's sake, no," replied the dead, with a mixture of terror and anger. "What! have all *my* thoughts seen!—*my* heart forever unveiled!—a fine eternity that would be for me!" and he laughed in a bitter derisive tone. "You must know—you must see," he suddenly added, "how you mock me by presenting at every turn these same ideas. You know I always hated and disliked all these images and associations; my whole life has been an effort to keep them out of sight; and do you suppose I can change in a moment so as to take pleasure in them?"

"I only tell you what is," replied the angel, in a grave and steady tone, "and again I ask, if all these things displease you, whither would you go?"



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"Take me to those who feel and think as I do," rejoined the departed.

"You exile yourself from all good, in saying so," sighed the angel; nevertheless, come with me."

Then, as with broad wing the angel swept upward, they came near to a fair golden star, where might be seen forms of unearthly beauty passing to and fro; and as they passed, they seemed to be communing in an earnest and lovely manner, or singing hymns in a sweet, mild, full-hearted joyousness; and though there were many different voices, yet there was no discord, but all blended together in a calm and soothing harmony. But the spirit of the dead rebounded back from the sphere of the star, as by some natural repulsion, and passed downwards into a shadowy region. And now they drew near to another world, where were forms of men, walking slowly and conversing with each other, and ever and anon they looked upward with an earnest and imploring expression.

"In this world," said the angel, "are those who never fully in their life received the offer of the Gospel by Jesus, but who died with a longing after truth, and an undeveloped germ of good in their souls."

"Nay," said the dead, "this is not the place I am in quest of. I suppose here I should find an army of Churches and priests, all in array to make a proselyte of me. No, let me go where all these things are never heard of."

"Then go," replied the angel, "to thine own place;" and with these words the spirit of the departed sank to a gloomy region that lay far below. He then found himself joined by two ill-looking figures, one of whom, laying hold of him roughly, saluted him by a vile name, that reminded him of the sins of his youth.

"How is this?" he exclaimed. "Where am I now? Are there no laws here!—no police to protect me from abuse?"

The angel from above answered, "That police which you found so convenient in the world you have forsaken, owed all its efficiency to that moral sentiment inspired by the religion of Christ, which you say you always despised. You wished to be where nothing of the sort existed, and your wish is granted.—This is a world where no relic of any of those restraints, which come from God in any shape remain—where there is no trace of any kind of virtue that had its origin in His laws and institutions. All that can be expected from the association of the ungodly and profane—the haters of God, you will find here;

but look not for security, rest or peace of mind in such society. These only are to be had among the friends of God."

Then the face of the dead man grew dark with anger and blasphemy, as he bitterly replied :

"I see now how it is, thou most holy, most virtuous, most devout son of God, thou most excellent preacher of righteousness. I am in the so-called regions of hell; *this* is what I am to understand; and call you this the land of my choice—this gloomy and sterile desert, where not one flower can unfold?—Such a residence is contrary to my taste, and therefore contrary to justice."

"Nay," replied the angel, "is not it meet that the beautiful mansions of my Father's house should be inhabited by His children, who love His presence and enjoy His smile? Because thou canst not bear Him and them; because all that thou findest there is disgusting and painful to thee, therefore it is that thou art compelled to seek this outer darkness. According to the character of the soul, so doth the material world form itself around it. Around the pure and peaceful spirit, pure and peaceful skies arise; around the lovely and the good, forms of loveliness and beauty are constantly springing; but around the dark-minded, and impure, and passionate, dark and stormy clouds forever arise; for the world without must forever image the world within. Such is the immutable law; and does it not seem to thee to be just?"

"It may be so," murmured the dead, angrily, "but these vile forms around me, are these my equals?"

"They are so," replied the angel. "He who first addressed you was indeed a low and coarse voluptuary; thou wast a polished and refined one; but still ye were both of the same order; and the artificial distinctions which separated you in yonder world, no longer exist."

"And how long," rejoined the spirit, angrily, "is this to be my residence?"

"Till thou canst love God, whom thou now hatest; till thou canst fall in repentance and submission at the feet of Jesus; till thy heart beats with the heart of the blessed—not till then."

"Till then!" rejoins the dead man; "*I* love God!—*I* ask forgiveness from Jesus? Never! never! never! Outer darkness, eternal storm—eternal fire were better than that. Here I shall, at least, have one comfort—to hate and despise, and

hold them in utter contempt forever. I be subdued! no, never!"

"No, never!" responded the angel, in a tone that thrilled through that dark region. "No, never! Thou hast spoken it!"—AMEN.

WHAT IS MY WORK?

Such are the arrangements of Divine Providence, that all men everywhere have their appropriate stations assigned them. Each one has some particular place to fill—some particular work to perform—some particular duty imposed. In short, to each one of us there is allotted some particular sphere in which it is our duty and privilege to move, and in the cheerful performance of those duties our happiness will chiefly consist. The important question therefore arises, how shall I know "*what is my work?*"

In determining this question all the circumstances by which we are surrounded must be taken into consideration. Sometimes it may be very difficult to decide the case with any degree of certainty. Our circumstances may be of such a nature as to render it extremely embarrassing to say positively what is the precise course of duty indicated by Providence. Many things may contribute to this difficulty. As a general thing, however, we may regard the following items as constituting at least strong presumptive evidences of duty:

1st. Our general habit or bent of mind. Every occupation has its own appropriate duties which require a peculiar taste corresponding in some measure at least with the nature of the work to be performed. Thus each separate sphere of life appears to call for a particular kind of talents; and so to meet this endless variety of occupation, and suitably to provide for every possible exigency arising in society, God has wisely endowed us with an equally great diversity of tastes and predilections: and as no one individual can fill all the various callings, so neither could all the men in the world meet the numerous requirements of society, did not a wise and gracious Providence incline individuals to these several callings. Here then we have not only an evidence of God's infinite wisdom and goodness, but likewise a very safe guide in making choice of a profession for life. By means of this peculiar instinct, if it may be so termed, we are naturally led to choose from among the great number and variety of oc-

cupations that which seems most congenial to our feelings—wears the most pleasing aspect in our view, or falls in most naturally with our inclinations. Sometimes indeed the judgment becomes early perverted from a want of proper training and the presence of other unfavorable circumstances, and so the choice of a profession would seem to rest not so much on a natural or constitutional bias as on an acquired perverted state of the minds; and hence the young and inexperienced should always pay due deference to the maturer judgment and more extensive experience of their parents and superiors. But it is equally true and important that parents and guardians should have a proper regard for the taste and general inclination of their children and wards in the selection of a calling for life. The ultimate decision should always rest on such a natural bias as we have attempted to indicate.

2dly. The general train of circumstances which characterize our early history should be taken into account. We come not into the world by mere chance or arbitrarily. Such an opinion is utterly at variance with the word of God. All the circumstances under which we enter the world, and equally so all the diversified relations under which our life is subsequently unfolded are of divine appointment and have a necessary connection with our duty as well as our happiness for time and eternity.—God wisely places us in such or such circumstances, and these should accordingly to a very great extent control our sentiments and actions and influence us in every important undertaking.—But here precisely there is need for discretion. As a general thing it is undoubtedly true that circumstances determine our duty; but this can hold good only relatively and not absolutely. Regard must always be had to the nature of the thing which claims our attention as well as the circumstances, under which our attention may be challenged. The thing must be right.—One fact or set of facts can never make others right or render them lawful if in their own nature they be wrong; so likewise our present circumstances cannot warrant us to determine on a future course of action unless this be in its own nature right and lawful.

Circumstances then should be taken into serious account, but cannot of themselves determine whether a thing be duty for us or not. This depends equally on other things which are required to be present in the final decision of the question.

3dly. Special providences should also be duly considered.—God's ordinary course of action with regard to us determines our duty in a general way; but in addition to these general in-

indications of providence, special divine interpositions will frequently occur to attract the notice of the attentive observer, all of which form so many finger-boards to point out to us the way of duty. But here again we are required to exercise due discretion. Not every occurrence forms such an indication. Frequently too we are tempted to distort things—either diminishing or magnifying their real importance so as to hide the true nature of the occurrence from our own and others' view by the fanciful drapery which a lively imagination throws around it. Such delusions are very common and require us to exercise our discrimination. Especially great are these dangers in matters of religion, and here accordingly we have need to observe the greatest caution. Things of apparently greater importance may possibly be only the suggestions of our own fancies, whilst yet they may, even to the most sober and seriously disposed, appear to wear great plausibility of being really indications of Providence. Perplexing as these things seem to be, we need not despair, for God has promised us his providence. All who sincerely seek his aid, shall find it. "The meek will he guide in the way," and "to the upright light ariseth in the darkness."

4thly. Divine guidance, as already intimated, is of the very highest importance; and hence the duty of prayer as a last and indispensable means for determining what God wishes us to do. Without the divine blessing, even the most agreeable calling will become burdensome, frequently involving us in doubt and perplexity. If we are compelled to attend to any business without knowing that we are just where God wants us to be, and engaged in the very work in which God designed we should be engaged, we may indeed be successful, but cannot be happy. Happiness essentially depends on the conviction that God regards us with favor, and is ready to afford us his aid in every emergency. Without this assurance, we must necessarily be thrown into a state of mind exceedingly embarrassing by every occurrence which does not fall in with our previously concerted plans. "Whatsoever is not of faith," saith the Apostle, "is sin," which universally brings with it a share of suffering. Hence the importance of seeking divine direction in the choice of profession for life. No duty could be more pressing here than that of prayer. None could be thought of more indispensable to a proper selection of a calling; "therefore whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do it all to the glory of God."

These suggestions have been thrown out with a view to assist the sincere and humble in determining the path of duty, as

indicated by their own habits of mind—their circumstances—and the course of providence with regard to them, both general and special. On a future occasion we shall refer to some particular duties in reference to which we wish our young readers to make a practical application of the above principles. In the mean time, let them seriously ponder the suggestions presented, and endeavor to act accordingly in whatever circumstances they may chance to be placed. “Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended, but this one thing I do—forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, and press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. Let us, therefore, as many as be perfect, be thus minded; and if in anything ye be otherwise minded, God shall reveal even this unto you. Nevertheless, whereunto we have already attained, let us walk by the same rule, let us mind the same thing.”

LEWISBURG, PA., Oct., 1851.

X. Y. Z.

A REQUIEM.

(Written on the death of DANIEL, son of Daniel and Margaret Corr. Sec. 35, Cen. O. Railroad. Died September 17, 1851, aged 7 mos, and 20 days.)

Gently! how gently! departed his breath,
 No anguish or grief pervading his breast;
 Sweetly! how sweetly! he slumbers in death,
 Wearing the smile of the pure and the blest.

Softly! tread softly! where shrouded he lies,
 Lowly rehearsing the joys that have fled;
 Calmly! breathe calmly! affection's fond sigh,
 As solemnly tolls the knell of the dead!

Stilly! oh, stilly! the bier moves apace—
 Slowly descends the corpse to the tomb;
 Sweetly! how sweetly! Death's slumber's embrace,
 'Neath flowers of light that o'er him shall bloom.

Humbly! oh, humbly! then yield the caress'd—
 Banish all sorrow—O breathe not a sigh!
 His spirit has gone to the home of the blest,
 And seraphs are singing his *requiem* on high!

September, 1851.

CEPHAS.

WOMAN.

FROM AN OLD BOOK.

Give ear, fair daughter of love, to the instructions of Prudence, and let the precept of truth sink deep in thy heart; so shall the charms of thy mind add lustre to the elegance of thy form; and thy beauty like the rose it resembleth, shall retain its sweetness when its bloom is withered.

In the spring of thy youth, in the morning of thy days, when the eyes of men gaze on thee with delight, and nature whispereth in thine ear the meaning of their looks; ah! hear with caution their seducing words; guard well thy heart, nor listen to their soft persuasions.

Who is she that winneth the heart of man, that subdueth him to love, and reigneth in his breast.

Lo! yonder she walketh in maiden sweetness, with innocence in her mind, and modesty on her cheek.

Her hand seeketh employment; her foot delighteth not in gadding abroad.

She is clothed with neatness; she is fed with temperance; humility and meekness are as a crown of glory encircling her head.

On her tongue dwelleth music; the sweetness of honey floweth from her lips.

Decency is in all her words; in her answers are mildness and truth.

Submission and obedience are the lessons of her life; and peace and happiness are her reward.

Before her steps walketh prudence, and virtue attendeth at her right hand.

Her eye speaketh softness and love; but discretion with a sceptre sitteth on her brow.

The tongue of the licentious is dumb in her presence; the awe of her virtue keepeth him silent.

When scandal is busy, and the fame of her neighbor is tossed from tongue to tongue: if charity and good nature open not her mouth, the finger of silence resteth on her lip.

Her breast is the mansion of goodness; and therefore she suspecteth no evil in others.

Happy is the man that hath made her his wife; happy is the child that calleth her mother.

She presideth in the house, and there is peace; she commandeth with judgment and is obeyed.


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She ariseth in the morning; she considers her affairs; and appointeth to every one their proper business.

The care of her family is her whole delight; to that alone she applieth all her study: and elegance with frugality is seen in her mansions.

The prudence of her management is an honour to her husband, and he heareth her praise with a secret delight.

She informeth the minds of her children with wisdom; she fashioneth their manners from the example of her own goodness.

The word of her mouth is the law of their youth: the motion of her eye commandeth their obedience.

She speaketh, and her servants fly; she pointeth and the thing is done; for the law of love is in their hearts; and her kindness addeth wings to their feet.

In prosperity she is not puffed up; in adversity she healeth the wounds of fortune with patience.

The troubles of her husband are alleviated by her counsels, and sweetened by her endearments: he putteth his heart in her bosom, and receiveth comfort.

Happy is the man that hath made her his wife: happy the child that calleth her mother.

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### INDIAN SUMMER.

We remember that once, in a company, the question arose, Why the few days of pleasant weather, which is generally enjoyed in November, is called the Indian Summer? No one could answer the question. We afterwards searched in such books as we supposed would make mention of it—but in vain. Having lately found a key to the inquiry, we give it here for the information of our young friends.

“The aged have given it as their tradition, that the Indians, long aware of such an annual return of pleasant days, were accustomed to say, ‘They always had a second summer of nine days just before the winter set in.’ From this cause, it was said, the white inhabitants, in early times, called it the ‘Indian Summer.’ It was the favorite time, it is said, of the Indian harvest, when they looked to gather in their corn.”

It is said that this short season of mild weather was formerly much more manifest than of later years. If we mistake not, the oldest persons now living will remember the time when this Indian summer was much more like a little summer than it is now. Philosophers may give the reason of this. ED.



[From Watson's Annals.]

## THE POST.

"He comes! the herald of a noisy world;  
News from all nations, lumb'ring at his back!"

There is nothing in which the days of "Auld Lang Syne" more differ from the present, than in the astonishing facilities now afforded for rapid conveyances from place to place, and, of course, in the quick delivery of communications by the mail. Before the year 1755, five or six weeks were consumed in writing to and receiving an answer from Boston. All the letters were conveyed on horseback, at a snail-pace gait—slow, but sure. The first stage between Boston and New York commenced on the 24th of June, 1772, to run once a fortnight, as "a useful, new, and expensive undertaking;" "to start on the 13th, and to arrive either to or from either of those places on the 25th,"—thus making thirteen days of travel!\* Now, it travels the same distance in fourteen hours! The first stage between New York and Philadelphia, begun in 1756, occupied three days, and now it accomplishes it in six hours!

Nor are those former prolonged movements peculiar to us.—It was even so with our British ancestors, not very long before us! We have a specimen of their sluggish doings in this matter, as late as the year 1712. "The New Castle Courant" of that year contains a stage advertisement, saying that "all who desire to pass from Edinboro' to London, or from London to Edinboro', let them repair to Mr. John Baillie's, &c., every other Saturday and Monday, at both of which places they may be received in a stage coach, which performs the whole journey in thirteen days, without stoppage, (if God permits,) having eighty able horses to perform the whole stage." Now the same distance is performed in forty-six hours! On the whole, it is manifest the whole civilized world have learned to move every where with accelerated motion! The facts, as they were in the olden time, are to the following effect, to wit:—

In July, 1683, William Penn issued an order for the establishment of a post office, and granted to Henry Waldy, of Tekonay, authority to hold one, and "to supply passengers with horses from Philadelphia to New Castle, or to the Falls." The

\* "Madam Knight's Journal," of the year 1704, shows that she was two weeks in riding with the postman, as her guide, from Boston to New York. In most of the towns she saw Indians. She often saw wampum passing as money among the people; but 6d. a meal, at inns, &c. Tobacco was used and sold under the name of black junk. Mrs. Shippen, soon after her marriage in 1702, came from Boston to Philadelphia on horseback, bringing a baby on her lap.



rates of postage were, to wit:—"Letters from the Falls to Philadelphia, 3d.—to Chester, 5d.—to New Castle, 7d.—to Maryland, 9d.—and from Philadelphia to Chester, 2d.—to New Castle, 4d.—and to Maryland 6d." This post went once a week, and was to be carefully published "on the meeting-house door, and other public places." These facts I found in the MSS. of the Pemberton family. A regular act for a post-office at Philadelphia was first enacted in the year 1700.

Colonel John Hamilton, of New Jersey, and son of Governor Andrew Hamilton, first devised the post-office scheme for British America, for which he obtained a patent, and the profits accruing. Afterwards he sold it to the crown, and a member of parliament was appointed for the whole, with a right to have his substitute reside in New York.

In December, 1717, Jonathan Dickinson writes to his correspondent, saying, "We have a settled post from Virginia and Maryland unto us, and goes through all our northern colonies, whereby advices from Boston unto Williamsburg, in Virginia, is completed in four weeks, from March to December, and in double that time in the other months of the year."

In 1722, the Gazette says,—“We have been these three days expecting the New York post, as usual, but he is not yet arrived,” although three days over his time!

In 1727, the mail to Annapolis is opened this year to go once a fortnight in summer, and once a month in winter, via New Castle, &c., to the Western Shore, and back to the Eastern Shore; managed by William Bradford in Philadelphia, and by William Parks in Annapolis.

In December, 1729, the Gazette announces, that “while the New York post continues his fortnight stage, we shall publish but once a week as in former times.” In the summer time it went but once a week.

In 1738, Henry Pratt is made riding postmaster for all the stages between Philadelphia and Newport, in Virginia; to set out in the beginning of each month, and to return in twenty-four days. To him, all merchants, &c., may confide their letters and other business, he having given security to the postmaster general. In this day we can have but little conception of his lonely rides through imperfect roads; of his laying out at times all night, and giving his horse a range of rope to browse, while he should make his letter-pack his pillow, on the ground!

In 1744, it is announced in the Gazette, that the “northern post begins his fortnight stages on Tuesday next, for the winter season.”



In 1745, John Dally, surveyor, states that he has just made survey of the road from Trenton to Amboy, and had set up marks at every two miles, to guide the traveller. It was done by private subscriptions, and he proposes to do the whole road from Philadelphia to New York, in the same way, if a sum can be made up!

In 1748, when Professor Kalm arrived at Philadelphia from London, many of the inhabitants came on board his vessel for letters. Such as were not called for, were taken to the Coffee-house, where every body could make inquiry for them, thus showing that, then, the post-office did not seem to claim a right to distribute them as now.

In 1753, the delivery of letters by the penny post was first begun. At the same time began the practice of advertising remaining letters in the office. The letters for all the neighboring counties went to Philadelphia, and lay there till called for—thus letters for Yorktown, Bristol, Chester, New Castle, &c., were to be called for in Philadelphia.

Even at that late period, the northern mail goes and returns but once a week in summer, and once a fortnight in winter, just as it did twenty-five years before.

But in October, 1754, a new impulse is given, so as to start for New York thereafter, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday; and in the winter once a week. This, therefore, marks the period of a new era in the mail establishment of our country. It owed this impulse, extending also to Boston, to the management of our Franklin, made postmaster, general.

In 1775, the postmaster general, Benjamin Franklin, publishes, that to aid trade, &c., he gives notice, that hereafter, the winter northern mail from Philadelphia to New England, which used to set out but once a fortnight, shall start once a week all the year round,—“whereby answers may be obtained to letters between Philadelphia and Boston, in three weeks, which used to require six weeks!”

In 1758, newspapers which aforetime were carried post free per mail, will, by the reason of their great increase, be changed hereafter to the small price of 9d. a year, for fifty miles, and 1s. 6d. for one hundred miles. This was, most probably, the private emolument of the rider; the papers themselves not having been mailed at all, it is probable.

Finally, in 1774. which brings colonial things nearly to its final close, by the war of Independence, soon after, we read that “John Perkins engages to ride post to carry the mail once



a week to Baltimore, and will take along or bring back led horses or any parcels."

Immediately after the second Congress met in May, 1775, they appointed a committee to report a scheme of a post "for conveying letters and *intelligence* through this continent." In July following, an establishment was made under a postmaster general, to be located in Philadelphia—"he to form a line of posts from Falmouth, New England, to Savannah, in Georgia, with cross posts where needful." Such a postmaster general had \$1000 per annum, and a secretary and comptroller at \$340 each—a *small affair indeed then!* Benjamin Franklin was this postmaster general. In the following year, the office was conferred on Richard Bache. To carry the mails, riders were appointed for every twenty-five miles, to deliver from one to the other, and return to their starting places, they to travel day and night, and to be faithful men and true.

At the same time it was ordered that three advice boats should be established, "one to ply between North Carolina and such ports as shall be most convenient to the place where Congress shall be sitting—one other between the State of Georgia and the same port. The boats to be armed, and to be freighted by individuals for the sake of diminishing the public expense." Sometimes carrying, perchance, oysters, potatoes, apples, &c.

In November, 1776, authority was given "to employ extra post riders between the armies, from their head quarters to Philadelphia."

The pay of the postmaster general was increased to \$2,000, in April, 1779.

In 1779, the post was regulated "to arrive and set out *twice a week* at the place where Congress shall be sitting," "to go as far as Boston, and as far as Charleston, South Carolina." There was also an inspector of dead letters, at a salary of \$100 a year—now there are four clerks constantly employed at this service, inspecting upwards of a million of dead letters in a year! The post riders furnished their own horses and forage,—and when much exposed, through any country possessed by the enemy, they had an occasional military escort.

How wonderful are the facilities which we now enjoy compared with those of the olden time. The world is now compressed into a nut shell. We go almost as upon the wings of the wind. Our mails are indeed "swift messengers!" And when a parent is in the struggles of death at Philadelphia, his son and daughter at New Orleans are notified by telegraph in time to mingle their tears with those who stand around his bed side to await his last breath.



## BE KIND TO THE AGED.

BY THE EDITOR.

“But see him on the edge of life,  
With cares and sorrows worn,—  
With age and want, O ill matched pair.”

No one can lay claim to real cultivation and true politeness who is not respectful to the aged. He that can treat them rudely is rude indeed. They were before us; we inherit the fruits of their cares and pains, and we ought to exercise the same feelings towards them as we do for whatever else that is sacred in the hallowed past. It is, moreover, a divine injunction, “Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old man, and fear thy God.”

Who, in passing along the streets of a town, or in travelling along a country road, has not noticed, here and there, an aged and venerable Father or Mother sitting under the door, and looking out with a peculiar loneliness upon all that is passing? It is a touching sight! Their generation has passed away from the earth, and they feel alone. They look upon all around them, almost as one, who in old age should return to the home of his childhood, would look upon the scene of his youthful activities, but should discover but few remaining traces of what he knew and loved at first. The new generation, in the ardor of its own pursuits, rushes past these patriarchal remains of the generation past, and consider not that their own bustle makes the loneliness of the aged more sensibly felt by them. There they sit thinking of years ago, living over in their own minds scenes in which no one now seems to take any interest. They can no more interest themselves in the feelings and business of the present, and those around them cannot enter into the feelings and spirit of the past, and so the aged must live in their own thoughts, as in a world of their own. If we could see into the old man's mind, and know the thoughts which he is there revolving within himself, we should see them to be something like those expressed by Young:—

“My world is dead!  
A new world rises, and new manners reign:  
Strangers gaze at me,  
And I at them;—my neighbor is unknown!”

To us there is something more than interesting in these patriarchal representations of an age that is gone. We feel like taking off our hat, and being silent in their presence. Their



innocent, but earnest and lonely look, their grey hairs, the trembling tones of their voice—these and all else that is peculiar to an aged person, inspires us with reverence. Their words have something prophetic about them to our ears. If they speak of the past, we fancy that we see something of the future in the pictures they draw, and if they speak of the future, we see both the past and the present fade in its light like morning mists before the rising sun. In short, we feel by the mysterious conviction which their presence effect in our mind and heart that

“The sunset of life gives them mystical love.”

Therefore we hear them gladly, and always make an effort to give them suitable company by endeavoring, as far as possible, to feel as they feel.

If aged persons call for our reverence, respect and attention in ordinary cases, how much more so when, as is often the case, their old age is burdened and embittered by affliction. The closing period of mortal life is with propriety called “the evil days.” Very frequently we find that health, strength and friends are all gone. How often do we find that the attendants upon old age are

“Want and wo—Oh, ill-matched pair!”

In such cases our reverence ought to be joined with piety, and all our attentions should be softened by kindness and love.—This is a dictate both of religion and of humanity. He that can pass coldly and neglectfully by the wants and woes of lonely old age, cannot be far from a fiend. Yet who has not witnessed instances in which not only old age, but even old age in its distresses, has been the subject of merriment, and even ridicule. The shameless and wicked game-making conduct shown of old, towards the venerable prophet Elisha, (I Kings, 2: 23,) has been, in many cases, re-acted in modern times. Let those fear who are guilty of it, for the same God that judged and punished those transgressors is still upon the throne.

Above all do aged parents rightfully claim the tenderest and most respectful attention from their children. So has God enjoined in his law, “Honor thy father and mother.” True, they may be fretful and arbitrary, as old persons are in their dotage; but this does not on our part justify neglect or abuse. This is their infirmity, and furnishes an occasion for us to exercise our patience. They are now children the second time, and we have an opportunity of making a grateful return to them for the patience they exercised towards us in our troublesome infancy.—



Many restless nights did we cause them, when they bore us up and down in the chamber, to quiet our childish impatience, and ease us of our pains. We ought not so soon to forget the debt of gratitude we owe them, which, but for this opportunity, we could never fully repay.

Persons in their second childhood do not only *act* like children, but they actually *feel* so. They have every feeling of dependence, and feel the weight of every little grievance, just like children. Who has not seen the most affecting examples of this. We remember an old lady, who, in her extreme old age, had lost both her eye-sight and her hearing. She had no rest, unless she was permitted frequently to stroke gently the cheeks of her daughter, which she did in infantile fondness, and with a most touching smile, saying, "Mother! Mother! let us go home!" We remember another instance, where an aged woman, even while in the gentle struggles of death, would not cease to fondle with the hands and face of her daughter-in-law, calling to her, "Mother! oh, mother!" Affecting scene!—Can it be believed that the occasional fretfulness which mixes with a scene like this, could inspire impatience? And yet the history of inhumanity furnishes instances where it has not only impatience, but where that impatience has ended in neglect, or even abuse!—and this on the part of children towards their own parents! Let such consider the fearful import of the divine declaration, "The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it."—Prov. 30: 17.

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### ONE THING IS NEEDFUL.

What is that one thing? Is it wealth, is it honor, is it learning? These are important in their place. But they are not the one thing needful—that better part which Mary chose as her portion. These things have reference to this life alone; there is, however, a life beyond, and it is vastly more important that its interests should be attended to than that we should only be concerned for that which is fleeting and transitory.—Religion has claims upon us which no other interest can have. It reaches beyond time and takes hold of eternity. It alone can render us useful in life and happy for time and eternity.



## DO NOT HELP THE WICKED.

BY THE EDITOR.

It is a happy provision of providence that we are able to assist each other. We are social beings, and as such, we ought to help each other in all that is good. Hence we find that Christians, in many ways, join each other for their mutual benefit, and for the promotion of that which is good.

Unconverted men, however, still retain their social nature, and hence they are also accustomed to join each other in doing wrong. Evil is much promoted by the mutual assistance which the wicked lend each other. Sometimes even persons who profess to be good themselves, are led, unawares it may be, to identify themselves with wickedness in such a way as actually to aid in promoting it. We will point out a few ways in which this is done.

1. We may help them by being silent in reference to the evil which they are doing.

"Silence gives consent," is an old and a true proverb. If, then, we see the wicked engaged in doing wickedly, and remain silent, we, so far, give our consent to their wickedness—and thus help them.

It is our duty to hinder them in wickedness. We are to interfere, in a proper way, to prevent them from doing what they design to do. We are to cast in words of counsel, of reproof, or warning, which are to be as a check upon their evil designs. We are to be wise as serpents and harmless as doves, in devising plans, and carrying them out, by which to confound, confuse and embarrass the machinations of wicked men. As the angel placed himself in the way of Baalim, to hinder him, so we are to head the plans of the wicked, and to throw difficulties and obstructions in the path of evil.

Nothing is more agreeable to wicked men, than to be left alone in their evil ways and works. They hate nothing more than to be constantly harrassed and hindered by those who labor to stop evil. Much more evil would be accomplished, if it were not thus hindered by good men, who labor to cross the calculations of wicked men.

How plain it is, then, that we help evil just by letting it alone. We help it, just as we help weeds to overrun a garden by leaving them alone. As we root up and cripple weeds, to keep them down and hinder them, so ought we to root up and cripple the plans and works of wicked men. That, for in-



stance, could have helped idolatry, and those who had their living by making shrines for Diana of the Ephesians, more than if Paul had remained silent in reference to it. Had he kept silent, their work and their gains had gone on. They would no doubt have paid him well, just to keep quiet. So now; what would be a greater help to all evil works than just to keep God's ministers quiet. It is still, as of old, the testimony of God's truth that hinders the craft, and makes "no small stir" of confusion in the ranks of them who do evil.—How sinful, then, must it be for God's people to be silent, and suffer evil to go on undisturbed, when it is in their power to embarrass and hinder it. Shouldst thou, by silence, consent to evil; and thus to help the ungodly, and show love to them that hate the Lord?

Yet how many weeds grow, just because, through idleness, they are left undisturbed. How much evil exists, just because we are silent, and suffer it to go unhindered and prosperously on.

2. We help the wicked by giving them our countenance in their wickedness.

We all know how much we are encouraged to do anything whatever by the presence and countenance of others. Half the labor of a public speaker is taken away, if he has the animation of attentive countenances to encourage him. To see and know that others see gladly what we do, helps us to do it. The Apostle makes use of this fact in the 12th chapter of Hebrews, 1st verse. He encourages those to whom he writes to lay aside every weight and run with patience the race set before them, seeing they are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses. As those who ran in the Olympian races were animated by the countenances of the spectators who bent down with interest on all sides, so, would the apostle say, should Christians be animated by the Old Testament saints, whom he represented as bending down from their seats on high to countenance and animate the Christian while he runs towards the hope set before him in the Gospel.

This same principle holds equally good in regard to those who run in the course of evil. To know that they have the countenance of others helps them. To have the countenance of professing Christians is particularly encouraging to them.—They sometimes feel that what they do is not right—this checks them; the countenance, however, of such as profess to be right takes this feeling like a vast burden from them. Hence, when any thing of a doubtful character is going on, what a relief is



it to those who love it, to know that professing Christians give it countenance. A dance, or a fair, or a lottery, or a show, or checker or chess playing, all go off more lively, and with more zest if they have the countenance of professing Christians. A liquor-seller feels as if he were in loose reins when the church is quiet, and he can blaze the name of some prominent church member upon his license paper, "*praying*" for him to the "honorable court." Still more if some church members will come often and sit in his bar-room; and still more so, of course, if they will sometimes drink a little, "for a little hurts no man." A very ludicrous instance happened—no difference where. A liquor-seller got a church member's name, from a church that took an active part in Temperance, for the fourth or fifth name on his list of signers; but when the list was printed, he placed that name *at the top of the list*—not only at the top, but he absolutely printed it in CAPITAL LETTERS, while the rest of the "*praying*" brethren had to be content to stand below in small *pica*. The reason is plain—a church member can, of course, "*pray*" louder to the "honorable court," and to the disgrace of religion too, than a common citizen. Why, then, should not he stand in capitals at the head of the paper.

This is only one instance of many which might be produced, to show how anxious the wicked are to get the countenance of religion, and how much they feel encouraged by it in their evil work.

The same is true in giving countenance to profaneness and buffoonery. There is a class of low and vulgar men, who, on public days, and at other times, take delight in acting the fool for the entertainment of such as will countenance them in it.—The more countenance they can get, the more bold and wicked they become. On such occasions sometimes professing Christians too place themselves in the circle, and laugh with the rest at the wickedness and shame of those for whom they should rather offer up a passing prayer.

We cannot particularize in this matter. Any one who for a moment honestly reflects on it, must see that there are many more ways in which we may give such countenance to the ungodly as will vastly help them in their wickedness. In this way we become partakers in their guilt; while at the same time we help them to become more wicked still. "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful."

3. We may help the wicked by helping them to the means



and opportunities of being wicked. It is an old proverb: "Opportunity makes thieves." It is certain that many persons would not be so wicked as they are, nor do so much evil, if the means were not put within their reach by which they may do it. It is often in our power to withhold these means from them.

It is not easy to speak to the point on this subject without going into some particulars. We will endeavor, then, to give some instances where the wicked are helped in this way.

The worshippers of Diana could not have worshipped that idol as they did if it had not been for a certain craft who made shrines for them. The Chinese could not destroy themselves, body and mind, by eating opium if it were not furnished them by others. The many precious hours that are spent, the giddiness and vanity, the oaths and deceptions that are practiced over the checker-board, card-table, and other kinds of gaming, would not be done if there were none to make these things, and furnish them to hand. Dancing would end if there were none to make these parties. Not so many minds would be weakened and polluted by novel reading, if these long lies were not written and furnished cheaply to hand. The theatre would not long remain, if contributions were not so freely made to its support. The slimy trail of the circus would not pollute the land, if borough corporations would not admit them—if editors did not print their hand-bills—if citizens did not give them lots on which to show, and if people did not carry to them their money. Drunkenness would not be so prevalent, if men did not make, sell, and give liquour. Not so much would be sold, if men did not give their names to applications for license. This is all plain to any one who wishes to understand it.

A person who thus, in any way helps in sustaining evil, helps the ungodly. He makes himself sharer in their wickedness, and will, as sure as God is true, draw down upon himself part of his judgments. "Should'st thou help the ungodly; or love them that hate God?" In regard to heretics, it is said—and it must be equally true in regard to any other evil workers—"he that biddeth him God-speed, is partaker of their evil deeds." 2 John, 11.

4. We may help the wicked by defending their course and justifying them in it.

We cannot better help a man in the course which he pursues, than by sustaining his course by arguments. This will not only confirm and comfort him in his evil, but it will also strengthen public opinion on his side. This is a vast aid to him. How



hard is it for him to go forward when his conscience drags, or when public opinion frowns upon him. No one can do him a greater service than to turn these in his favor.

How common is it to hear professed friends of God engaged in offering apologies for the conduct of the wicked. They think it is a kind of charity to talk in favor of such men, and their course. Sometimes, too, want of decision makes them approve and favor them in the presence of such as side with evil, while they are loud against them when with the good.—Such weakness is pitiable in any man; but it is absurd and very sinful in a professing Christian. Such men are *no* men; because every time they take a new position they condemn themselves in their former position. Neither God nor the devil can trust them, for they are unfaithful on both sides. “The voice is Jacob’s voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau.”

Still oftener do men defend and justify the wicked in their course, and thus help them, *for self-interest*. They help them in order to be helped in return. Judas has still many children, who, like him, are among the disciples of the Lord, but will nevertheless betray him, and disown his cause before the wicked, even for less than thirty pieces of silver. So zealous are they in favor of their wicked friends, (customers?) that they will even reproach the church and the pulpit, because they will not join them in calling evil good. Instead of sustaining the testimony of God against the wicked, as all christians should, they side against the truth, and offer excuses and apologies for the wicked in their errors. Let such remember that: “He that justifieth the wicked, and he that condemneth the just, even they both are abomination to the Lord.” Prov. 27: 15.

“Should’st thou help the ungodly, and love them that hate the Lord?” If you think you should, why then are you in the church, and on the side with God’s people?

5. We help the ungodly by loving them. There is a sense in which we are to love the ungodly. As God loves them. As Christ loves them. As good men loved us who labored and were instrumental in bringing us into the church and into favor with God. There is also a sense in which we should not love them.

Love requires confidence in, and sympathy with, the person we love in all his doings. Love heartily wishes its object success in what it loves. Love smiles upon the conduct of its object. Love seeks union with its object. Love seeks to become like its object. Love desires to cast in its lot with its object. To love the wicked, in this sense, is sinful; and chiefly on account of the help which it gives them.



He that loves the wicked in this way, will of course be silent in reference to their wickedness; and we have seen that this helps them. He will countenance what they do, and we have seen that this also helps them. He will aid in furnishing them means and opportunities to carry out their wishes; and we have seen that this helps them. He will also defend and justify them in their course, and this also helps them. Thus, to love them in this sense is, indeed, in every respect to espouse their cause, and to make ourselves one with them. Can a Christian do this?

There cannot possibly any thing be more repugnant and inconsistent, than for a Christian to throw himself in confidence and sympathy into the affections and embraces of one who hates the Lord. It is like the dove under the beak of the vulture. It is like the innocent babe in the folds of the viper, playing with its crested ugliness, and its deadly tongue! Both the vulture and the viper may be playful and harmless enough till they grow hungry, then woe to what is near. He that hath ears to hear let him hear, what the spirit saith to the churches. "Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them." Eph. 5: 11. In every sense: "evil communications corrupt good manners." In every sense, therefore, the divine injunction is of trembling and eternal force: "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers: for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness? And what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel? And what agreement hath the temple of God with idols? for ye are the temple of the living God; as God hath said, I will dwell in them, and walk in them; and I will be their God, and they shall be my people. Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you; and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." 2 Cor. 6: 14-18.

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CHEERFULNESS is the health of the soul, and innocence is its foundation; it makes us happy in ourselves, agreeable to others, and pleasing to God.

MIRTH is like a flash of lightning, that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; Cheerfulness keeps up a kind of day-light in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.



## ISAAC WATTS.

Who has not had his heart cheered and his soul elevated by the sweet hymns of Isaac Watts? For loftiness of sentiment, elegance of style and beauty of versification no writer of Sacred Songs, in the English language can at all be compared with Watts. Hitherto he has stood pre-eminent and unrivalled in this department of Sacred Literature. Taking it for granted that the readers of the Guardian feel some interest in one whose productions they so frequently use in their devotions, I will present them with a brief sketch of his life. Isaac Watts was born at Southampton, a well known English seaport, where his father kept a boarding school for boys, on the 17th of July, 1674. Isaac was the oldest of nine children, and from childhood discovered a great fondness for books and study. He is said to have commenced Latin at the early age of four, an age when most children are still ignorant of the Alphabet. He pursued his classical studies with a Clergyman. Here he became distinguished for his talents and industry, and such was the proficiency which he made, and promises of future usefulness which he gave, that a subscription was started, to enable him to go to the University; but as he was the son of a dissenter, he was prohibited from entering these seats of English learning. And to the disgrace of the English nation, the doors of her Universities are still closed against all but the sons of the established church; and in this way much of the talent of England is forced to remain buried in hopeless obscurity or to seek other places where it may be unfolded. But to return to our Poet: when it found that he could not enter the University, he was sent to Mr. Rowe's Academy, where he continued to pursue his studies with unabated vigor to the age of twenty. Whilst he was connected with this school, he wrote numerous essays in Latin on Philosophical and Theological subjects, in which he discovered abilities unusual for one of his age. He commenced writing Poetry at the age of fifteen. After leaving Mr. Rowe's Academy, he lived two years in his father's family, when he became tutor to the sons of an English nobleman, in which situation he continued about five years. His leisure hours he devoted to the study of Sacred Scriptures, with a view of entering the office of the ministry. Accordingly having gone through the preliminary steps, he was chosen associate preacher to Dr. Chauncy; he preached his introductory sermon on his twenty-sixth birth-day. After Dr. Chauncy's death, Mr. Watts was chosen to fill the vacancy which was caused by it. But on ac-



count of ill health he was not able to attend long to the duties of his station, and was thus obliged in a short time to resign his charge. His case now called for the sympathy of his friends, nor were they wanting in attention to him: Sir Thomas Abney took him into his own family, where for thirty-six years he received every care which kindness and christian charity could prompt. He did not relinquish all ministerial labor; but continued to preach to one congregation. In 1727 the Universities of Edinburgh and Aberdeen bestowed on him the honorary title of D. D., which on account of his Theological attainments he had well merited. In 1743 he died without a struggle or a sigh.

Dr. Watts was a truly pious and good man; and he unquestionably ranks first among the Congregationists of that period for his Theological and Literary attainments. He was free from all narrowness and bigotry, and, like Bunyan, had a Catholic Spirit, which led him to feel an interest in all, no matter of what name they were. He was also extremely benevolent, and made it a rule to give one third of his yearly income to the poor. Watts was a man of an enlarged spirit and a liberal heart.—His most striking trait however was his love for children, which is always a sign of goodness of heart, or what the Germans call *Gemuethlichkeit* to which there is no corresponding word in the English language. The man who did not shun to enter into controversy with such men as Lock, and Malebranche, could lay aside his literary mantle and write hymns for little children. And no doubt many of my young readers have often been pleased and entertained with Watts' hymns for children. He possessed, as it would seem, a universal talent, and became distinguished as a Philosopher, a Theologian and a Poet—although he did not arrive at pre-eminence in any department, a thing rather unusual with the most useful men. His proper vocation however, was that of a writer of hymns—and here he holds the first rank among his countrymen. True, his hymns have not the pathos, depth and power of the German Hymns of the 17th century; in this respect they fall considerably short of the productions of Paul Gerhard, Gellert and others, compared with which they appear somewhat insipid and superficial. Still they are by far the best extant in the English Language. And we have great reason to be thankful to God for raising up such a man as Watts, whose hymns have become the vehicles of pious thought to millions on both hemispheres. His hymns will doubtless be sung when Pope and Dryden—names which have received a far greater share of public honor and esteem—will be



forgotten. His hymns are entirely destitute of all sectarian character, and have thus been appropriated by all religious denominations. They are in fact the property of the church as a whole. Dr. Watts is also the author a Logic and a work "on the mind," which last is still used as a text-book in some of our Seminaries and High Schools.

LANDISBURG, Oct., 11th, 1851.

M. A. S.

## INDUSTRY.

"NOT SLOTHFUL IN BUSINESS."

I. This precept is violated by those who have no business at all. By the bounty of God's providence, some are in such a situation, that they do not need to toil for a subsistence; they go to bed when they please, and get up when they can sleep no longer, and they do with themselves whatever they like; and though we dare not say that their's is the happiest life, it certainly seems to be the easiest. But it will neither be a lawful life nor a happy one, unless it have some work in hand, some end in view. Those of you who are familiar with the shore, may have seen, attached to the inundated reef, a creature, (whether a plant or animal you could scarcely tell,) rooted to the rock as a plant might be, and twirling its long tentacula as an animal would do. This plant-animal's life is somewhat monotonous, for it has nothing to do but to grow and twirl its feelers, float in the tide, or fold itself up on its footstalk when that tide has receded, for months and years together. Now, would it not be very dismal to be transformed into a zoophyte? Would it not be an awful punishment, with your human soul still in you, to be anchored to a rock, able to do nothing but spin about your arms or fold them up again, and knowing no variety, except when the receding ocean left you in the daylight, or the returning waters plunged you into the green depths again, or the sweeping tide brought you the prize of a young periwinkle or an invisible star-fish? But what better is the life you are spontaneously leading? What greater variety marks your existence, than chequers the life of the sea-anemone? Does not one day float over you after another, just as the tide floats over it, and find you much the same, and leave you vegetating still? Are you more useful? What real



service to others did you render yesterday? What tangible amount of occupation did you undertake in the 168 hours of which last week consisted? And what higher end in living have you than that polypus? You go through certain mechanical routines of rising, and dressing, and visiting, and dining, and going to sleep again; and are a little roused from your usual lethargy by the arrival of a friend, or the effort needed to write some note of ceremony. But as it curtseys in the waves, and vibrates its exploring arms, and gorges some dainty medusa, the sea-anemone goes through nearly the same round of pursuits and enjoyments with your intelligent and immortal self.—Is this a life for a rational and responsible creature to lead.

II. But this precept is also violated by those who are diligent in trifles,—whose activity is a busy idleness. You may be very earnest in a pursuit which is merely beneath your prerogative as an intelligent creature, and your high destination as an immortal being. Pursuits which are perfectly proper in creatures destitute of reason may be culpable in those who not only have reason, but are capable of enjoyments above the range of reason itself. We just now imagined a man retaining all his consciousness transformed into a zoophyte. Let us imagine another similar transformation. Fancy that instead of a polypus you were changed into a swallow. There you have a creature abundantly busy, up in the early morning, for ever on the wing, as grateful and sprightly in his flight as he is tasteful in the haunts which he selects. Look at him, zigzagging over the clover field, skimming the limpid lakes, whisking round the steeple, or dancing gayly in the sky. Behold him in high spirits, shrieking out his ecstasy as he has bolted a dragon-fly, or darted through the arrow-slits of the old turret, or performed some other feat of hirundine agility. And notice how he pays his morning visits, alighting elegantly on some house-top, and twittering politely by turns to the swallow on either side of him, and after ten minutes' conversation, off and away to call for his friend at the castle. And now he is gone upon his travels, gone to spend the winter at Rome or Naples, to visit Egypt or the Holy Land, or on a pilgrimage to Spain or the coast of Barbary. And when he comes home next April, sure enough he has been abroad;—charming climate,—highly delighted with the cicadas in Italy, and the bees on Hymettas;—locusts in Africa rather scarce this season; but upon the whole much pleased with his trip, and returned in high health and spirits. Now, this is a very proper life for a swallow, but is it a life for you? To flit about from house to house; to pay futile



visits, where, if the talk were written down, it would amount to little more than the chattering of a swallow; to bestow all your thoughts on graceful attitudes and nimble movements and polished attire; to roam from land to land with so little information in your head, or so little taste for the sublime or beautiful in your soul, that could a swallow publish his travels, and did you publish yours, we should probably find the one a counterpart of the other; the winged traveller enlarging on the discomforts of his nest, and the wingless one, on the miseries of his hotel or chateau; you describing the places of amusement, or enlarging on the vastness of the country, and the abundance of the game: and your rival eloquent on the self-same things. Oh! it is a thought, not ridiculous, but appalling. If the earthly history of some of our fellow-creatures were written down; if a faithful record were kept of the way they spent their time; if all the hours of idle vacancy or idler occupancy were put together, and the very small amount of useless diligence deducted, the life of a bird or quadruped would be a nobler one; more worthy of its powers and more equal to its Creator's end in forming it. Such a register is kept. Though the trifler does not chronicle his own vain words and wasted hours, they chronicle themselves. They find their indelible place in that book of remembrance with which human hands cannot tamper, and from which no erasure, save one, can blot them. They are noted in the memory of God. And when once this life of wondrous opportunities and awful advantages is over—when the twenty or fifty years of probation are fled away—when moral existence, with its facilities for personal improvement and serviceableness to others, is gone beyond recall—when the trifler looks back to the long pilgrimage, with all the doors of hope and doors of usefulness, past which he skipped in his frisky forgetfulness—what anguish will it cause to think that he has gambolled through such a world without salvation to himself, without any real benefit to his brethren, a busy trifler, a vivacious idler, a clever fool!

III. Those violate this precept, who have a lawful calling, a proper business, but are slothful in it. When people are in business for themselves, they are in less risk of transgressing this injunction; though even then it sometimes happens that the hand is not diligent enough to make its owner rich. But it is, when engaged in business, not for ourselves, but for others, or for God, that we are in greatest danger of neglecting this rule. The servant, who has no pleasure in his work, who does no more than wages can buy, or a legal agreement enforce; the



shopman, who does not enter heartily into his employer's interest, and bestir himself to extend *his* trade as he would strive were the concern his own; the scholar, who trifles when his teacher's eye is elsewhere, and who is content if he can only learn enough to escape disgrace; the teacher, who is satisfied if he can only convey a decent share of instruction, and who does not labor for the mental expansion and spiritual well-being of his pupils, as he would for those of his own children; the magistrate or civil functionary, who is only careful to escape public censure, and who does not labor to make the community richer, or happier, or better for his administration; the minister, who can give his energies to another cause than the cause of Christ, and neglect his Master's business in minding his own; every one, in short, who performs the work which God or his brethren have given him to do in a hireling and perfunctory manner, is a violator of the divine injunction, "Not slothful in business." There are some persons of a dull and languid turn. They trail sluggishly through life, as if some painful viscus, some adhesive slime were clogging every movement, and making their snail-path a waste of their very substance.—They do nothing with that healthy alacrity, that gleesome energy which bespeaks a sound mind even more than a vigorous body; but they drag themselves to the inevitable task with remonstrating reluctance, as if every joint were set in a socket of torture, or as if they expected the quick flesh to cleave to the next implement of industry they handled. Having no wholesome love to work, no joyous delight in duty, they do everything grudgingly, in the most superficial manner, and at the latest moment. Others there are, who, if you find them at their post, you will find them dozing at it. They are a sort of perpetual somnambulists, walking through their sleep; moving in a constant mystery; looking for their faculties, and forgetting what they are looking for; not able to find their work, when they have found their work not able to find their hands; doing every thing dreamily, and therefore every thing confusedly and incompletely; their work a dream, their sleep a dream, not repose, not refreshment, but a slumberous vision of rest, a dreamy query concerning sleep; too late for every thing, taking their passage when the ship has sailed, insuring their property when the goods are stolen—men, whose bodies seem to have started in the race of existence before their minds were ready, and who are always gazing out vacantly as if they expected their wits were coming up by the next arrival. But, besides the sloths and somnambulists, there is a third class—the day-dreamers. These are very mournful, because a self-



deceiving generation. Like a man who has his windows glazed with yellow glass, and who can fancy a golden sunshine, or a mellow autumn on the fields even when a wintry sleet is sweeping over them, the day-dreamer lives in an elysium of his own creating. With a foot on either side of the fire—with his chin on his bosom, and the wrong end of the book turned towards him, he can pursue his self-complacent musing till he imagines himself a traveller in unknown lands—the explorer of central Africa—the solver of all the unsolved problems in science—the author of some unprecedented poem at which the wide world is wondering—or something so stupendous that he even begins to quail at his own glory. The misery is that whilst nothing is done towards attaining the greatness, his luxurious imagination takes its possession for granted, and with his feet on the fender, he fancies himself already on the highest pinnacle of fame; and a still greater misery is, that the time thus wasted in unprofitable musings, if spent in honest application and downright working, would go very far to carry him where his sublime imagination fain would be. To avoid this guilt and wretchedness, have a business and pursue it with all thy might.

HAMILTON.

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## DEATH, AND THE DEAD.

Death never happens but once, and yet we feel it every moment of our lives; it is worse to apprehend than to suffer.

Men should consider, since the end of life is inevitable, that all regrets for the loss of it are significant; and that the death which prevents dotage comes more seasonably, than that which ends it.

One of the Fathers saith, That there is but this difference between the death of old men, and young; that old men go to Death, and Death comes to young men.

A man may have many reasons to be disquieted with life, but can have no reason to despise death.

Epaminondas being asked whether Chabrias Iphurates, or he himself deserved most to be esteemed? "You must first see 'us die,'" said he, "before that question can be answered."

Death is the only thing we can be sure of in life; and yet we behave ourselves just as if all the rest were certain, and Death alone accidental.

The most barbarous nations have still paid a sort of Divinity



to the Dead; Death being always looked upon as a full discharge from all the errors of life.

Few people are acquainted with Death, they generally submit to it, not out of resolution, but insensibility and custom; and the greatest part of men die, only because they can't avoid dying.

The Sun and Death are two things that cannot be steadily looked on.

The person who is worthiest to live is fittest to die.

If thou expect Death as a friend, prepare to entertain it; if thou expect Death as an enemy, prepare to overcome it; Death has no advantage but when it comes a stranger.

To fear Death, is the way to live long; to be afraid of Death is to be long a dying. It is a life of dying.

It is no unhappiness to live long, nor happiness to die soon; happy is he that hath lived long enough to die well.

A thinking man can never live well, unless content to die.

It is difficult to love life, and yet be willing to part with it,

Death is a piece of our nature as well as living; therefore, if not content with the one, we cannot be perfectly so with the other.

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## WHICH OF THE TWO?

Reader are you a politician? If you are will you be so good as to answer the following questions to your neighbor:

1. Is what the party papers say about the candidates for office true? If so, are not many of these candidates more fit to be put into the penitentiary than into public offices?

2. Is what the party papers say not true? Then answer to your neighbor what, in that case, ought to be done?

3. If what the party papers say about these candidates is true; what effect has such public disregard to truth, upon the morals of the community, and especially upon the morals of your children?

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## THE HOME OF THE HEART.

Man is made for Christ; and his heart is restless until it rests in Him. Christ is only to be found in the Church, which is his body, the fullness of Him that filleth all in all.



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## ECONOMY.

BY THE EDITOR.

The word economy is of Greek origin, and is defined, by Webster, to mean, 1. "The management, regulation and government of a family or the concerns of a household. 2. The management of pecuniary concerns or expenditure of money. 3. A frugal and judicious use of money; frugality in the necessary expenditure of money." This definition is confined chiefly to the prudent management of financial affairs; but the word is also frequently used in reference to time, health and strength. In each or any of these several meanings it is important to all men, but especially to the young. It defines a very excellent virtue, and one which affects, in a very serious way, the prosperity and peace of those whose characters it adorns. Without economy very little will be accomplished. Let us then attend to a few considerations on this subject.

I. It is highly important to use economy in regard to our TIME. We can do nothing unless we have time in which to do it. This is clear. The more time we have, therefore, at our disposal, the more we can do.

We know that life is short—time hastens fast away. When we consider that about one third of our whole life is necessarily spent in sleep—that much of it passes away in various instances when we are not able to control our time as we could wish, it will at once appear how important is economy. If, for instance, we wish to cultivate our minds, we will soon find that the leisure we can command for that purpose is small; for much of our waking time is necessarily taken up in our business—business which we must attend to for the honest and respectable sustenance of our temporal life—much is taken up in that social intercourse which is indispensable to us as social beings, living in society for which God has constituted us, and without which we can neither be useful nor happy. After all these demands upon our time, what remains is but in small fragments which must be



husbanded with the greatest economy if they are not all to be lost to all useful ends. It has been said, "time is the stuff life is made of," it may be added, a careful use of those fragments of time, which intervene between a thousand cares, is the only way in which life can be made what it ought to be.

We find on examining the lives of men who were useful in the world, and who accomplished much in the course of a short life, that they were all distinguished for their economy of time. It is said that Melancthon, when he engaged to meet any persons on business at a certain time, always demanded that the *minute* on which the meeting was to take place should be named. It would be easy to refer to almost any number of great men, all of whom conducted their business with the strictest reference to economy of time. This may be considered, to a great extent, as the key to their success. If we would reach the end which they reached, we must use the means which they used. If we do not, as some have done, write above our doors "*be short, time flies,*" lest we be robbed of precious moments, we must nevertheless have our eye constantly around us to see where we may arrest a flying moment, and devote it to a proper use.

It is scarcely necessary to enumerate the different ways in which the rules of economy are violated by persons—their name is Legion, for they are many. Idleness is itself a wholesale squandering of time. An over fondness for diverting amusements, such as plays and games, puts an end to all economy of time in the case of those who suffer themselves to be drawn into these seducements. If these are not carefully watched they will steal hours and days at a draught. Who can count the moments of precious time which have in this way been wasted to worse than no purpose.

It is in this way that the lives of many are squandered. It is because they have never learned to be economical that all the good resolutions which they have made have passed off in vapor and left nothing substantial behind. How different is this from the instance of a certain theologian who, it is said, wrote volumes of useful notes on the Scriptures before breakfast—how different from the case of two young persons who at college enabled themselves to read French during the hour after dinner, which the rest of the students used in passing jokes and smoking cigars upon the portico—or how different from the case of the young clerk, mentioned in this No. of the *Guardian*, who learned French while his companion was *teaching a dog to play antics!*

II. It is highly important to use economy in regard to our



strength, or our health, which amounts at last to the same thing. Health and strength are just as necessary to success, in life as time. If health be lost, strength is also gone, and then there is an end to all labor and usefulness, at least in a direct way.

How many there are who spend their health and strength as they do their time for that which is nought. This is done, not only by intemperance in eating and drinking, by which thousands of strong frames have been wrecked, but by indulging in various kinds of vicious and enervating habits. It is even often done by an irregular and violent application of strength in lawful and commendable labor. The instances are by no means few in which old age has been made worthless and miserable by an undue and intemperate use of strength in earlier years. Many an one has ruined his system by making too much haste to get rich, over-working himself with a kind of madness—and he has called this industry! Is it not, however, the height of folly to spend one-half of our life in a rage of zeal which destroys our usefulness entirely for the remaining half? Or, to recur to the above allusion to a waste of strength and health by vicious indulgences of all kinds, is it not superlatively unwise to poison the fountain of life in youth and thus make it destructive in its whole course—is it not madness to sow to the wind in the sure prospect of reaping the whirlwind? We must not forget that he who lives regularly, and at a certain temperate rate, will live longest and most. It is those birds which flutter least that truly soar, and they, too, are longest on the wing. So he who uses his strength calmly and prudently but earnestly, will accomplish most during life as a whole, and will enjoy the greater amount of happiness in his labors.

III. Economy is highly important, also, in reference to the use of money. We do not wish to recommend penuriousness. A miser is a fit object for pity to others, and a constant trouble to himself. Let all shun his spirit who love their own souls. Economy is something quite different from miserliness. It has reference, not to hoarding money, or to loving it for its own sake, but to a proper use of it for the purposes of life which it is intended to serve.

The habit of squandering money seems to be growing, especially among the young of this generation. This is no doubt to be traced, in a great degree, to the increase of inducements which are held out on all sides, especially in towns and cities. There seems to be neither end nor limit to the catch-penny bu-



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siness. This is practiced on a high and low scale, to suit the means of all. The bait is adapted to the fish, from \$5 concerts down to the penny-a-piece music grinder at the corner of the streets—from the fashionable liquor bar down to the two cent glass of beer. In many of our larger towns, and even in some of smaller size, the various items of luxury have increased to such a degree, that it is impossible even to collect and record all their names. All these are paraded, with the most inviting air, before the eyes and tastes of all classes. The consequence is, that they are an universal antidote to all who are troubled with small change. It is only necessary that a few young persons should fall in the habit of frequenting these various places of luxury together, and every evening will be sufficient to relieve each of the wages of the day. Thus the end of the year finds the careless mechanic with empty pockets. Instead of saving money, by habits of constant economy, which may in a few years be the means of starting him in business, he finds that all went as it came.

The importance of economy in pecuniary matters is easily seen from these considerations. Money is a means, and as such is necessary to an end. It is a talent, which, like all others, is to be used to advance ourselves, to benefit others, and to glorify God. To keep even with the world in this respect is not only a convenience, but an honest person will feel that much of his temporal peace is dependent upon it.

There are a thousand ways in which a person may economize without being miserly. We do not pretend to give rules. Let every one study the scriptural spirit of self-denial, and practice simplicity in all his expenses, and thus imbibe the true *spirit* of economy, and he will have no difficulty in learning this great art, and of adorning himself with this great virtue. We recommend these considerations to our readers as worthy of their careful attention; and we feel sure that if they are practically laid to heart they will yield the best of fruit in their future experience.

TEARS.

Hide not thy tears; weep boldly, and be proud
To give the flowing virtue manly way;
'Tis nature's mark to know an honest heart, but
Shame on those breasts of stone that cannot melt
In soft adoption of another's sorrow.

THE BLASTED GENIUS.

Eternity alone can reveal the mischief that has been done by the habit of indulging in intoxicating drinks. How many millions are now filling a drunkard's grave, who might have been an honor to themselves and a blessing to their race. Nor is it simply those of the lower ranks that have fallen victims to this curse. Men of mighty intellects have shared the same fate. How many of the highest geniuses have passed away from the intellectual firmament, consumed like the burning stars of which Astronomers tell us! And how? By the baleful fires of intemperance and lust. A distinguished Divine says, "A story of genius in ruins runs on my mind. In one of the older Colleges of Massachusetts, some 20 or 25 years since, there was seen a youth of the highest promise, bearing an honored name, and concentrating in his own intellect the moral power of two generations of his ancestors. He was a prodigy of learning. While others of his class were slowly plodding through the daily tasks in Xenophon, he would be reading the Greek tragedies *con amore*. He seized a language almost by intuition, and his heart entered into the heart of antiquity, as he read the languages of old and buried nations. Called upon by the officers of the College to read dissertations in the Chapel, upon abstruse and difficult subjects, he was accustomed to read from blank papers, pouring forth spontaneous bursts of argument that thrilled while they convinced, and charmed while they persuaded. With Euclid, Newton, and La Place he seemed as familiar as with Homer and Eschylus, and he levied large tribute from the lore of every nation under Heaven. His person was faultless; his hair like the Raven's wing; his eye like the Eagle's. By an anomaly in American Colleges, he demanded and received his 1st and 2d degrees from his Alma Mater on the same day, and on the same evening he was joined in the holy bands of wedlock with one of the most charming nymphs of the vale that embosoms the College. His course was still onward and upward. His profession, the law, led him to the highest office of advocacy in the State. He was Attorney General when most students are admitted to the Bar. Suddenly, when as yet no one knew the cause, he resigned his high appointment, giving no reasons for so doing. He was a *secret drunkard*! Too high was his sense of honor, and the importance of his station, to entrust himself longer with the destinies of society. I turn with horror from the years of de-

gradation which followed. He sunk like a mighty ship in mid ocean, not without many a lurch, many a sign of righting once more to plow the proud seas that were destined to entomb him forever. Long since, his lovely wife quitted the home which his vices made wretched; she returned to her parents to grieve and die. But though her husband had bowed over her grave, and wept bitterly on the head of the sweet boy she left behind her, he was not permanently affected by the shock. The most distinguished men for talent and piety in the United States wept and prayed over him; and at times he would get the better of the demon that ruled him, and again put forth his gigantic powers. The greatest effort he put forth during this period was the successful advocacy of an important case before the Supreme Court of the United States. Marshall, the patriarch of American Judges, gazed with wonder on the barrister, as burst upon burst of eloquence and argument followed. George W. Briggs, a member of Congress from Massachusetts, seeing his splendid portrait hanging in a conspicuous place at Washington, inquired whose likeness it was; and one of the highest authorities answered, that it was the portrait of Talcott, the most brilliant genius—the most talented man in the United States. In his last spasm of temperance he wrote, *The Trial and Condemnation of Alcohol: a popular tract, clothed with the forms and phraseology of a Criminal Court.* But after a fatiguing argument in the city of New York, he was over-persuaded by an advocate to take a glass of beer; and he complied. It was his last sober moment, till he was in the agonies of death. As the fabled Phoenix is said to rise from the ashes of its parents, one of the most lovely, eloquent advocates of temperance in the State of New York was the son of this ruined genius; the little one over whom he wept at the grave of his wife."

With some variations, is this not the history of hundreds of young men who annually graduate in our colleges. They leave the homes of their childhood, filled with bright anticipations of the future. They enter with more or less diligence upon their studies. But before they have completed them the insidious destroyer has corrupted them. They learned to indulge in a social glass, till finally they grew fond of it. They now enter a Lawyer's or a Physician's office. New temptations cross their path, which, with their previously formed habits, it would be too much to expect them to resist. From this point onward their course tends rapidly downward till they fill a drunkard's grave. Oh, I would warn the young who are in the

course of a liberal education, against the withering influences of the poisoning cup. Shun it as you would the deadly sting of the viper. You know not the awful gulf of ruin which lies before you!

M. A. S.

WHAT IS MY CALLING?

In a previous article an attempt was made to lay down some general principles for determining our duty. We shall now call attention to a few forms of duty which appear to us to possess special claims on young men and young ladies. We wish not to be understood as singling out these because we consider them more pressing than others which might be adverted to; but because, under existing circumstances, and especially in view of the unusually small degree of interest which they are found at present to excite among the young, they seem to claim our more immediate attention.

The duty is that of imparting instruction to the rising generation. This duty divides itself naturally into two branches—that which has reference, though by no means exclusively, to the present or every-day life, and that which looks more directly to the future and eternal world.

In the first place, then, there is a large field of usefulness open to the intelligent young man or lady in the sphere of common school instruction. To lead and direct the minds of children in their early infancy and youth, when they are so very susceptible of deep and lasting impressions, must always be regarded as a work of great importance. Nowhere else, except in the sacred ministry, can be found so many opportunities of doing good and preparing the rising generation for usefulness and honor. How easily are impressions made on the mind of the child, and how permanently do these impressions as a general thing remain! Not unfrequently is the foundation for time and eternity laid in the retired school room. Principles and precepts there inculcated are so interwoven with the very texture of the soul, as frequently to give shape and form to all its subsequent actions. Here then is a field of usefulness for young persons of both sexes. We greatly need intelligent young men and women in this department of labor, and the question should be seriously asked by pious young persons, whether God may not perhaps have designed them for this work.

The duty of young persons of intelligence and piety to de-

vote themselves to the work will become clear and urgent, especially when we consider that so large a portion of those who now occupy these stations are absolutely destitute of those moral qualifications which teachers should always possess, in order to meet fully the wants of their station. An immoral and wicked teacher occupies a position where he *can*, and necessarily *does*, effect a great amount of injury. Things are constantly occurring which will have an injurious effect on the minds and hearts of the scholars, and so tend to ruin them for time and eternity.

In connection with this subject we may also urge upon the attention of the young the duty of imparting religious instructions more directly in our Sunday schools. This, of course, does not properly belong to the business of teaching, but still it naturally falls in with the general duty of seeking the proper training of the young. And, even if we should not feel ourselves called to devote our energies wholly to the work of giving instruction as teachers, we may still be very usefully employed, by giving attention to the subject in connection with the Sunday schools now so generally established in our congregations. The want of teachers of the proper kind is often felt. Many a school is found to suffer from a deficiency either in the number or qualifications of its teachers. If, therefore, the intelligent and pious young members of the church cannot see their way clear to make a profession of teaching, they should at least qualify themselves by study and reading for assisting in the Sabbath schools, where they can do a vast amount of good, and at the same time be very pleasantly employed.

Will you, my young readers, lay this matter seriously to heart? Will you promise to give it that attention which the importance of the subject requires? Will you prayerfully *reflect* on the subject, and humbly ask God to assist you in coming to a satisfactory conclusion?

The subject of education, however, includes more than the instruction of children in the ordinary branches of knowledge which are supposed to be necessary to the comfort and happiness of people in the present world. It should look at the same time to the future and prepare men for the unseen and eternal world. God has instituted the office of the Christian ministry; and it is to the claims which this work has on young men, that we wish especially to direct the attention of our readers at present.

When we look at the actual condition of the world, and the

inadequacy of the means employed to effect its renovation; when we observe the vastness of the field presented to our view, and consider the comparatively small number of persons engaged in preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ; when we diligently consider the many obstacles in the way of God's church and kingdom, and then look at the comparative inefficiency of the instruments employed for founding the church on the ruins of the subverted kingdom of Satan—when we take such a comprehensive view of the present state of the church and the world, then surely we shall see cause to lay seriously to heart the question: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" In every direction the field is white unto the harvest, and yet comparatively few and feeble are the laborers; great and pressing are the calls for help, and yet few are found to respond to these earnest entreaties; mighty and inexpressibly important is the work to be performed, and yet slow are the steps of them that are called to carry the work forward. Hence the necessity for an increased interest in the work of the ministry by those already in the field, and a proper solicitude on the part of intelligent and pious young men to know the Lord's will in regard to their future calling. How much is here at stake! The salvation of millions claims our attention; and such a vast and overpowering interest demands corresponding earnestness and zeal on the part of our young men in connection with the church.

Shall we have the satisfaction of seeing this great interest duly considered? Shall we be permitted to hear of many good young men, zealous for their dear Redeemer and the glory of God, cheerfully leaving father and mother, and brothers and sisters, and houses and lands, and devoting themselves to the work of the Gospel ministry? Is there not an urgent call coming up from every side, inviting us to enter upon this great work? And shall this universal call be disregarded? Shall the millions of souls perishing in every direction for lack of a preached Gospel, and a proper dispensation of the sacraments of God's house, be left to their cheerless fate, while so many are found who *ought* to devote themselves to the cause of the blessed Redeemer? What say our young men to these questions? Can they persuade themselves that God does not call them by these pressing wants of His church, and by the urgent necessities of his perishing creatures? Shall not this call be heard, and the number of faithful pastors greatly increased? We fondly hope that the call which is so loud and pressing from every quarter will be diligently considered and cheerfully responded to by many an ardent, pious, self-deny-

ing young man, who will faithfully labor in the vineyard of the Lord, and deem it his highest honor to be found worthy of a place among the ministers of God's house, and to serve as a "companion in tribulation and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ."

With this appeal to your sense of duty, my dear young readers, we submit the matter to God and your own consciences, assuredly expecting that you will be led, each to his proper station in life; and that, having faithfully served your generation here, you will find at least an abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.—
"Faithful is he that calleth you, who also will do it."

LEWISBURG, Pa., Nov., 1851.

X. Y. Z.

LABORS OF CALVIN.

Dr. Hoyle, who wrote under the patronage of Arch-bishop Usher, mentioning Calvin, says, "What shall I speak of his indefatigable industry, almost beyond the power of nature; which, paralleled with our loitering, will, I fear, exceed all credit! It may be the truest object of admiration, how one lean, worn, spent, and wearied body could hold out. He read, every week of the year through, three divinity lectures; every other week, over and above, he preached every day: so that (as Erasmus said of Chrysostom), I know not whether more to admire his constancy or their's that heard him. Some have reckoned his yearly lectures to be *one hundred and eighty six*, and his yearly sermons *two hundred and eighty six*. Every Thursday he sat in the Presbytery (Consistorium.) Every Friday when the Ministers met to consult upon difficult texts, he made as good as a lecture. Besides all this, there was scarcely a day that exercised him not in answering, either by word of mouth or writing, the doubts and questions of different churches and Pastors; so that he might say with Saint Paul, "The care of all the churches lieth upon me." Scarcely a year passed wherein, over and above all these employments, some great volume, in folio, or other size, came not forth."—
Arvine's Anecdotes.

Baxter affords a similar specimen of astonishing industry.—We sometimes wonder how those old Divines could accomplish what they did. The key to it is found in this: *They knew how to save time.* They gathered up the fragments that nothing might be lost.

THAT BIBLE!
OR, A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT.

BY REV. S. H. REID.

In looking over the German Reformed Messenger of Nov. 5th, we have a notice of a *Bible presentation*. This Bible was presented by an affectionate people to their former and esteemed Pastor, when about leaving them. He had labored among them *for twenty three years*. Many trials among them, no doubt, he bore. Many labors he endured. Many of those he was about to leave, he had Baptized in infancy—watched over in youth; and in mature years received into sacred fellowship with the church, and now, that a separation was about to take place, must it be without any token of affection and esteem? Let the following declare—

“On quitting his charge in Bloomsburg, the church and congregation over which Mr. Tobias had long and faithfully presided, presented him a very splendidly gilt Bible, as a token of their Christian esteem; on the front cover of which was neatly printed the following memento:

PRESENTED TO THE
REV. T. S. TOBIAS, OUR BELOVED PASTOR,
BY HIS FRIENDS OF THE BLOOMSBURG CHARGE,
AS A TOKEN OF THEIR LOVE AND ESTEEM,
AT THE TERMINATION OF HIS LABORS
OF TWENTY-FIVE YEARS
AMONG THEM.

In reading over this notice, I confess, I was much pleased.—The whole occurrence struck me as being well-timed and appropriate, and I felt then, and still feel, like calling attention to this expression of christian regard and affection as well worthy of imitation.

But this is not the only instance of a christian people's respect to their Pastor being manifested in *the gift of a Bible*, with which we are acquainted.

During a late visit to one of the inland cities of Pennsylvania, I saw a beautiful gilt Bible. It lay on the parlor table of an esteemed ministerial brother. If I mistake not the color of this Bible was blue black, (highly appropriate) with gilt edges, and on each cover were beautiful gilt impressions. Its whole appearance was tasteful and attractive, which induced me to examine it more closely. In doing which the following discovery


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was made in regard to the source from which it came, and the feelings with which it was accompanied. Immediately on the inside of the front cover, in a plain and well-written hand, the following inscription is found :

Most respectfully presented to the  
 REV. H. HARBAUGH,  
 By the Teachers of the Sabbath School,  
 Connected with the First German Reformed Church,  
 In Lancaster, of which he is Pastor,  
 as a token of their respect and regard,  
 Dec. 25, 1851.

Here, then, we have two instances of a people's kindness and regard for their Pastors. How worthy of praise and imitation ! Such tokens of respect and confidence are no trifling affairs I am sure. The gifts themselves may indeed be of small cost when valued simply in dollars and cents, but as an expression of the *heart's love and good-will* they are beyond price. *Not for money* would either of these Pastors, I am certain, give up these marks of a people's attachment. So long as life lasts will they be treasured up as among the most valued objects of their possession. And why are such tokens of respect valuable ?

1. *They are highly encouraging to those who receive them.* Many difficulties and discouragements present themselves in the way of the ministry, and especially in the way of the *faithful* ministry. The Pastor's office is one of peculiar and great trials. He has no flowery beds of ease on which to repose and breathe out an easy and indolent life. He must work. He must study. He must watch. He must toil. He must pray. He must preach. He must warn. He must persuade. He must comfort. And this, too, in season, and out of it.—Whether the body is well or sick—whether the mind is clear or clouded—whether he has favors or frowns resting upon him.—His watch-word is onward, and onward he must go.

But how frequently is he cast down. The flesh is weak. Like Elijah, he is ready to flee. He would fain *hide himself* from this vain, wicked earth, and find rest in silent solitude. Sometimes he is ready to ask : "Have I a friend—a single friend ? Have I any in my flock, or in the world, who value my labors and cherish my presence among them with esteem ? What *tokens* have I of my people's love ? What tributes of their regard ? Ah ! here is my Bible ! and there—and there ! are other tokens of my people's kindness. And do not all these things, though silent, speak ? Do not actions speak louder



than words? And if they did not love me, and were not interested in my labors, would my people thus make me the object of their kindness!"

Thus, the Pastor, in his hours of discouragement and despondency, reasons with himself, and gathers encouragement from these tributes of respect. I have no doubt that the Bibles to which I have referred, have been made the means of this encouragement. These servants of God felt a sweet gratification on their reception, and a sincere willingness still to toil.

2. *These gifts have a good effect upon those who give them.* Kindness is a plant that bears precious fruit. It is so ordained in the will of God. It is so promised in His word. The least gift, even to a cup of cold water, will meet with its merited reward. Cast your bread upon the waters, and you shall find it after many days. The liberal soul shall be made fat; and he that watereth others shall be watered also himself. He that giveth a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple, shall receive a disciple's reward. These are all precious promises, resting on the sure word of God; and he that has any faith in God's character and will, is and will be made a participant in their fulfilment.

He must be a stranger to acts of kindness and generosity, who has not felt even in these acts, the pleasure with which they are attended. Every good man feels this pleasure. He parts with his property cheerfully and willingly. He gives as he has received, and he never regrets it. For his soul is filled with such satisfaction in these effects, that he feels himself more than repaid for all his gifts, and not only so, but he feels that his heart expands in piety and goodness and all the christian graces. Just in proportion as he brings himself under the influence of christian kindness and liberality—in proportion as he loves his fellow disciples, just in that proportion will he love God.

For my part, I cannot see how any one can have any pleasure in this life or any reasonable prospect for the life to come, whose soul is dead to the feelings of kindness and respect and love, and accordingly we see that such selfish, stingy, unkind ones do in reality only *breathe* and not *live*.

I repeat it, then, that the instances of kindness and respect and liberality, to which I have now referred, are praiseworthy indeed. And my only regret is that so few of our church members are disposed to go and do likewise.

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Christmas gifts are given because on that day we received the GREAT GIFT—the Saviour.



## JUST IN POINT.

Self-culture, and the judicious improvements of time, are topics to which frequent reference is made in the Guardian; and nothing certainly is of greater importance to the young, for which the Guardian is chiefly designed. If in early youth our time be wasted in sinful pleasures or squandered on unworthy objects to the neglect of our hearts and minds, we cannot but expect a large harvest of unpleasant fruit in old age. Industry and economy are of such vast importance as to determine, in a great measure, our destiny for time and eternity. In view of these facts, it will not be deemed out of place to request the insertion of the following article which furnishes so apt an illustration of the great principle on which the Guardian so justly insists as lying at the foundation of all success in life. And we may surely indulge the hope that the article will be carefully read and seriously laid to heart by *all*, but especially by the younger readers, for whose benefit the article is principally transcribed.

## DON'T WASTE YOUR TIME.

## AN ANECDOTE FOR PERSONS SEEKING THEIR FORTUNE.

This caption is applicable to all, but more especially to young men; and the incident we are about to relate is one of so forcible a character that we think it will be productive of good.

Two young clerks in a large American and French house in Pearl street, were particularly intimate; so much so, that although they boarded in different houses, yet they were constantly together during the hours of recreation from business.

One of them had been presented with a little French poodle, and he at once set about instructing it to perform all those little tricks for which the breed is famed.

For some days his companion witnessed his persevering efforts to make "Grotto" bring his handkerchief, catch pennies, stand upon his hind-legs, and do many other trifling but amusing tricks. At length he got tired of being a looker on at so much waste of time, and resolved that whilst his friend was being the tutor of Grotto, he himself would be a pupil to a French teacher, and endeavor to master the French language by the time Grotto's education was completed.

Without saying a word to his friend, he commenced his studies, and being diligent, fast acquired a knowledge of the language; he also improved from hearing a good deal of French spoken in the store, though he carefully avoided uttering a word. At length Grotto was finished, and had very truly acquired a knowledge of an infinite number of amusing games, and his owner prided himself no little on his acquirements.



The owner of Grotto was a little the senior in the store of the other, and of course ranked him in promotions. One morning he came out of the private room of the principal member of the firm, and, looking very much downcast, approached his friend.

"Tom," said he, "the firm want to send one of the clerks this summer to France to buy goods, and they have offered the chance to me, providing I could speak French; but as 'Oui' is about the extent of my French, it's no go for this child.—What a fool I was in not studying it when I was a boy!"

"Well," said Tom, "whose chance is next?"

"Why, yours, of course. Ha, ha, ha! they will put the question all round, out of politeness; and as none of us can *parles vous*—ha, ha, ha!—why, somebody else will be engaged, and all of us headed off."

In the course of the morning, Tom was called before the firm, and in glowing terms were the advantages set forth, if he could only have spoken the language of the country they wished him to go to. Tom listened with delight, and inwardly chuckled at the surprise he would give them.

"Of course," said one of the firm, "you should have the situation, if you could only speak French; but as you cannot, we shall have to employ some one else. Very sorry, great pity," &c.

"Well," said Tom, "it can't be helped, and there is no time, I suppose, to study now, so I must just do the best I can. Mr. Toutette, shall you and I have a little chat, and perhaps I may pass muster."

Mr. Toutette and Tom entered into an animated conversation, very much to the surprise of all present, which having been kept up, in double quick time, for some fifteen minutes, Mr. Toutette very candidly told his partners that Tom was fully competent for the place.

Tom was a great favorite, and the firm were heartily glad that he was capable of holding the situation; and he was instructed to prepare himself for departure by the next steamer, with the privilege of peeping into the World's Fair.

Tom now returned to his friends, who met him with a right good Ha, ha, ha!

"Well, Tom, no use; I told you so."

"Ah," replied Tom, "you are out this time. My French has been approved of, and I am done here—I sail in the next steamer."

"You don't say so! But, Tom, when did you learn French?"

"When you were teaching Grotto."



A new light flashed across the vision of Grotto's master.—“What!” said he, “whilst I was fooling over that dog, were you studying?”

“Just so; and you now know with what success our time has been rewarded.”

By the judicious disposal of time, one young man is on the high road to mercantile fame and fortune, whilst, by throwing away time, another, equal in abilities, is doomed to drudgery and clerkship perhaps all his days.

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### EVENING HOURS.

What have evening hours done for mechanics who had only ten hours toil? What in the moral, what in the religious, what in the scientific world? Hearken to these facts. One of the best editors that the Westminster Review could ever boast, and one of the most brilliant writers of the passing hour, was a cooper of Aberdeen. One of the editors of the London Daily Journal was a baker of Elgin; perhaps the best reporter of the Times was a weaver in Edinburg; the editor of the Witness was a stone mason. One of the ablest ministers in London was a blacksmith in Dundee; another was a watchmaker in Banff; the late Dr. Milne, was a herd boy in Rhynie; the principal of the London Missionary Society's College at Hong Kong was a saddler at Huntley; and one of the best missionaries that ever went to India, was a tailor in Keith.

The leading machinist on the London and Birmingham railway, with £700 a year, was a mechanic in Glassgow, and perhaps the richest iron founder in England, was a working man in Moray. Sir James Clarke, her Majesty's Physician, was a druggist in Banff; Joseph Hume was a sailor; Mr. Macgregor, the member from Glasgow, was a poor boy in Rosshire; James Wilson, the member for Westbury, was a ploughman in Haddington; and Arthur Anderson, the member for Orkney, earned his bread by the sweat of his brow in the Ultima Thule.

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EXCELLENCE is never granted to man but as the reward of labor. It argues indeed no small strength of mind to persevere in habits of industry without the pleasure of perceiving those advances, which, like the hand of a clock, whilst they make hourly approaches to their point, yet proceed so slowly as to escape observation.



## TRICKS.

BY THE EDITOR.

It is a common saying that men will do anything for money. This is perhaps a little too strong language. It is, however, certain that *some* persons will do very strange things for money. Not a few do even make religion serve pecuniary ends.

It is becoming very common for men to make use of certain tricks, by which to make capital out of the religious portion of the community. Whenever a lecturer, exhibitor, or any class of that portion of speculators who traverse the country to pick up loose change, fears that his business might be considered of doubtful propriety, his first aim is to remove the scruples of Christians. This must be done in some way, at all hazards, and the best way he can do is to make the matter seem as much religious as possible. This is not difficult if the matter is managed cunningly; for Satan can look quite natural in the raiment of an angel of light. If it is a circus or menagerie, let free tickets be sent to the ministers of the place. If it is an "exhibition, combining the useful and moral with the pleasing," let the same course be pursued; for the countenance of a man of God is of great service. If it is a great quack medicine, a minister's certificate has charming attractions. If subscriptions are to be taken for some two or three dollar book, which "will be delivered in several months," as a grand imposition, let a minister's name *head* the list in each place, and by way of inducement let him have it for half the regular price. It will pay! In short, whatever the speculation may be, it is of vast consequence to get the countenance of the church.—That was a capital hit of the enemies of God when they came to the conclusion: "Let us take to ourselves the houses of God in possession."—Ps. 83: 12. The smiles of the church are worth gold and silver by way of easing the conscience in all cases of doubtful propriety. No wonder, then, that the first step generally taken is to *trick* the religious portion of the community into measures.

Let us refer to a tangible fact, by way of illustrating the matter in hand. We are aware that we touch an unpopular point, but the Guardian is set against all imposition, whether high or low, popular or unpopular, and will always honestly aim at *guarding* the young. We will give a reason for what we say, and God will speed the right. Now for our example.

It will be remembered that when Jenny Lind first came to



this country it was particularly, and distinctly, and carefully announced that she positively refused to sing in a theatre—that the whole affair was to be kept distinct from all the vain show of city amusements—that she herself would lend her talents and influence only to what was of good report, and so on. In short, the impression was made that the whole affair could be safely countenanced by the pious, and that religion had something nice to expect from this “angelic,” “seraphic,” “divine!” phenomenon in music. Why was this? We answer, plainly, to secure the countenance of the religious community. The trick worked to admiration. Thousands went; even ministers of the Gospel, and took their 3’s and 5’s, and piously laid them into the coffers of Barnum. But were those professions kept and carried out? Alas! as old Humphry would say, the thing began piously, but it did not end there. Jenny did sing in a Theatre *after a while*. She did it in Baltimore. What else? *On Sabbath, Oct. 16th, Jenny and her whole troop came piously down the Central Railroad into Harrisburg!* In the presence of high heaven God is dared to his face, when he says, “Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.” The matter is plain. Now that the speculation is nearly at an end the mask may be thrown off. After the country, and the religious part of it among the rest, has been humbugged out of MILLIONS, we are insulted to our face, and God’s holy law is treated like a foot-ball!

In the name of all consistency, and in the name of everything that is sacred and holy, we protest against such an insult to our religious feelings, let it come from what source it will.—Such outrages can no more be propitiated by a few charitable bequests, than the purchase of a “Potters field to bury strangers in” can justify the act of him who sold the Lord for thirty pieces of silver. Away with the price of iniquity; it dare not go into the Lord’s treasury. The religious portion of the United States gave more money to this great affair than it would take to endow a dozen of charitable institutions; it is no great matter that a few thousand should be returned again, especially if it will increase the *gullibility* of the people, so as to keep up a longer enthusiasm in favor of the speculation. It is humiliating to think that while the many religious institutions in our land are for the most part barely able to beg their way, such princely sums should be so spontaneously poured at the feet of Barnum, who boasts that he has no more need of money, but that he is under the power of an irresistible impulse, which seems to make it his mission to amuse the American public.—



It seems to us the only way in which those Christians, who have carried their money to this affair, can, in a measure, atone for the wrong they have done religion, is, first, to do penitence for the evil, and secondly, to go and place an equal sum immediately into the Lord's treasury; yea, like Zaccheus, to restore *fourfold*!

We say nothing uncharitable, nor in wrath. We refer to the facts. Both singing in theatres and travelling on the Sabbath might have been mourned over in patience, and endured with comparative charity; but when these violations have been preceded by those great *public professions* which we all recollect *were* made, we have a right, as a Christian community, to complain. We have been deceived, and we feel the wound.—Let us learn to be on our guard. Let us see to it, that every speculation stands upon its own merits. Let us ask and demand that solemn, public professions be regarded as sacred by those who make them. We bend with as profound respect as any one does before the extraordinary talent of the fair Swede; but when she suffers herself to be used by way of imposition on the religious community, then, like the Apostle, we withstand her to the face, because she is in the wrong. We love Plato, but we love truth more.

### WORK IF YOU WOULD RISE.

Richard Burke being found in reverie shortly after an extraordinary display of powers in Parliament by his brother Edmund Burke, and questioned by a friend as to the cause replied, "I have been wondering how Ned has contrived to monopolize all the talents of the family; but then again, I remember when we were at play he was always at work." The force of this anecdote is increased by the fact, that Richard Burke was considered not inferior, in natural talents, to his brother. Yet the one rose to greatness, while the other died comparatively obscure. Don't trust to your genius, young men, if you would rise, but work! work!

Did you ever partake of the Lord's supper? Did you ever obey the Saviour's dying command? If not, do you think He will say to you at the great day, *Well done good and faithful servant*? Remember that He who now offers to be your Saviour, will soon be your Judge!



## THE MORNING OF LIFE THE ACCEPTED TIME.

The testimony of the wise and experienced of every age and sex is, that youth is the most convenient season to embrace religion. Could piety be obtained with equal ease at any period of life, there might seem to be reason for delay. But this is not the case. We are, moreover, totally ignorant of the day of our death.

Since life is uncertain, we would most earnestly urge upon all the necessity of embracing religion early in life. Your mind is at present not so much occupied with the multiplicity of temporal affairs as it will be in more advanced life. In manhood there are many cares and anxieties to perplex the mind, and if you have not been accustomed to worship God before, we fear you will not then be persuaded to take your stand on the side of Christ. In old age, if you ever think about religion then at all, it will be only to regret that you have so long forsaken the Fountain of Life, and that you have become so hardened in your sins. As the most favored opportunity of attending to religion is when we are in the bloom of life, we find that the season of youth is always mentioned by the sacred writers with singular tenderness, and that many pleasing promises are given to the young. O that the rising generation might thereby be prevailed upon to forsake the forbidden paths of sin and iniquity, and to grow up in holiness and bring forth fruit to the praise of God, never to turn their feet from the paths of pleasure and peace. No one has ever been sorry that he prayed to God and resolved to worship Him in the morning of life's pilgrimage. And we shall never hear of a single individual who shall find a just cause of regret. But we have often witnessed the contrary, and read the awful history of those who served sin and Satan too long, and who said of others before they departed this life, "Tell them from me not to follow my example." Therefore, as you value your immortal soul, do not postpone the "one thing needful," lest you should regret it when it will be forever too late; but be persuaded to call upon the Lord while he is near, and to seek him while he may yet be found.

In order to incite us to the performance of our Christian duties while young, God has said, "I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me." While, on the other hand, he has not given us any encouragement to delay in rendering ourselves meet for the inheritance of the saints in light.



We have no reason to hope that we, who slight present mercies and neglect constant calls, shall be received when once we can sin no more, upon a death bed, or in the decline of life. Turn to God, then, in the morning of life, while the Saviour is still extending his arms to receive broken-hearted and penitent sinners, and is calling upon you to come unto Him and inherit those blessings which are at the right hand of God. He never said unto the children of men, seek me in vain, "but if we seek him early we shall find him, who is the chief among ten thousand, and the one altogether lovely. He will be a comforter in affliction, a guide and protector through this vale of tears, and a support in old age.

You, whose cheeks are glowing with health, boast not thyself of to-morrow, but come to-day and join the worshippers of God. Remember *now* thy Creator, in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them. H. D.

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## DOING GOOD BY SMALL ITEMS.

BY THE EDITOR.

It has often been said by wise and good men that he who waits to do good with the idea of soon doing *some great good* will not likely ever accomplish any thing at all. This is true, and worthy of all consideration. This foolish idea has deceived thousands. A person whose talents fit him to write, will not write a short newspaper or magazine article because he expects some day to write a great book. Another will not contribute a shilling now to a benevolent object, because he intends some day to give a great sum. A professing Christian will not seize a passing opportunity to speak a good word to some backsliding brother, because he intends, at some future time, to speak to him right. So we might go on and give instances without number, by way of illustrating the idea in hand; but it is understood.

Now this is all wrong. Doing a *little* good many times makes great good. It is he whose life is a constant detail of good acts, however small they may be, that does most good in the end. What would we think of a person seeking flowers if he should pass many small single ones with the hope of finding a place where they all grew in a bunch? He gets the most



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beautiful boquet who gathers his "flowers of all hue" one by one as he passes along. So, also, he does most good who

"Marks from day to day  
In generous acts his radiant way."

Moreover, it is small acts of goodness which are generally followed with the best and the greatest consequences. If we look back over our life, we will remember what a trifling act of another has impressed us in a lasting way. A word in passing along may save a soul alive. Sending a suitable book to an irreligious friend may arrest his attention, and bring him to Christ. Taking an acquaintance with us to church may prove the occasion of his conversion. Oh, what a great matter often a little fire kindleth.

Let him, therefore, who desires to do much good in a short life, drop small acts of goodness all along the path of his life. It is the constant dropping which at length wears the rock.—Just as many small contributions of money make up those large sums which are annually reported as the aggregate that passes into the treasuries of our various benevolent societies; so many small acts in the way of doing good are astonishing in their sum. Cast not only thy loaf but thy crumbs upon the water and thou shalt receive them after many days. If you can do a little good *to-day*, do it. If you can do a little good *now*, do it. As the great shower is made up of small drops, so that *great thing* which you are expecting *some time* to accomplish, if it is ever done, must be the aggregate of what has accumulated from a thousand little acts. He who is faithful over small things can expect some day to be ruler over many things.

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### A U T U M N.

This season of the year always inspires us with a feeling of melancholy. The falling of leaves at this season affects us in a peculiar manner; and autumn has always been considered the symbol of death. As the leaves in autumn turn sear and yellow, so our life fades away, and one by one we fall into the bosom of our mother earth. But, as, after the trees have been stripped of their leaves, they again put forth buds, so also there is hope even in death. Death is not an eternal sleep; the time will come when our mortality shall put on immortality.



## A BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATION.

“The deep blue tint of the waters of the Rhone as it leaves the lake (Lake Geneva) has been commented upon. As it rushes under the bridges of the town, it looks as if a vast quantity of indigo had been emptied into it; we have seen such water in no other part of the world. About a mile and a half from town, this stream of “heavenly dye” receives the turbid waters of the Arve into its bosom. The Arve is a furious stream, and comes pouring down from Mount Blanc, loaded with the debris of the mountains till it looks like a river of mud. When the clear blue Rhone first meets this rash inovator of its purity it refuses to hold any companionship with it, and retires in apparent disgust to the opposite bank, and for a long way the waters flow on with the separating line between the muddy white and the pellucid blue, as clearly drawn as the shore itself. But the Arve finally conquers, and fuses all its corrupt waters into the Rhone, which never after recovers its clearness till it falls into the sea. We followed the bank along for some distance, watching with the intensest interest this struggle between corruption and purity. There was an angry, rash and headlong movement to the turbid Arve, while the stainless waters of the Rhone seemed endeavoring, by yielding, to escape the contagious touch of its companion. The Arve for the time being, seemed endowed with consciousness, and a feeling of anger involuntarily arose within me at its unblushing effrontery in thus crowding back the beautiful Rhone from its own banks and forcing it to receive its disgusting embrace.”

Bright Rhone! thou art a type of that pure stream  
Which flows from heaven's high mount of holiness;  
Immortal stream! whose beauteous waters teem  
With Life and Love and an unfading bliss.

And thou foul Arve! a type methinks thou art  
Of an opposing tide that had its rise  
In hell; sad woeful counterpart  
Of that sweet stream meandering from the skies,  
Where drink the few of earth—the truly wise;  
Alike thy fearful torrent rolls o'er earth  
To mingle with the stream of heavenly birth.

Thus like the stainless Rhone from Arve's foul touch  
Shrinks Virtue from Impurity away  
With loathing, but its fate too often such,  
Polluted thus when Sin asserts its sway.



## THE TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS OF GENIUS.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Beware of the man of one book," said a wise man. We may say, with equal correctness and force, beware of the man of one purpose—the man of one aim, one end. He is sure of success. The highest of all authority has said, "if thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light,"—thy path shall be brilliant, and lead to a triumphant end.

Here, then, is wisdom: to choose a good end, and then to bend our energies towards it with an undivided and unflinching purpose. To the attainment of this end all other things must be subordinate and subservient. There may be *other* things in the world, but this must be *the* thing. Other things may be incidental, but this must be fundamental. This must be Joseph's sheaf, to which all the other sheaves must bow and do obeisance. Without this there is no success.

What is the end upon which we ought to fix our eye? Different answers will be made to this question by different men, according to their tastes, and all may be, in their place, and upon their own merits, correct. In this, as in all other things there is *good*, BETTER, BEST. It is not our present duty or design to point out the *best*, and to present the reasons which shut us up to it; we have merely asserted that whatever the selected end may be it will be soonest, and only reached, by him of one purpose. If any one desires to be influenced by our judgment of the *best*, we cheerfully declare that it is first the Glory of God, and as a consequence the enjoyment of his favor forever. As a general definition of the true end of life the poet has it right:

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
Is our destined end, and way;  
But to act, that each to-morrow  
Finds us *better* than to-day.

But, as already said in this article, it will not be our business to determine what is the best end. To take care of the soul is *best*; to take care of the body is *good*; to take care of mind is *better*. We will direct our attention to this last—the mind.—We will praise the potence, the excellence, the nobility of mind—we will trace THE TRIALS AND TRIUMPHS OF GENIUS.

What is genius? We answer it is *strength of mind*. It is that inherent energy of soul which is capable by its own power to evolve itself, to master difficulties, and triumphantly to as-



sert and sustain its own freedom. It is in the world of mind what the plastic force is in the world of nature. It is the life principle of all those intellectual faculties of which no rational being is destitute.

If this definition be true then all men have genius. We would not assert that all have it alike, and that there are not some who have it in an extraordinary degree, but this is a difference in quantity not in kind. As every seed or germ has a life principle in which lies the first and deepest cause of its own evolution, so every mind has an inherent strength, more or less, which is capable of evolution, and of becoming more than it is. A seed which has not this is no seed; and a mind that has not this is no mind. Every one who is conscious of power to put forth one thought, from the deep mysterious centre of his own personality, is, in his degree, a genius, and the path to triumph lies open before him. He is at liberty to take a step forward. He has an unction, which is all his own, and which warrants him, in full faith of success, and the consciousness of a kind of creative power, to cry into the darkness and confusion around him—Let there be light!

Now we ask that every one should feel this, and turn his attention toward it. That he should look upon his own intellectual genius as—next to piety—the highest excellence of his nature. That he should make the cultivation of his mind the high aim—not the highest—of life. That he should make the matters of wealth or pleasure subordinate to this; and, with a single unwavering purpose move on in the pursuit of knowledge. If this is done success is sure. All life has the power of struggling itself into a manifestation, and so has the life of the mind. The germ of a potatoe vine has been known to bore itself through a shoe-sole to find its way into the sun-light; and who will compare the potency of an immortal will with the vegetable that shames him to-day and dies to-morrow. No, it is an axiom that reaches from the hyssop that grows out of the wall to the deepest elements of the human mind, as well as to the deepest mysteries of the everlasting kingdom, that there is nothing hidden which shall not be revealed. It is sheer brutality, yea worse, it is deadly sin, when the native inquiries and the deep sighs of a living mind are remanded back into their embryonic condition of rest by the laziness and perversity of a will which loves darkness and death rather than light and life. Yet how many are there who find it the greatest trouble of life to keep their mind quiet, and coax them into a kind of morbid contentment with their own profound ignorance.



The pursuit of knowledge is attended with difficulties. As every germ in its evolution, while struggling out of the soil which buries it, meets with hindrances and obstructions, so the mind in its development is subjected to unfriendly obstacles.— But as, in the case of the plant, the soil which presses upon it and seems to keep it down, at the same time imparts to it by a secret force the nutriment by which its strength is increased; so the difficulties which mind encounters do but add to its strength, and aid in insuring its final triumph. Hence we must expect that the *trials* must always precede the *triumph* of Genius.

It is a remarkable fact that the men whose names history has preserved, as the giants of their generation, were almost all such as rose out of obscurity to eminence, usefulness and honor, by their own industry and perseverance. The call to eminence seems to be, like the call of grace, not many *mighty* not many *noble* are called. Those birds which soar highest were hatched upon the ground in lowly nests. The largest acorns grow out of the lowest soil. The largest rivers have their sources in the farthest and most unknown solitudes. The dew which refreshes the earth more than all deluges, hath it a father? and where is it begotten? So, every where, does nature preach the truth that the humble are exalted.

What say the precedents which we find under the immediate care of Divine Providence on this subject. Moses, the greatest lawgiver, was found among the bull-rushes, on the banks of a river. The greatest King was found among “the bleating of sheep,” and was the smallest of all the sons of Jesse. The disciples were fishermen; and their Master was born in a stable and cradled in a manger; and the obscure Bethlehem, which has the honor of being the place of his nativity, is “little among the thousands of Judah.”

How important are these considerations to the young. Life is still before them; and their minds are yet docile and elastic. Well did the lovely Apostle say, “I write to you young men *because ye are strong*.” But alas! how many spend their youthful strength for nought. Fields of treasures lie before their minds but they possess not the energy and industry by which they might make them their own.

It is unaccountable how little care many persons bestow upon their minds. Some act with more zeal and wisdom in training trees or animals than they do in training their own undying natures. It is somewhat strongly but truly said—

Fools never raise their thoughts so high,  
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die!



## CLOSE OF VOLUME II.

This No. of the Guardian closes the present year. Two years it has now gone forth to its patrons. We are sincerely grateful for the favor it has met. It has succeeded far beyond what we had expected. It did well the first year, but the second it did better still. While some dropped off at the close of the first Vol. as was to be expected, we had the pleasure of adding about *five hundred* to our list during the second year. We mention this merely to show our patrons how much cause we have for being grateful for their kindness.

The first No. of Vol. III will be sent out sometime before the 1st of January. We will be glad to continue all our old subscribers. According to general custom we will continue to send unless notified to discontinue.

We have many assurances that the Guardian is doing good. We hope that while many of the young are taking it of their own accord, parents will aid us in getting it into the hands of their children. Some have sons and daughters away from home; what gift more appropriate could they bestow upon them than to send them this magazine for a year? It will be a monthly monitor to them, and at the same time a constant evidence of continued parental care and love.

## NEW ARRANGEMENT.

In order to make the Guardian still more worthy of the patronage it has received, we are glad to inform our readers that we have associated with ourselves, as Editors and Proprietors, the Rev. ELIAS HEINER, D.D., of Baltimore, and the Rev. S. H. RIED, of Water Street. We anticipate much from this arrangement. The Editors will spare no pains to make the Guardian as far as possible all it should be—a pure Magazine for young Ladies and Gentlemen—a Magazine which Parents may, with perfect confidence, see laid upon their Table. It has been well said that Books are the *prophets* of the family in which they are found, how careful, then, ought we to be that they are not such as prophesy lies.

We respectfully ask that those young Ladies and young Gentlemen, as well as those Pastors, who have heretofore aided us will continue their kindness, by way of sending new Subscribers and renewing old ones.

The Guardian has a tide to stem in that it excludes all light reading. It must however stand on its original ground. “Choice audience let us have tho’ few.” Assist us friends!



WRITTEN AT MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

[ SELECTED. ]

The trembling dew drops fall  
Upon the shutting flowers—like souls at rest;  
The stars shine gloriously—and all,  
Save me, is blest.

Mother!—I love thy grave!  
The violet, with its blossom blue and mild,  
Waves o'er thy head—When shall it wave  
Above thy child?

'Tis a sweet flower—yet must  
Its bright leaves to the coming tempests bow  
Dear mother—'tis thine emblem—dust  
Is on thy brow!

And I could love to die—  
To leave untasted life's dark, bitter streams,  
By thee, as erst in childhood, lie,  
And share thy dreams.

And must I linger here  
To stain the plumage of my sinless years,  
—And mourn the hopes of childhood dear  
With bitter tears.

Aye—must I linger here,  
A lonely branch upon a blasted tree,

Whose last frail leaf, untimely sere,  
Went down with thee?

Oft from life's withered bower,  
In still communion with the past I turn,  
And muse on thee the only flower  
In memory's urn.

And, when the evening pale,  
Bows like a mourner on the dim, blue wave,  
I stray to hear the night winds wail,  
Around thy grave.

Where is thy spirit flown?  
I gaze above—thy look is imaged there—  
I listen and thy gentle tone  
Is on the air.

Oh come—whilst here I press  
My brow upon the grave—and, in those mild  
And thrilling tones of tenderness,  
Bless, bless thy child!

Yes, bless thy weeping child,  
And o'er thy urn—religion's holiest shrine—  
Oh give his spirit undefiled  
To blend with thine.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS of the Rev. E. V. Gerhart, Professor of Theology in the Theo. Seminary of the Ger. Ref. Church, Tiffin city, Ohio.

We greatly admire several things in this address. In it Christ is all. It reverences the past. It feels the earnestness of the present. It looks with a bright hopeful eye into the future. It speaks modestly, practically, beautifully. There is no pedantic parade of learning, yet system, thought and finish underlie every sentence. We recognize in it the polished scholar and the fervent christian. The address speaks the language of faith, and we feel sure that it is faith that will not make ashamed.

Several other short addresses, one by Rev. D. Winters, the other by Rev. H. Williard, which formed part of the Inauguration solemnities, precede the Address, and are highly creditable to those under whose names they appear.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION: the only solid foundation of moral and intellectual culture and development. An address delivered before the Linnæan Association of Penn. College, at Gettysburg, Pa., by Washington L. Atlee, M. D.

About a year ago we had the pleasure of reading an excellent address from the same source. We greatly admire Dr. Atlee's practical spirit. This address, like the other, does not beat the air in the way of theory, it comes right up to the tangible business of life. It is not after modern pattern of addresses in which all allusion to religion is avoided as a matter of taste. It recognizes in our earthly life the incipient stages of an immortal existence, and asks that the lower shall ever serve the higher. The author has an aim, and it seems to be to serve his generation. We thank him for this address.























